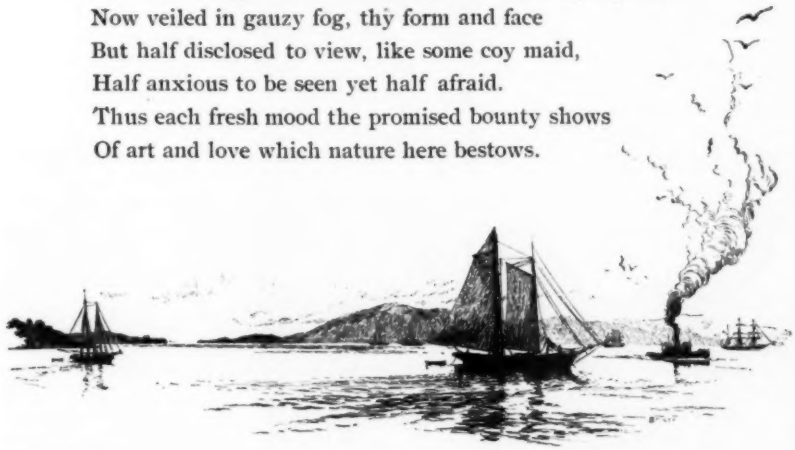
THE CALIFORNIAN.

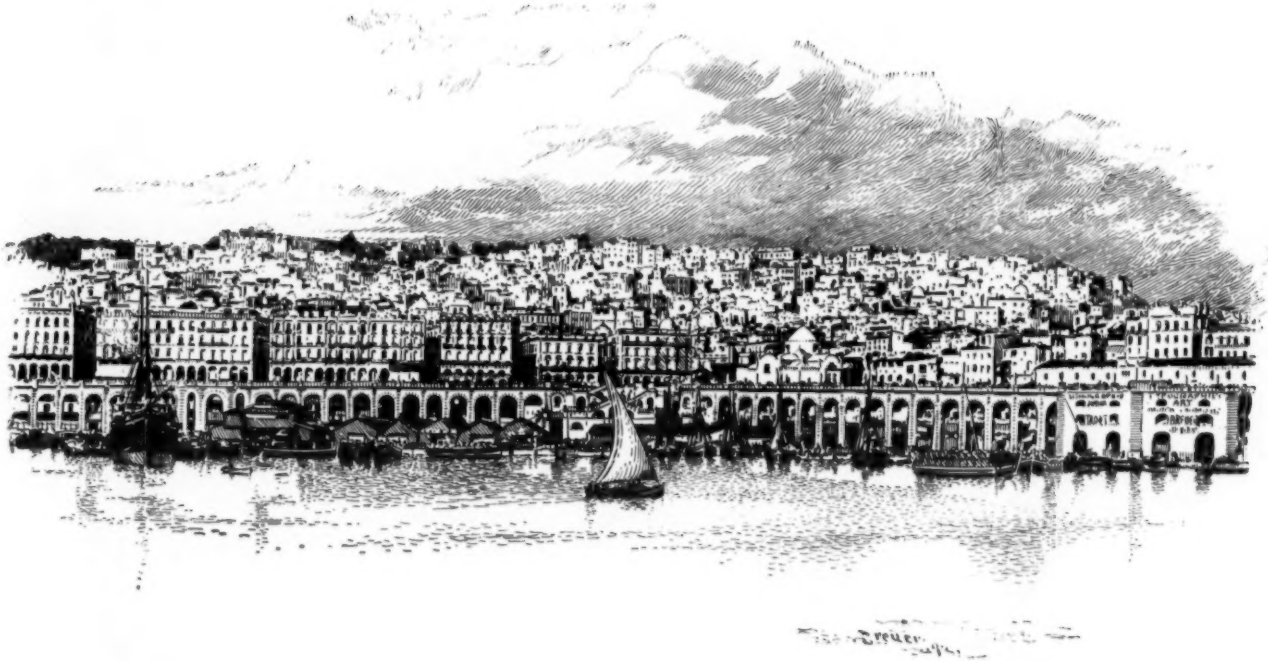
VOL. III. MARCH, 1893. NO. 4.

TO SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

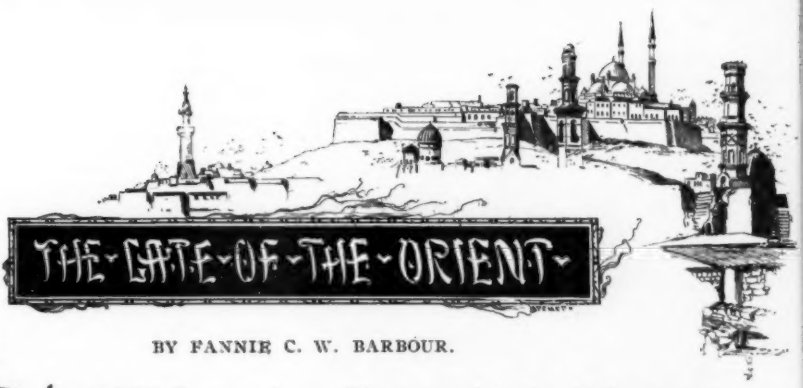
BY CERYL KERR.

Thou harbored nook of ocean's boundless tide,
Encompassed by a land of wondrous hope,
Where countless multitudes will one day cope
For bare existence or the pomp of pride,
While on thy waves whole argosies will ride,—
Thy matchless gate e'en now its portals ope
To flowery field or mountain's swelling slope,—
Can'st not to me thy future power confide?
I see thee, now when freshening breezes blow
The waves' white tips in never-ending chase,
And each rough hill stands stamped on evening's glow,—
Now veiled in gauzy fog, thy form and face
But half disclosed to view, like some coy maid,
Half anxious to be seen yet half afraid.
Thus each fresh mood the promised bounty shows
Of art and love which nature here bestows.





ALGIERS FROM THE SEA.



BY FANNIE C. W. BARBOUR.

ALGIERS may be likened to a garment of perfect orientalism, bordered and embroidered with a fringe of modernism which, in the abrupt and practical contrast of its acute civilization, sets off the charm of the whole fabric only the more delightfully.

With what pleasure we look back upon our first perusal of the tales of the "Arabian Nights," that gave us our earliest impressions of the Orient, while in later years the pathos so wonderfully portrayed in "A Soldier of the Legion," seems to convey to us some clearer idea of this far-away clime, so remote from the soldier's home and from our own dear land. The charms of this old, old city have been sung and its beauties pictured from time immemorial, by the poets and painters of all ages, even down to the Ouida of our present day, whose descriptions of the city and country, as found in "Under two Flags," are not to be excelled. There is a fascination about the brightness of the sunlight, the blueness of the sky, and the darkness of these narrow streets, where white-robed creatures mysteriously veiled, flit silently in and out among the shadows; a fascination which never decreases, but appeals to one as strongly at the end of a two years' sojourn as at the very first glimpse.

The approach to the city by steamer is not soon to be forgotten. From afar may be seen a long, low range of mountains against the horizon, with one bright dot upon it; then they rise higher as we draw nearer, until the soft green of the slopes can be distinguished, surrounding on every side a city of dazzling whiteness, triangular in shape, which rises out of the sea with a succession of terraces, to a point about four hundred feet above the shore. Truly has Algiers been called "a pearl with an emerald setting." Pure and brilliant as a jewel it lies against the dark green hills. The sun shines in glorious brilliancy upon the slopes, illuminating the white villas of Mustapha Supérieur dotted here and there, reflecting shadows, and touching mosque and minaret with a radiant glow.

One could scarcely imagine a spectacle more restful, a scene more harmonious—nature and man at peace in one of God's most glorious climes. But from the pinnacle of the terraced heights, where the Dey of Algiers in former times held his court, and hid his treasures behind the ancient Kasba's walls, human eyes, in those olden days looked down upon such scenes of cruelty that the heart weeps in the recounting of them. Barbarity held full sway in this lovely spot. Piracy swept from the bay and the surrounding waters all thoughts of peace or safety, while it filled the prisons and dungeons of Algiers with human suffering. Christian slaves by

MOORISH GIRLS.

thousands prayed and wept tears of anguish, unheard and unheeded, while they labored under lash and scourge. Driven by cruel taskmasters, they built, with unwilling hands, massive walls, forts to strengthen the power of their enemies, acqueducts and wells to convey pure water to their captors, and streets through which their oppressors passed in triumphal procession to celebrate successive victories over the weak. Since its occupation by the famous Barbarossa brothers, from 1516 to 1535, down to its subjection to French rule in 1830, the history of this city and of the surrounding country, reads like a chapter of robbery, injustice and barbarous inhumanity.

In 1505, when the Moors were expelled from Spain, they took refuge on the northern coast of Africa, where they soon became bold and savage pirates, devoting their talents especially to entrapping the vessels and destroying the commerce of their former enemies, the Spaniards. They became very powerful, and for many years cruelly oppressed the natives of any other country that fell into their power, despite the establishment of diplomatic relations with several of the European countries.

In 1655, Blake conquered Tunis, and made more facile subsequent negotiations for England with the Barbary States. A regular ransom for captives was fixed upon at a certain price, and peace was finally declared in 1662, only to be repeatedly broken. Between 1674 and 1681, 6,000 English slaves were brought into Algiers, and fortunate were those whose friends could pay their ransom. The existence of these captives was miserable indeed. They were fed once a day, just enough to keep life in them, compelled to work incessantly in quarries at breaking stones or drawing heavy loads, being often brutally kicked and beaten. In fact, they were subjected to every imaginable indignity and cruelty by their masters. It was just here that the noble ministrations of the Catholic priests and missionaries helped to make their lives endurable. The latter suffered great privations, and sometimes even martyrdom for the sake of their devotion. But even after this the rulers of Algiers continued very aggressive, and finally a climax was reached when, in 1827, the Dey struck the French Consul in the face during an interview, refusing to make reparation. France decided the time had come to wipe out the accumulated insults of years, and sent forth an army in 1830, under General de Bourmont, and a fleet under Admiral Duperre. On the 4th of July they won the battle of Algiers, and on the 6th, the Dey signed his abdication and the French troops entered the town, in possession of which the French Government has remained ever since. They soon packed off Hussein Khodja with his suite and his harem, and this last Dey of Algiers retired to Egyyt, where he subsequently died.

The Arab quarter of Algiers, with its crowded precincts is very interesting. A step from the gaiety and life of the French portion brings us into the darkness and silence of the narrow streets where the Moor makes his

home. Some one has taken the streets of these different parts of the town to be symbolic of the widely differing characteristics of the two nations. One silent, dignified, solemn, mysterious; the other full of brightness, bustle and excitement.

The Arab leads a hidden life. He cares not to reveal his domestic customs to the stranger, especially to the despised Christian. Even the houses were not numbered, and the streets were without names, until the French came. It was enough for him to know where he and his family lived, without proclaiming to his acquaintances or to his enemy where he might be found. The principal streets of this section are too narrow for vehicles; a horse is seldom seen here, and even to pass a donkey in the narrow passage-ways one has to crowd uncomfortably in some sheltering doorway, or wait at a corner. It is amazing, that in the midst of so much that is progressive, these people remain just where they were a thousand years ago. Their customs, houses, manner of life, and costumes are now as they were then, and are likely to remain so as long as the race exists.

The Moor is a mysterious creature. Silently he passes in and out of these dark passages with quiet grace and dignity, speaking seldom and weighing his words carefully. In a closed house with tightly barred doors and latticed windows he lives, and behind all these barriers he hides his women. Women of the upper class live in strict seclusion, never appearing on the street, with the exception of one day in the week. Those of the middle class who do walk abroad are so veiled and shrouded that only the eyes are visible to the passer-by, because if a woman's face is seen by any man except her husband and those of her own family, she is disgraced for life.

There is nothing in the Koran requiring women to go thus veiled in public, but the extreme jealousy of one man, and that man the Great Prophet, has had sufficient influence

THE MOSQUE OF DJA-MA-EL DJEDID.

to keep Mohammedan women veiled for thirteen hundred years.

The costumes of the ladies, when in their own homes are showy and brilliant. Introduced by my friend Madame Ben-Aben, I had the entrée to several of these homes, and would pass through the outer door or barrier to find the room where I was expected filled with women—friends of my hostess. Their slippers stood in rows outside the hall door, and they were sitting around on rugs, but I was allowed by courtesy to retain my shoes, and invited as the guest of honor to sit on the divan. Moorish coffee was served in exquisite Kabyle cups, and much polite staring was indulged in; but conversation lagged somewhat, as I did not discourse fluently in Arabic, and my hostesses were ignorant of French. Madame Ben-Aben acted as interpreter, however, and many questions were asked concerning me.

"Does her husband have one wife only?" "Yes." "How strange!" "Is she English?" "No, American." "Where is America?" "Across a great sea—far, far away." "It cannot be a greater sea than our Mediterranean; there is no greater in the world." "What curious clothes she wears! Where are her Turkish trousers, poor thing?" "Is it possible she does not veil in the street, and do all her country women go about like this? How strange!" All these remarks are made with a friendly curiosity. The women are almost entirely uneducated, most of them being ignorant even of their own age. They are taught by the Koran that they have no souls. Their only accomplishments are embroidery and cooking, for every wife must cook for her own husband. By the rules of the Koran every good Mohammedan is allowed to have four wives, provided he can show that he is able to support them; so we saw many very compound households, where there were several different sets of children.

WOMEN AND CHILD IN OUTDOOR COSTUME.

ALI-BEN-OSMAN.

The women have but one recreation and outing during the week, and that comes on Friday, their Sabbath, when they club together, hire carriages, and spend the day in the Arab cemetery. Here a eunuch is stationed at the gate, and no male visitor is admitted, which gives these poor women a chance to meet together and enjoy each other's society without restriction. The children come, too, and the entire day is spent in chat and gossip; they lunch together and heat their coffee over the portable braziers, which they bring from home. They often sit on the graves and mourn in company for the recent loss of some little one, or friend. After the day's occupation or festivities are

over, they repair to a small mosque within the enclosure and perform their devotions, though the act is somewhat inconsistent with their belief that they have no souls.

The costume of the women in the street is more striking than graceful. Over the housedress, full, baggy, white trousers are worn, which sometimes contain as much as fourteen yards of material. A white haik, or long, light shawl goes over the head, held tightly under the chin. A yashmak, or white face-veil conceals the entire face below the eyes, so that the latter and the forehead are the only parts of the features exposed. The children are handsome, especially the boys. Girls are veiled sometimes as young as eight or ten years of age. Even a prospective husband is never allowed to look upon the face of his fiancée until the day before the wedding, and should he find her very disappointing he may refuse her, even at the last moment. This does not often occur, however, since divorces are easily procured, a few francs sufficing to purchase one.

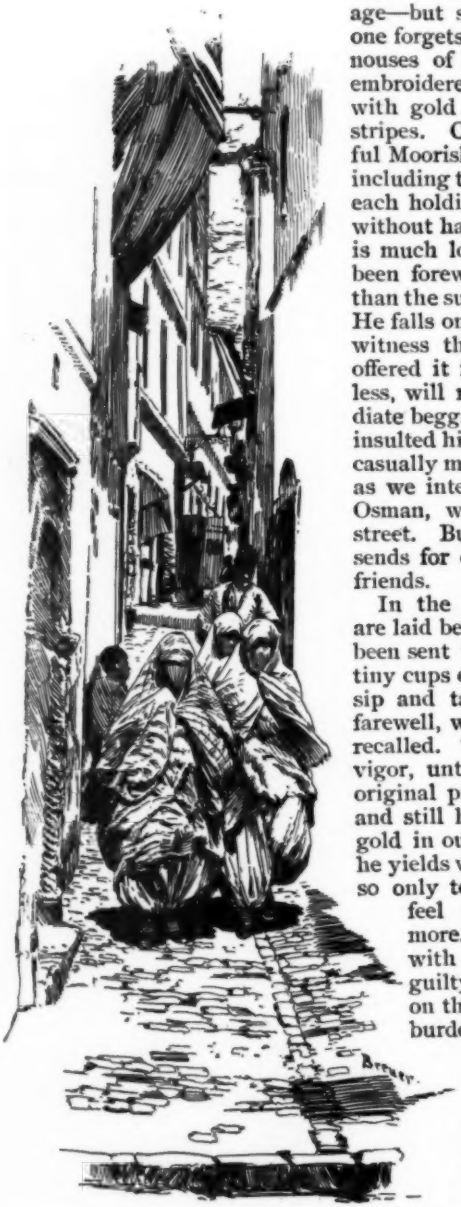
Very often the houses in the Arab quarter are so close together that the balconies meet overhead, and some are joined together in order to secure greater solidity in case of earthquakes. So one often passes under a dark archway, and out again into the dim light of the uncovered street where only a narrow strip of the intensely blue sky can be seen overhead. The important streets are on an incline; they lead, with few exceptions, to the Kasba at the top, radiating from that center as spokes from the hub of a wheel, and are in turn crossed at intervals by still narrower and darker side passages. Some are simply steep stairways, with fifty or sixty steps, and to descend these curious passages on a donkey, gives one a sensation long to be remembered. In one street called Rue de la Kasba, there are 500 steps.

Many striking pictures meet the eye. The effect of light and shade here is very marked; the deep shadows of overhanging balconies and the dimness of mysterious arched doorways render those rare gleams of light where the sun filters through the interstices more glaring and brilliant, while the slanting rays glance upon the fluttering robes or flowing veils (also pure white) of some passing group of Moorish women. Occasionally, as we linger under some carved archway, a fair hand may be seen opening the massive doorway to the waiting Arab without, and we often catch a glimpse of a square, unroofed court, marble-tiled, with palms and fountains which are

KABYLE WOMAN.

surrounded by tier after tier of balconies; but the door is quickly closed —a rebuke to our curiosity.

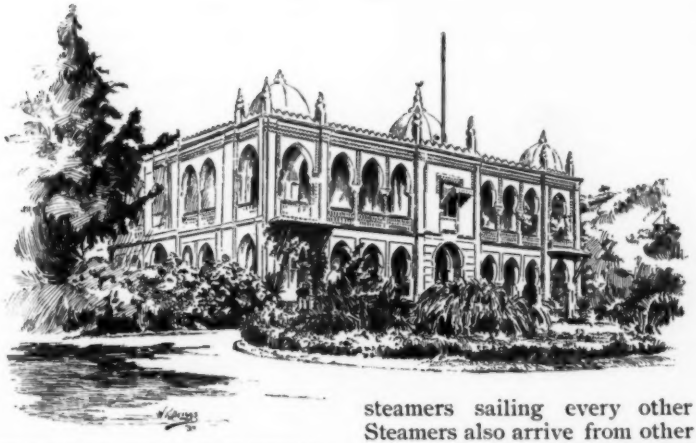
Queer little bazaars are on either side, consisting of one low, dark room, close to the street, small and unlighted, its only opening the door. Inside stands the merchant, behind his goods, eagerly soliciting our custom. He holds up for inspection rare



STREET IN ALGIERS.

old embroideries, ready to fall to pieces with age—but so silky and exquisitely fine, that one forgets their ragged condition—silk burnouses of delicate colors, white haiks, gold-embroidered ceintures, Turkish jackets, heavy with gold stitching, and keefias with gaudy stripes. Our attention is attracted by a graceful Moorish hanging-lamp; also a coffee set, including tray, coffee-pot and little standards—each holding a tiny, gold-lined porcelain cup without handle. We inquire the price, which is much lower than we expected, but having been forewarned, we offer him one-third less than the sum named. The effect is surprising. He falls on his knees, and calls upon Allah to witness that he paid double what he has offered it for, and that to sell it for one sou less, will reduce himself and family to immediate beggary. We feel that having so deeply insulted him, it is best to depart, and in leaving casually mention the fact that we must hasten, as we intend calling on our friend Ali-ben Osman, who keeps a bazaar just across the street. But he urges us to be seated while he sends for coffee that we may part the best of friends.

In the meantime more fascinating goods are laid before us, and presently a boy who has been sent to the nearest café, presents us with tiny cups of thick, sweet Moorish coffee. We sip and talk, still obdurate; then bidding farewell, we move down the street, only to be recalled. The bartering is resumed with fresh vigor, until finally we offer him one-half the original price. There is a gleam in his eye and still he hesitates, but when we jingle the gold in our purses and move toward the door he yields with a sigh, assuring us that he does so only to secure our custom, that we may feel satisfied and return to purchase more. We depart in triumph bearing with us our trophies and a somewhat guilty feeling that we have been too hard on the poor man. We are relieved of the burden of guilt, however, when we see a lamp just like ours in the house of a French lady, who assures us that she bought it for one third less than we had paid. The Moorish cafés are another attraction in the old town. We enter a dark room and find the floor tiled, and walls covered with matting, and a row of benches along the side of the room where



SUMMER PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

the Moors recline and smoke their long pipes, which rest on the floor. The furnace is at one end of the apartment, and there stands a Soudanee negro boy preparing the thickish sweet beverage. The tea is also very sweet and is served without cream; some fine herb like mint, floats on the top and there is a suspicion of lemon in its flavor. There are over a hundred fountains in the old town, most of which are the work of slaves of former years. Near these fountains and some distance up the inclined streets Soudanese negro women may be seen drawing water for their mistresses. After a long, tiresome ascent we reach the Kasba at the top. Here the Deys lived and ruled; here they held high court. The entire building is now used as a fort and is occupied by the French soldiers, who go in and out, busy about their daily tasks and occupations, and seemingly entirely oblivious of the historic charm of their surroundings.

The French town commencing with the harbor and port is a very busy section. Vessels of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique are arriving from Marseilles, and leaving daily, while two other French lines have steamers sailing every other day. Steamers also arrive from other ports, loading and unloading at the wharves. The railroad stations are down on this level close to the landing, and trains depart frequently for Blidah, Oran, Orleansville, and also for Tunis and Constantine, connecting with Biskra and the desert. All along the waterfront there is a massive granite quay and storehouses, which were built by an English company twenty-three years ago at a cost of $1,500,000. Above, along the edge of the bluff, forty feet higher than the sea, runs the Boulevard de la République with its fine hotels and arcades, and wide promenades from which there is a glorious view of the bay and the shipping below. Algiers is well supplied with restaurants and cafés, of which it is said to possess a larger number than any other French city of its population.

There are two fine public squares in the center of the French town, either of which forms a most attractive loitering place for the stranger. One is Place Bresson, a shady park filled with palms, eucalyptus trees and shrubs, where one can sit and bask in the sunshine, breathing in glorious draughts of balmy, healthful air, while the band discourses sweet music from the stand in the center. The other Square is the Place du Gouvernement, not less attractive in its way.

MOSQUE OF SIDI ABD-ER-RAHMAN.

Open and paved with stone, it is bordered on three sides by French shops, arcades and buildings, while the fourth side, toward the sea, has on one corner a structure which is one of the most interesting to be found in the city. It is the Mosque of Dja-mael-Djedid. Pure white, it stands against the deep-blue sky, while its five domes, Moorish arches and tall, square clock-tower or minaret, ninety feet high, glisten in the intensely bright sunlight as it shines uninterruptedly upon the massive walls.

Passing under the fine arched doorway on the Mohammedan Sabbath, by the side of the fountain, many may be seen bathing their faces and feet prior to worshiping. Then, facing the East, they prostrate themselves upon the ground with seven parts of the body touching it — the forehead, hands, knees and toes—or else kneel with raised hands, or stand with arms uplifted, which are the three postures of a Mohammedan engaged in prayer. There seems to be a sort of low chant going on, while the priest, in a pulpit situated under a distant arch in the eastern wall, reads aloud from the Koran. No women are to be found here; they are not allowed to worship in this mosque, but may only make use of the galleries behind the lattice work. All the worshipers are earnest and solemn during the services, and at its close separate in silence. It all seems like a dream which must have visited us long years ago. Strange memories are stirred, and the heart responds to this holy scene so far removed from our own form of worship, and yet so purely devout. To the tower or minaret of the mosque, the muezzin mounts eight times during the twenty-four hours, and, chanting in a loud voice, proclaims the hour of prayer. "To prayer! To prayer! Great is Allah and Mohammed is His Prophet! To prayer! To prayer!" At this call the Arab, wherever he may be, or whatever his occupation, spreads his prayer rug upon the ground, and prostrates himself before that Allah whose name during the day is so often upon his lips in supplication or praise.

Returning to the open square and sitting for a half hour in this Place du Gouvernement, we shall have a better opportunity to see the different people who form the population of Algiers than in any other way. There is a constant procession of human beings passing, the bright coloring of whose various costumes resembles in its diversified hues the shifting shades of the kaleidoscope. There is the Frenchman, alert, vivacious and always busy. Madame, attired in perfect taste, walks abroad accompanied by her children, who in turn are cared for by the bonne, robed in long light cape and ribbon-streamers which reach from her cap to the ground. Next passes

the Moorish merchant, richly robed, with full, dark blue trousers, bright green jacket embroidered with gold, a turban of white wound in voluminous folds around his head and a burnous or loose cloak of pale blue, pink or white cloth suspended from the shoulders. He is the very personification of calm and upright dignity. Near him is a ragged Arab beggar. The burnous which hangs on his back seems to have been originally a potato sack, but now so patched with pieces of dirty white material that one sees little of the original cloth. Next comes a Jewish woman dressed in dark silk, with gay broché shawl, her jet-black hair plastered down over the forehead, and her chin tied up with a white lace scarf which is knotted on top of the head in a most curious manner. Then there is the French soldier in bright red trousers, and gold-buttoned blue coat, and there are sailors from Spain, Corsica, Gibraltar, Corfu, Sicily, Tripoli and Tunis. A Soudan negress, black as night, appears. Unveiled is her dusky beauty, but her form is enveloped and her head draped in gay colored remnants more noticeable for their brilliancy of hue than for their cleanliness. Now may be seen a Mohammedan wearing the red turban which indicates that he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and another with a green turban proclaiming direct descent from the Prophet.

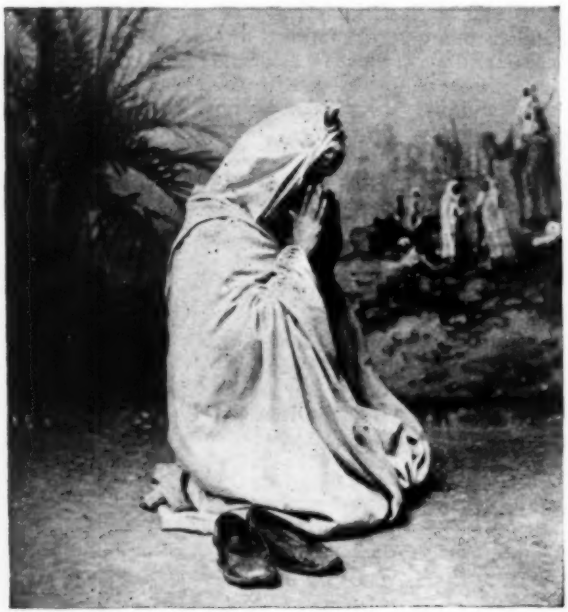
A Kabyle woman, with earthen water-pitcher gracefully poised aloft, steps warily on account of her heavy load, and is also unveiled in accordance with the custom of her tribe. These Kabyles come from a hardy race of the mountains of La Grande Kabylie, and seem to be quite different from the races of the coast. The women do not cover their faces when abroad, and receive quite different treatment from their husbands than do the Algerians. The Kabyles do not practice polygamy. The women are more respected; they are the companions and equals of their lords and masters and are consulted by them in all family and financial affairs. They are not noted for their beauty, since their rugged existence in a harsher climate makes the features less soft and pleasing, but their term of life is longer than that of the indolent and petted beauties of the Algerian harem. The men of this race are noble in their bearing and picturesque, although often poor and ragged. They work in the fields or among their flocks, and when at home occupy themselves with very delicate artifices in silver and metal. An exquisite ware, a specialty among the Kabyles, is composed of fine silver or metal tracery, and jeweled with turquoise and red stones. One buys at Algiers coffee trays, cups, jewel-boxes, sword handles and lamps in this beautiful ware, all made in the mountains of La Grande Kabylie.

Prominent by way of contrast among these races of the orient, so artistically dressed, with their rich colorings and graceful draperies, wanders our English cousin in his plain, long ulster of tan brown. Erect in carriage, with cane in hand and monocle in eye, he goes at a good pace, rarely indulging in the easy saunter of the Arab, who does not often know what it is to be busy.

The French Cathedral of St. Philippe is situated in the Place Malakoff next to the Winter Palace of the Governor General. It is built with

a curious mixture of Moorish and Christian architecture on the site of the Mosque of Hassan, and was consecrated in 1839. The greatest attraction within its walls is the tomb of the young St. Geronimo. This Arab boy, after having abjured the faith of his fathers and embraced Christianity, escaped and joined the Spaniards at Oran. In 1569, when twenty-five years of age, while on an expedition with his masters, he was overtaken by a Moorish corsair, and brought as prisoner to Algiers. Geronimo was then offered his liberty if he would give up Christianity ; but he refused to renounce his new faith and was condemned to a horrible death. His inhuman captors bound him and threw him alive into a mould in which a block of béton (concrete) was about to be poured. The block was then used in the building of a fort. The spot was carefully recorded and is referred to in Haedo's writings. When the fort was pulled down in 1853 the skeleton was discovered intact, and was buried with great ceremony in the Cathedral. One of the most interesting places in Algiers is the Museum where, among a well-arranged collection of antiquities, one is shown the cast of Geronimo's body. It was made by filling the mould in which he had been immolated with liquid plaster, after removing his skeleton. One is horrified to discover the death agony stamped upon his features, and the imprint of the knotted cord which bound his arms, almost tearing its way into the flesh.

Mustapha Supérieur, extending for about two miles above and beyond the crowded city is the quarter where the English and Americans reside, occupying those beautiful Moorish villas which formerly belonged to the rich Moors, but were confiscated by the French in 1830, and are now owned by them. They are rented to the Anglo-Saxon race, for the saying is that the French dilettante is tired of Algiers and prefers to spend his winters in Cairo, while the English frequent these lovely shores in great numbers. Mustapha Supérieur is situated on the Sahel hills overlooking the crescent Bay of Algiers, four hundred feet above the sea. From this point a beautiful view of the bay presents itself, its



MOHAMMEDAN AT PRAYER.

deep cerulean hues changing from turquoise to green and fringed with white, while across it far away, stands out the snow-tipped Djurdjura range of mountains.

Algiers, indeed, is a fair city, possessing a delightful climate; it is a veritable garden of the gods, and among the hills, a fruitful paradise. And the visitor, returning from the hills to the realms of modernism will many a time recall, through a hazy mist of orientalism, a confused mental vision of Arabs, camels, mosques and minarets, stately men and beautiful women, and the luxurious perfume of the flowers that flourish under the blue sky of The Gate of the Orient.

MOMENTS.

BY GEORGE MARTIN.

O happy hours, your moments fly
Into the vast unknown; and I—
In simple lay or fond regret
Think, sometimes, I possess them yet.
How brief their life—how short the span!
How little worthy!—but with man
They've bowed young time with hoary age,
With history blotted many a page.
What can a moment hold? The tale
Of an eternity,—the wail
Of a poor soul bowed down with grief,
Or of a nation—and so brief!
O precious moments linger yet;
Or flying, leave some sweet regret.
Moments and men, their souls, their fire
Flash into being—then expire.

LETTERS TO A LADY.

THE following letters from the late Chief Justice Chase, Thackeray and others were addressed to a lady, who was a central figure in social life in the American capital at the time. They were only obtained after urgent solicitation, and have a peculiar interest in giving a glimpse of the social life of men who, to the world at large, were essentially professional and unapproachable:

May 28, 1855.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—Here I am again in Cincinnati thinking how pleasant it would be if I could only with a wish transport myself to the dear friends I left in Washington. Don't you think, my dear young friend, that we are all so inclined to be dissatisfied with our present? There you are, for example, tired of Washington, and wishing you were out of it. Here I am, tired of Cincinnati and wishing I were out of it. How much pleasanter it would be to talk to you than to write to you; to see you, than to remember you; to hear you than to hear from you!

But who was it that was thankful for stale bread and blue milk when he could n't get fresh rolls and nice cream? Whoever he was he was a philosopher. You remember Mr. Sleary, of Sleary horse-riding, in Dickens' "Hard Times," and his remark to Mr. Gradgrind, the man of Fact? "Make the betht of uth, Thquire, not the wurtht." Wise Mr. Sleary! Thanks for that admonition. Everything and all circumstances seem to repeat it—"Make the best of us and not the worst."

So I must make the best of my present, and that best is to bring myself to your remembrance by a letter. *I can* remember *you* without one, but I shall trust to your goodness for the additional pleasure of a proof of your remembrance in your autograph.

I left Washington regretfully, bringing the images of my friends with me, as Eastern pilgrims travel with their idols. Rachel brought away hers, you know, hidden among her "stuff." I brought mine, not hidden, but safely placed away among my *stuff*—"stuff that dreams are made of."

My journey home was almost absolutely without incident. The only event approaching one was the walk of the passengers over a mountain by moonlight, made necessary by the fall of a portion of the arch of Kingwood Tunnel. So, instead of flying through the mountain, we had to climb over it. There were carriages to carry the ladies and the infirm, but the *young and active men* had to foot it. Of course, *I* walked. The next evening after I left Washington I was quietly taking my tea at Burnett House here. A great invention is a railroad!

There is a great deal of talk and discussion about my being a candidate for Governor. I fear there will be no agreement of the elements of opposition to the administration which will insure the success of the ticket; or, rather, there is a considerable number of influential persons heretofore Whigs who will not consent to an agreement with me as a candidate for Governor. They fear the political consequences of my election at this time by a large majority. Under these circumstances I should prefer not to be a candidate at all. Still it may be that I shall be obliged to accept a nomination, even under circumstances which afford very little room to hope for success. If I get rid of being a candidate now I mean to abandon politics altogether, and spend the summer months at Newport and in the White Mountains. That will be vastly pleasanter than going about the State addressing the people.

Enough on this subject in this

letter. My next will contain more. Faithfully and sincerely your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

PITTSBURGH, June 4, 1855.

Here I am half way to Washington. Is it strange that I feel a powerful magnetism drawing me thitherward which it cost me quite an effort to resist? Is there anything in your consciousness, my dear young friend, which tells you that your attraction reaches beyond the mountains, and acts at this moment upon the spirit of your friend in this City of Iron and Smoke?

No, I am quite sure that at this moment you are talking merrily with some nearer friends, and have forgotten for a time my very existence. It is only in the French proverb that "*le plus loin est le plus cher.*" Nor would I have it otherwise; it is very agreeable to me to think that when you do remember me it is with some part, at least, of the true and earnest friendship which I cherish for you. Nor would I ask for more; it would be unreasonable, indeed, to wish that the *idea* of the distant should be preferred to the *reality* of the *present.*

Shall I admit to you how very welcome your letter was to me? How gratified I was by the kindness of your prompt reply? How many times I read it over? How I value the autograph—no I won't admit all, but without seeming ridiculous, admit enough under each head to encourage you to the repetition of the charitable act by which, with so little effort, you gave so much pleasure.

Mr. Sumner left this place this morning for Cincinnati, so that I shall miss seeing him there. I regret this, as it would have been my pleasure as well as my duty to extend to him the hospitality of a cordial welcome to my own city. Besides I shall have no opportunity of delivering your message to him. He proposes making an extended tour through the center as far West as St. Louis, returning by Chicago.

This is all the news I can give you. Oh, no; one more news item still. I am afraid I shall have to be a candidate for Governor, either of the united opposition to the administration or of the Independent Democratic wing of it, in the event that the opposition shall not remain united. In the former case my election would be certain and by a large majority. The nearer I draw to the actual canvass the less inviting it appears, and I confess if there were any honorable way to get out of it I would withdraw altogether. The prospect of being obliged to traverse the State and to speak in so many counties as I can find days to the week, is as little pleasant as can be.

My conscience reproaches me for having written you so dull a letter; but I rose at four o'clock this morning, have ridden three hundred and ninety-two miles since breakfast, and am entitled to some consideration as a fatigued man. Nothing but thinking of you and writing to you keeps me awake.

Pardon and accept! and believe me,

Ever faithfully,

Your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

CINCINNATI, July 14, 1855.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—How refreshing to turn from the noisy and perplexing paths of political life into the pleasant and flowery walks where roses of friendship grow on either hand. For two days past I have been in the midst of true and faithful friends, and eager and persistent opponents at Columbus. The telegraph has already apprised you of the result of the struggle. A little while ago I reached home again, and your letter was my first and most welcome greeting. It was almost like receiving congratulation from your very lips.

You have doubtless discovered by this that Mr. Preston is again a candidate. One of the papers announce him as a *Sag Nicht*, which being interpreted signifies Say Nothing. He is *not that* as all of us who know him

certify. But he is the opposition candidate against the Know-nothings, and for Mrs. Preston's sake as well as his own, and for the sake of the Washington people I heartily wish him success.

Pray tell me how you are spending your time. Give me a veritable journal of your everyday life for one day, from waking to sleeping. You say you hardly know what to write—thence a subject. When I was a poor young man, a Russian literary Baron engaged me to review for him a translation into English of a certain book. It seems to me that the title of it was "A Journey Round My Room." It was wonderful to me how a book could be written about the objects in a single room, but I am sure that the life of a single day may well furnish ample material for a letter. Won't you give it to me lengthily?

It seems now as if I should surely be nominated for the office of Governor; and now it seems certain I seem not to care even as much about it as I did before—which was never very much — now, indeed, I feel rather a repugnance to the office, as it will confine me in Ohio, at least in the capital, for a couple of years. But after all I need not anticipate trouble on the worst side. It is possible I may not be nominated after all, though in this very city, where there is as much opposition to my anti-slavery ideas as anywhere in the State, and where I have for fourteen years been opposed to both the old parties, a majority of the delegates appointed to the nominating committee are in my favor.

There, my dear young friend, I confess the crime of wronging your patience. If I were near you I would submit to any punishment your goodness would allow you to inflict, but being distant I entreat you not to punish me with unkindly thoughts, and believe me

Most sincerely
Your true friend,
S. P. Chase.

Crawford House,
White Mountains,
Aug. 16, 1855.

My Dear Young Friend:—Why should I deny myself the pleasure of a little talk with you, because I am no longer your across-the-street neighbor? I see no reason unless it is that I am now to do all the talking, which you know I have no special gift for, instead of doing the listening, which is always a pleasure when you are the talker. Perhaps, however, you will write me, also, and that will more than pay for my unwonted devotion to the quill on this occasion.

It is just a week, only an hour or so later in the day, since I was bidding you all farewell at Washington, and now here I am among the White Mountains, almost at the foot of Mt. Washington. (I add a specimen from Mt. Willard to-day — August 17th, '55.)

I left Concord yesterday. At Weir Bridge, a little steamer, the *Lady of the Lake*, received us upon the waters of Winipisiogee—pronounced, let me tell you, Win-ne-pis-au-gue, with the stress on the *au*. The day was cool and pleasant, and there was a slight haze in the atmosphere which softened without greatly obscuring all the scenery. How I wished you were with us! You could not have failed to be greatly delighted with the picturesque beauty that continually delighted us. The name of the Lake, you probably know, signifies "the smile of the Great Spirit;" and it is as soft and tranquil as heaven. Innumerable little islets dot and gem its surface; and now a promontory running boldly out, and now a rush of water stretching inland like a silver belt, give constant variety to the view. At every stage of our progress the scenery changed its aspects, but all its aspects, like those of—but I won't even seem to compliment you extravagantly though by truth—were very lovely.

From the very shores of the lake the mountains began to rise, and when

we had advanced some fifteen or twenty miles, into quite sublime altitudes. One mountain in particular attracted our admiration. It was a tall, solitary mass, with a granite peak, lifted far up into the sky, called Chourua—Cho-*cur*-ru-a. Around its top clouds were wreathed in heavy folds — every now and then, however, irradiated by the sun, which shone only there. You can hardly conceive the extreme beauty of the cloudy cañon of the monarch mountain, lighted up by the evening sun—a beauty all the more beautiful because of the grandeur with which it was so closely associated. Again I wished you with us. To-day, we have been traveling in the midst of the mountains. At Conway, where we passed last night, we fortunately succeeded in procuring an open wagon—a good deal like that in which we drove to the Gales, only there was no top and almost no back to the seats. We preferred it, however, greatly, to the inside or outside of the regular coaches, as we could get on somewhat faster, with less danger, and enjoy perfectly unobstructed views.

I wish I could describe to you our journey up the face. The air was crystalline in its purity, and to breathe it was to inhale delight and vigor. The river, constantly shrinking into less and less, became finally a rivulet. The mountains, rising magnificently on either hand, gradually drew closer and closer together, until they seemed to tower like huge walls on either side almost over our heads. I wish I could show you Mount Washington as he first rose upon our view, with his cloud-encircled crest, 6,000 feet up in the air. I wish I could impart to you the wonder, the awe, the delight with which I gazed on these vast monuments of creative power; or if I could only give you a view of the clouds and shadows sailing in company along the mountain sides, or of the high ridges to which the smoke of a conflagration of the woods upon their sides gave the appearance of volcanoes. But I won't bore you further. I will only say that the wish that you could share our pleasures was even stronger to-day than yesterday.

But I must tell you that we stopped a few moments at the scene of a sad catastrophe which occurred many years ago—*when I was young*. "Ah! woful when!" Perhaps you have read the story of the destruction of the Willey family by an avalanche from the White Mountains. It was at that spot we paused and gathered a few flowers as memorials. Of them I enclose these sprigs taken from the spot where the unfortunates were overwhelmed. They will probably have some little interest for you, if not from the associations of the place, at least from the fact that a friend gathered them at the spot for you.

I expect to remain among the hills for several days, and then to spend a few days more in Vermont, and then to hasten homeward. I have abandoned, for the present, my intention of a trip to Canada. I need not tell you that I shall be delighted to find a letter from you at Cincinnati. Do not, however, consider yourself as under any obligation to write, for I do not wish you to imagine that I think such a letter as this merits a reply, or can have any interest for you beyond the proof it affords that your friend at Washington remembers you among the White Mountains, and would fain contribute a little to your enjoyment by the assurance of that remembrance, and of his wish that you could share the gratification of his excursion.

Will you be kind enough to present my best regards to your father and mother, as well as to Miss ——— and Miss ———. I perceive Miss ——— is almost on the point of departure for her visit to the North. I trust she will have a most delightful one, and wish it were likely that we may meet; but I shall go to Boston or New York before my return to Cincinnati.

Very sincerely and faithfully,

Your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 26, 1856.

It seems half an age, my dear young friend, since I saw you, and since I saw you I have seen nobody half so pleasant. How happy are you who can impart so much pleasure, and yet retain all the qualities which make you so rich and so able to enrich others. Or, rather, how happy you ought to be, for I fear you are not always very happy. You indulge a certain morbidness, which gives a certain coppery flavor, if I may so express it, to some of life's choicest delights. If I could have my wish I would make you always happy, for I would make you look only on the rainbow side of the cloud. Not the darkness should you see, but the promise.

What are you doing now? Were you confirmed on the 13th? That was my birthday, and the next day I was inaugurated Governor. Both days I remembered you.

COLUMBUS, March 25, 1856.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—Several days ago I began a letter to you, but it seemed so unworthy of your perusal that it appeared foolish to go on with it. And so I threw it aside and gave up the attempt for that time. Then came a throng of engagements which left me neither time nor the right kind of spirit for a letter to one on whom I would so unwillingly inflict a *borish* letter. And now why am I writing? Not because I have anything to say that can possibly be of much interest to you, but I remember you constantly and am not willing you should forget me.

I don't find governorship a very agreeable business. So far as the incidents are concerned, I certainly prefer the senatorship; and yet, upon the whole, I choose the former rather than the latter. But oh! how unprofitable it is! If Shakespeare or somebody else is right in condemning "all the uses of the world" as "stale, flat, unprofitable," certainly, being in office, I mean an executive office, is entitled to a sort of pre-eminence in this kind of distinction.

I wish you could see this place. We have a grand State House building—or being built, and then my rooms will be very nice, I suppose—but at present I occupy the old original rooms in which the successive incumbents of the office I hold have, Ohio fashion, ruled the State. The first room is occupied by my secretary and manager, and serves also as a sort of ante-chamber, where loungers much do congregate. Ranged round the room are old cases and desks for papers. In the center a long table covered with a ragged cloth. The chairs are old and queer. Some are weak in the back while others have a "powerful misery" in the legs. Opposite the table is an immense old-fashioned fireplace which will hold near half a cord of wood, and which, on a cold day is well supplied with good hickory. It then has a friendly look, and makes one feel comfortable. It is the only thing that suggests the idea of home—the abundant warmth of a wood fire always does that. Now walk into the room behind. It is the Governor's. The walls you observe, are somewhat stained, but it is only where the rain leaks through when the snow melts, or after a storm. The paper of the wall looks rather dingy, but that is only expected as the stove don't draw very well, and coal smoke is not of a cleansing nature. The paper, too, has in some places taken leave of the wall, but that is rather ornamental, for you will observe the graceful curve it displays as it hangs. And then notice the works of art. In one corner there are two dogs by some modern artist who intends them, as the inscription says, to represent Dignity and Independence. In another corner are engravings of our State Capitol and the Capitol at Washington, and between them one of old Zach Taylor's Cabinet. Opposite to them on the north wall of the room are the Duke of Wellington and

Queen Victoria and somebody else, I forget who. These are the precious relics of former administrations.

And now, just fancy me, sitting in the wretched old room and trying to look over my letters in a morning. A reporter enters to inquire about an appointment, and then a representative to consult about a bill, and then an office-seeker to plead his case, and then a politician who wants my views as to the recent campaign, and then others, others—more, more, more, till I get a little bored, but you would be astonished to see how agreeable it all is to me.

But enough of this, and enough of me for this time. All these things awaken memories of the pleasant hours when time's glass ran golden sands, as your delightful converse brightened their lapse and made them more precious. I hear of you now and then through friends who have been in Washington, and never cease to wish I could see you again. Do have pity on me and send me the pleasantest letter you can possibly frame, and don't punish me for my delay—indeed, I dare say you feel obliged to me for it in view of the quality of my letters in the present instance, by putting off your answer a month longer than your wont.

With kind remembrances to all your family and with infinite good wishes for all you can yourself desire of good for yourself, I remain

Most sincerely your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—I hoped to send you my Inaugural before this, but I wanted to send you a decently printed, pamphlet copy. I expect to do so very soon, and I hope you will like it. So far as I can judge from the press, it was the most successful thing I have ever done, but then I reflect that heretofore I have acted in a small minority. When it was the interest of the leading parties to decry me, I have been decried, whereas now I am in this State at the head, officially, at least, of a powerful and triumphant aggregation; and, therefore, the newspapers are interested in sustaining me. So I tell vanity to make large deductions from the commendation on which she is fond of dwelling. I hope your father will be satisfied with my devotion to the———. Perhaps you will remember that he one evening expressed a wish that the Inaugural might contain some such passage. At that very time what I said was written, and just in the words which are printed. You are not much of a politician I know, but I want you to like my Inaugural. Of course, you will say you do so out of good nature—but I want you to feel you do. I dare say you see a good deal of Mr. Sumner. I quite envy him and his proximity to you. If it were not a sin I should covet many of his gifts. How do you like him as you know him better?

I understand that parties crowd each other now in quick succession, but I get no insight into anything that is going on. In a letter received only this evening there was mention of a party at the British Minister's, and in the paper to-day of one at Governor Fish's there was mention. I have absolutely heard of nothing from Washington but politics. Why can't you write me a long letter?

Last night I went to a party here. I should like to tell you about it; about the belles, about the beaux, about the supper, about militia officers in uniform—about everything—but you know I have no descriptive faculty. If Mrs. A———and Miss R———are in Washington remember me kindly to them, as well as to Mrs. A———, senior, and Mr. Sumner. All their kindness to me is very vivid in my memory. Give my best regards also to your father and mother, not forgetting E———, by any means.

Faithfully your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

I had half a notion to subscribe myself THE GOVERNOR.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
WASHINGTON, 1856.

MY DEAR MISS ———:—How natural it is to forget any future in a delightful present! Was it good old Milton who made somebody say to somebody: "With thee conversing I forget all time, all seasons and their change"? I cannot answer the question of my own asking, but one thing I am certain of which is, that the pleasure of listening, or talking, or both last evening to you, drove Sir John Crampton's dinner and the ball at Mr. Corcoran's quite out of my head, so that I came away without an answer to my inquiry whether I might have the honor of accompanying your mother and yourself to the ball after the dinner. Please answer my inquiry and let me find a note from you at the hotel, and believe me

Yours very faithfully,
WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

MY DEAR MISS A———

If the accompanying likeness was a better one I should take more pleasure in complying with your wish (so flattering) to have it. At any rate, it will serve to remind you of a friend and admirer. I trust that your cold has vanished during the night, and that the morning finds you brilliant and cloudless, which is more than can be said of Aurora herself to-day.

Sincerely and faithfully,
Your friend,
WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

SIRIUS.

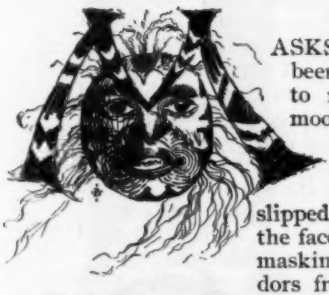
BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

The old night waned, and all the purple dawn
Grew pale with green and opal. The wide earth
Lay strange and darkling—silent as at birth,
Save for a single far-off brightness drawn
Of water grey as steel. The silver bow
Of broad Orion still pursued the night,
And farther down, amid the gathering light,
A great star leaped and smouldered. Standing so,
I dreamed myself in Denderah by the Nile;
Beyond the hall of columns and the crowd
And the vast pylons, I beheld afar
The goddess gleam, and saw the morning smile,
And lifting both my hands, I cried aloud
In joy to Hathor, gloried by her star!

DANCING HELMET OF HAIDA INDIANS, ALASKA.

MASKS AND MASKERS.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.



MASKS might have been suggested to many by the moon, that since time began, has at various intervals slipped coyly over the face of the sun, masking its splendors from all mankind. It seems reasonable to conclude that masks originally were mere shields or protections for the face, held in the hand at first, but afterward adapted to the form of the face, and supported on the head and shoulders. Its exterior appearance or ornamentation would not be the primary consideration in the construction of these aboriginal helmets, but would be secondary to impenetrability. In progress of time, however, a moral value would be acquired by the masks worn by particularly formidable and ferocious warriors, the terror inspired by the wearers being associated with their facial covering. Hence would arise the desire to devise terror-inspiring designs and frightfulness of expression whereby the mechanical value of the face-shield would lose in importance. Then individual variation would begin; each warrior would bear a personal device, as well as the tribal insignia, and the mask would finally be evolved. Masks, by several lines of evolution, would become associated with the totemic and the Shamánic systems, and, with the growth of supernaturalism, take their place among religious paraphernalia. On the other hand, while masks by one line of evolution — the hero-myth — would become associated with the supernatural, it is not difficult to detect another line of evolution by which it would become associated with buffoonery and ultimately the drama. The exhibition of a device constantly associated with ill success, cowardice, or incapacity, would, in time of peace evoke ridicule; such devices would in time become segregated and typical of buffoonery, and made use of as incentives to laughter during public amusements and communal games. Secret societies and associations would derive from such beginnings the application of masks to their own uses and purposes.

While the mask was being thus developed from the face-shield, another evolution may have taken a different direction, and the idea of protection remaining predominant,

FIG. 1—MASKETTE FROM FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

the original simple guard for the face may have found final expression in the helmet of the middle ages. When the mask developed into a social or religious symbol, it was sometimes worn above the head to increase the height of the wearer; in this case the apertures for breathing and sight were unnecessary, and the mask became a headdress, frequently fashioned in the form of a conventionalized model of a face, of a whole figure, or a group of figures. This stage of development is reached by the Moqui Indians. Figs. 6 and 7 represent mask headdresses used in dancing at the Moqui villages.

Finally, by another line of evolution, the ideas symbolized by the effigy are so identified with it that a wearer is no longer necessary, and the mask becomes an independent object in significance and use. It may thus be associated with the bodies of the dead, as in the Peruvian graves, or be set up in connection with religious ceremonies, and finally attached to altars or buildings devoted to such rites. In this case, weight being of no consequence, and durability of the material an important consideration, large models of faces were sculptured in stone, many remarkable examples of which survive as the work of the ancient Mexicans.

There is, however, another possible hypothesis as to the origin of masks, and that is dramatic representation, with which savage mythology is closely allied. In the lowest state of savagery the drama finds its representatives and barbaric lovers; night after night around the winter campfires crude dramas are enacted among many North American tribes that occupy the very lowest state of culture. At these performances as the stories of the doings of some myth hero or god-beast are recited, the actors assume the garbs of the beasts to be imitated, the most common method being to use the skin as a headdress. The skins of wolves, wild-cats and birds are frequently used in this manner, and Mr. J. W. Powell, Director of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, states that, "Very many Indian tribes use the skin from the head of the deer or the mountain sheep, with horns preserved in place and ears erect. Such costuming is very common and constitutes a part of the dramatic customs of savagery." Totemic badges also, were much used on festival occasions and distinguished the player in games. Hence, it has been suggested that, as the drama in savage life is largely mythic and religious, masking may have had its origin in it.

FIG. 2—MASKOID FROM CAROLINE ISLANDS.

Mr. William H. Dall supplies an excellent classification of masks, which he divides into three principal types, namely: the mask, maskette and maskoid. The first is an opaque object, intended to be worn over the face for the purpose of concealment or protection, and is normally provided with holes for the sight and breath-

ing; the second is an object resembling a mask, but intended to be worn above or below the face, and normally without perforations. The maskoid is an object resembling a mask or face, but not intended to be worn at all, and is almost invariably unperforated. The several uses to which each form was applied in the evolutionary series are thus classified: Masks were used, first, for passive defense, characterized by the purpose of offering mechanical resistance to the opposing force—a transitional series being developed from the simplest type to the metallic helmet; secondly, as a means of active defense, characterized by the purpose of exerting a moral influence on the agent of the opposing force, either by direct hideousness or by symbolizing superhuman agencies supposed to be friendly to the wearer. The transitional series developed from the modified class of war-mask was to that of the shaman, or priest.

FIG. 4—MASKOID FROM NEW IRELAND.

The next stage in the evolutionary series of masks was when they became symbolical of social agencies, associations, orders, professions and supernaturalisms, and were worn as illustrative of the connection of the wearer with a particular association or band, etc., and also as illustrative of religious rites and ceremonies.

FIG. 3—MASKETTE FROM NEW IRELAND.

Maskettes were symbolical of social agencies, while maskoids were symbolical of relations with the supernatural.

Following in our description the geographical order adopted by Mr. Dall, we commence with the Papuan Archipelago, on the masks of which region Captain Strauch, of the German Navy, supplies a paper which is one of the earliest on that subject, and he supplies illustrations of a number of masks and maskettes, informing us that the largest ones are figures of a religious nature, and the smaller ones, festive.

From Schmeitz's valuable work, based upon the splendid museum of the South Sea ethnology in the Museum Godeffroy, at Hamburg, we learn that in the new Hebrides, masks are used in dances which the women are not permitted to see. They are constructed upon a cocoanut-shell base, colored with red, white and black; the mouth and nose are large, and a boar-tusk perforates the cheek on each side of the mouth, the points being turned up to the forehead.

Fig. 1 represents a mask obtained by Mr. H. S. Kirley from one of the Friendly Islands. The wood of which it is composed resembles spruce, the unpainted surface forming the groundwork for the colored lines. The interior is only slightly concave, and contains a small stick to be held in the teeth in order to support the mask. Two rounded ears appear over the forehead, which, with the peculiarly formed mouth, indicate that some animal was intended to be symbolized. The chin, mouth, nose and lower edge of the eyebrows, and a band around the edge of the ears are

colored red; the other markings are black. In front of the ears and around the upper edge of the mask are peg-holes in which hair, feathers or fiber may have been fastened. There are traces of gray, downy feathers which had been pegged down on each side of the chin. The maskoid from Mortlock Island, Fig. 2, bears a strong resemblance to the Innuit masks, and in the Museum Godeffroy there are several masks or maskettes, which are very similar to this maskoid and were used in the dance.

An interesting maskette is represented in Fig. 3, in which a front view of it is given. It is believed to have been brought from New Ireland, near New Guinea, and is one of a collection in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The wood in which it is carved is that known as the "burau" in the South Seas; the hair is a vegetable fiber of a dark-gray color, and the pupils of the eyes are formed of the opercula of Turbo petholatus. A white tracery in thick lime-wash is worked upon a ground of dull red. This maskette is ten and a half inches high and about eight inches wide, exclusive of the hair; the spike on the top of the head is five and a half inches.

FIG. 5—MORTUARY MASKOID FROM PERU.

Somewhat similar, with regard to the head, is the maskoid, also from New Ireland, shown in Fig. 4. This specimen is the best Melanesian example of the peculiar attitude and combination seen on some Mexican terra-cottas, and many maskettes and maskoids of Indians of the northwest coast of America; that is to say, the open mouth and protruding tongue, made continuous with that of an animal. In the example before us, the figure is represented as without legs; the mouth is open and the tip of the protruding tongue is held in the mouth of a double-headed serpent, whose lower head hangs down near the base with the tongue also visible. The upper head has the triangular shape belonging to poisonous species, the lower one being narrower and rounder. Two leaves or palm branches start out from the neck just behind the lower head and rising in the form of a lyre are attached, one on each side of the mouth, behind the under lip of the principal figure. The hands of the principal figure grasp these branches about midway, and each is supported by a straight stick rising from the base, while each elbow is held in the mouth of a serpent also rising from the base. There are several other specimens in the same collection which reproduce the same attitude and combination, but the animal is sometimes an enormous beetle with branching horns and sometimes a bird with a long beak.

In Peru, Mexico and the Northwest Coast of America, the uses to

which masks were applied seem to have been similar throughout those regions. Maskoids of wood and terra-cotta were not uncommon, and have been found in association with the dead. In the United States National Museum is a fine specimen of this kind of mortuary wooden maskoid, presented by Mr. G. H. Hurlbut and obtained by him near Lima, in Peru. It is shown in Fig. 5. Its total length is twelve and a half inches; the carving is rude, and the face is reddened with ochre; originally several little cloth bags and other appendages were attached to it. The whites of the eyes are composed of oval pieces of white shells, set into excavations in the wood. A number of little locks of hair are set in beneath them, and the hair projecting round the edges fairly represents eye-lashes. The irides are represented by circular pieces of bluish mussel-shell cemented on to the whites. It was a Mexican and Aleutian custom to cover the face of the dead with a mask, and the above described maskoid may have been used for a similar purpose, inasmuch as mummies have been found in Peru with maskoids projecting outside the cerements at the head.

FIG. 6—DOLL SHOWING MODE OF WEARING HEADDRESS.

In Central America and Mexico masks and maskoids were extensively in use, the latter figuring prominently in Mexican antiquities. They are to be found in most museums of an anthropological class and were manufactured of stone, terra-cotta, jasper and jadeite. Even some of the gold articles found in the graves at Chiriqui in Central America were of a maskoid character.

The collection of maskettes and headdresses in the National Museum, from New Mexico and Arizona displays a large number of specimens. One such is represented in Fig. 7, showing front view. The height of the original is seventeen times that of the cut, and thirteen figures are indicated on the arch of the headdress, the principal one in the center having two supporters. The doll represented in Fig. 6 shows the way of wearing this style of headdress.

Among the Indians of Cape Flattery religio-superstitious ceremonies and social dramatic performances prevail. There are three kinds of mystical rites at all of which, after the performance of the secret ceremonies, masks are worn. These mystical rites are the *Dŭkwalli*, the *T'siark*, and the *Dōh'tlŭb*, the last being rarely performed on account of the expense.

The *Dŭkwalli* is a ceremonial practised for the purpose of propitiating the *T'hlŭkloots* or "thunder-bird," a creature which, with the Makahs, seems to take precedence over all other mythological beings, the myth respecting it being very widespread on the western coast of North America. Indeed the ancient Mexican mythology included a belief in such a being, and it is known that the myth is spread from Washington to Prince William Sound, while there is little reason to

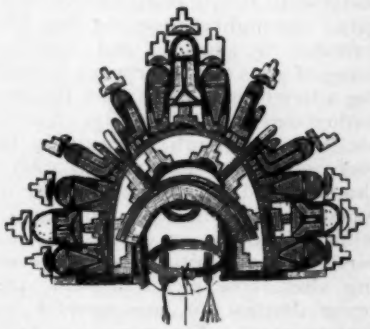


FIG. 7—MOQUI MASKETTE HEADDRESS, FROM ARIZONA.

FIG. 8—INDIAN MASK—NORTHWEST COAST OF AMERICA.

doubt that it exists among the Innuit of the shores of the Bering Sea. The myth of the "thunder-bird" refers to a bird of colossal size which seizes whales in its claws, and tearing them to pieces with its monstrous beak devours them. The flapping of its wings produces thunder, and on occasions of such activity it launches through the air a supernatural fish, which appears to mortals as lightning. Fig. 10 is probably a conventional representation of the "thunder-bird."

Into the ceremonies of the *Dŭkwalli*, both sexes and even children are initiated, but the initiation is distinct from the process by which the youth selects his "totem," or familiar spirit. The performance is given at the expense of some individual, and is kept secret until nearly ready, notice being given the night before the first performance by hooting and howling, firing of guns and other ways of creating a tremendous din. The initiated gather together in the lodge; torches are flashed through apertures in the roof; noises are made in imitation of thunder, and the inmates then all whistle in a manner to represent the wind. Five days are devoted to secret ceremonies and initiations, every evening after those secret days are past being devoted to masquerades and performances. The masks are made by the Klyoquot and Nittinat Indians and sold to the Makahs who paint them according to their taste. Many of them have the eyes and lower jaws movable by a cord. Judge J. G. Swan describes a party that enacted such a performance as composed of men with frightful masks—see Fig. 8—bearskins on their backs and heads covered with bird's down. They carried clubs in their hands and struck wildly and recklessly about as they danced around the fire. On another occasion the performers wore masks resembling owls, wolves and bears. During the day, performances were going on along the beach, and representations of all kinds were given; cold weather, for instance, was symbolized by two nude boys covered with flour and wearing white cloths round their heads. Others symbolized cranes by wearing masks resembling a bird's bill, and moving slowly along near the water, raising and lowering their heads meanwhile.

At the termination of the *Dŭkwalli* performance, a young girl appeared on the roof of the lodge wearing a mask representing the head of the "thunder-bird," while a smaller girl had a black mask fashioned to represent the "lightning-fish." The masks did not cover the face, but rested on the forehead, projecting therefrom like horns. Distribution of presents and a feast concluded the ceremony.

No masks are worn at the celebration of the *T'siark*, which is a medical ceremony, but peculiar headdresses are used.

In the villages of the Haida, masks are found in considerable numbers, and may be divided into two classes: man-faced masks

FIG. 9—HAIDA MEDICINE-RATTLE.

and bird-faced masks. Those of the first class are generally large enough to cover the face, and are fashioned to the heads of the wearers by straps attached to the sides of the masks. Of the second class of masks there are several kinds. One obtained has a beak five or six feet long; it is painted red and evidently intended to represent the oyster-catcher, Hæmotopus niger, of the northwestern coast.

Fig. 9 represents a Shamánic rattle used by the medicine men of the Haida. Masks and rattles belonging to Shamáns are generally heirlooms and are mostly used in secret. In the figure of the Shamán, the frog and the king-fisher are shown with continuous tongues, the frog being impaled upon the tongue of the bird. It is asserted that this symbol represents the medicine man absorbing from the frog, which the kingfisher has brought to him, either poison or the power of producing evil effects on other people.

This remarkable style of carving, namely, that representing a figure with a tongue out, and communicating with a frog, otter, bird, snake or fish is a very characteristic feature of the carving of the tribes living between Oregon and Prince William Sound. But the same form is found elsewhere—in Mexico and in the Solomon Islands, in New Ireland and the vicinity of New Guinea. Squier mentions the fact that the tongue has been used by most American people as an index of life or death in the object symbolized. Firmly held forth it indicates life, vigor and spirit; when it hangs helplessly from one corner of the half-open mouth it signifies death, or captivity till death.

FIG. 11—DANCING MASK FROM CAPE FLATTERY.

Among the illustrations representing dancing masks used by the Thlinket and the Haida Indians, that exhibited by Fig. 12 is worthy of notice as being furnished with movable wings. It was obtained from Nutka, Vancouver Island, and is made of pine wood. The hair is made of the bark of some tree dried and beaten into threads, and in front of it is a row of upright feathers rising from the top of the forehead. A similar row of feathers extends along the tops of the wings. On the under side of the wing an eye-like spot is painted, while the front side bears a rude delineation of a human figure in black and red. The peep-holes in this mask are through the nostrils. The wings are lashed firmly in three places to an axis which plays in a wooden spool at top and bottom. An ingenious mechanism was devised for the purpose of flapping the wings, which were so hung that they naturally tended to swing backward; by pulling a cord that passed through a transverse bar of wood attached to the skull-frame of the mask, they were made to flap forward, recoiling back again with their own weight.

FIG. 10—MASK FROM NORTHWEST COAST.

An interesting maskette is that represented in front and profile views, by Fig. 13. It was collected near Sitka by Dr. A. H. Hoff, U. S. A., and is now in the United States National Museum.

The upper figure is that of an otter with his tongue out; that below is the frog—two familiars of the "medicine men," to one of whom the carving undoubtedly belonged, forming a part of some Shamánic paraphernalia. Tongue, arms and feet are of a red color; the rest of the maskette is blackened with the exception of the eyes and certain patches above the hands and feet, which are formed of pieces of Haliotis shell cemented with spruce gum.

Possibly no other race in the world forms more distinct, homogeneous aboriginal stock than the Innuit or Eskimo of North America. Their only offshoots are the Aleuts, who have become somewhat altered from the parent stock by a changed environment, and the Yuit of the Asiatic side of the Bering Strait, forced emigrants from America who have become degraded and crushed. The Aleuts, perhaps, branched off from the Yŭit who, there is great reason to believe, passed into Asia within three hundred years at most. Among the Indians of Fuca Straits, traditions exist of the Innuit as being a race of dwarfs, who live in the "always dark country" on the ice, dive and catch whales with their hands, and produce the aurora borealis by boiling out the blubber—that phenomenon being regarded as the reflection of their fires. They are believed to be magicians, and their name must not be pronounced.

FIG. 12—DANCING MASK SHOWING ONE MOVABLE WING.

Notwithstanding the homogeneousness of the Eskimo race and the possibility of absence of contact with tribes living farther south, the use of the mortuary masks and dancing masks in the celebration of mythic ceremonies is common to the Innuit west of the Rocky Mountains, and what is curious, is the fact that the Innuit of Prince William Sound, though in constant communication with people of Thlinkit stock display in their carving not the slightest similarity of style with that of their Indian neighbors.

FIG. 13—MASKETTE OF THLINKIT INDIANS—FRONT AND PROFILE.

A great number of Innuit masks are very rude and display very little artistic taste and skill. Others, however, very interesting and curious, have been obtained at different points of the Innuit region. Specimens of the rude and heavy class are illustrated in Figs. 14 and 15, both of them obtained from Prince William Sound, Alaska, the latter being presented to the United States National Museum by the Alaska Commercial Company.

The more artistically wrought masks are decorated with pendants and other appendages, the object of which a few remarks will suffice to explain. While the wearer is dancing,

the feathers and such like flexible ornaments sway backward and forward in correspondence with the motion of the dancer, and are considered by the Innuit to add much to his appearance. To sound of drum or tambourine the dance goes on, while not infrequently songs are sung descriptive of exploits performed on hunting and fishing, or belligerent expeditions, generally relating to some mystic legend. The chorus to such a song is sung by the spectators, most of whom are women. At some crisis of the description, the mask of the dancer will be transformed by little doors being thrown open by means of strings that pass inside the mask. This transfiguration is regarded by the Innuit as humorous or startling according to the expression assumed by the mask. At these dances finger-masks are also worn by the women—a peculiarity of the Eskimos of the Kuskokwim and Yukon deltas. They represent animal as well as human heads, and are sometimes ludicrously

FIG. 14—DANCING MASK, ALASKA.

distorted. Fig. 16 represents a finger-mask collected by the United States National Museum by E. W. Nelson on the Lower Kuskokwim River. It is about four inches long, the circular disk being connected with a T-shaped handle by which it was held by the wearer. A comical round face occupies the center of the disk. The left eye and space around it are concave, while the right eye is represented by a projecting round peg. Only one nostril—the left one—is indicated, the right one being wanting. The mouth commences on the left side at a point on a vertical line passing through the center of the left eye, and curves upward across the right cheek, gradually diminishing in width till it terminates in a point midway between the eye-peg and the groove surrounding the face. A strip of deerskin with the winter hair on surrounds the margin of the mask, and also a couple of strips of birdskin to which a single white feather is attached. This specimen is conspicuous for its artistic finish and the workmanlike smoothness of the disk, and does not exhibit in the original the appearance of rudeness presented in the cut.

FIG. 15—INNUIT MASK, ALASKA.

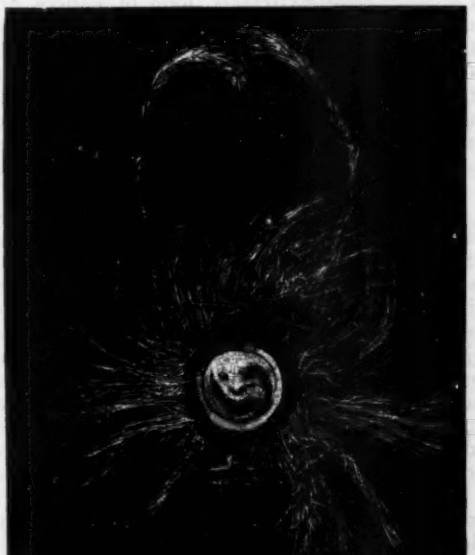


FIG. 16—FINGER-MASK WORN BY INNUIT WOMEN.

The Innuit of the two deltas above mentioned are remarkable for their display of the

FIG. 17—ALEUTIAN DEATH MASK.

humorous and grotesque in the manufacture of their masks. Numerous animals are represented, the heads of foxes, wolves and seals being most commonly carved. Much ingenuity is displayed in giving a ludicrous expression to the features. For instance, when the head of a seal is represented the carver will sometimes fashion out, in the place where one of the eyes should be, a small human face on the broad grin, supplied with hair and teeth. It is a common thing in every kind of mask to have the tongue loose so that it will rattle while the dance is going on; and many of them have miniature arms, legs and wings attached to them, which move with the motions of the dancer.

Fig. 18 represents a Shamánic mask obtained from Norton Sound, Alaska, on which a lynx or wild-cat is symbolized. The creature is provided with real teeth, perhaps those of a seal, and with pointed projecting ears; the face is white, with some red stripes on it, the color of the disk being greenish. In the upper part of the mask two little rude heads, intended for mink, are placed one at each corner. The upper and lateral margins of the mask are ornamented with stiff feathers, and the skin of a ptarmigan in its brown summer plumage is attached to the middle of the upper margin.

During the period of their isolated existence, before they were contaminated, crushed and degraded by contact with the white man, the Aleuts were more advanced than any other known branch of the Innuit race. Their language, their religious exercises and such handicrafts as embroidery and grass-fiber weaving are proofs of that development. Originally they were extremely fond of dances and festivals, and in the month of December especially, religious ceremonies accompanied by such demonstrations were greatly in vogue. On these occasions mysteries were practised and the dances had a mystic significance. Masks were worn by men and women, and while the mystic rites were going on it was believed that a spirit or power descended into the idols which it was their wont at this season to carry from island to island. To look upon that spirit was to incur death or dire misfortune, hence the Aleuts wore masks so perforated that they could only see the ground near their feet. The same idea is expressed by their practise of covering the face of a dead person with a similar mask. It was supposed that the departed one had gone on his journey to the land of spirits and to protect him against their glances he was provided with a mask. Fig. 17 represents front and profile views of one of these mortuary masks obtained from a rock-shelter,

used as a depository for the dead, near Delaroff Harbor, Unga Island, Shamagin Group. Great quantities of such masks have been found in sepulchral caves and rock-shelters of the Aleutian Islands.

While the relics of ancient pottery reveal to the archæologist the artistic taste and much of the industrial work performed by aboriginal man, as well as something of his mystic superstitions represented by symbolic embellishment, the study of masks manufactured by savages, and of the purpose to which they have been, and still are applied, gains for the ethnologist an insight into the social custom and amusements, the religious rites and communal development of different primitive races and tribes.

FIG. 18—INNUIT MASK FROM NORTON SOUND, ALASKA.

A STORY OF SWEET-PEA CITY.

BY KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE.

IT was the fate of Adela to live in a town of the future. Each day she sighed because the palmy days of Sweet-Pea were not contemporary with the present youthful and vigorous period of her own life. To live in Sweet-Pea City seemed to Adela much the same as being chained to a corpse. In common with humanity, Sweet-Pea might reasonably look forward to a resurrection, but at present there was no gainsaying the fact that it was dead; and Adela insisted that it was owing entirely to the exceeding dryness of the climate and its pure preservative qualities, that Sweet-Pea had not fallen into an intolerable rottenness and decay. Her husband said that, "being a town of the future," it had not died but was sleeping, and that the germ of life within it would some day flower forth (to be metaphorically correct) into the most brilliant sweet-pea imaginable.

Adela placed her sewing chair one morning at the window of her little

sitting-room, and part of the time she sewed and part of the time watched some children who were as busy as bees across the way. From her position of vantage she could witness their operations, and she became interested in them. She noticed particularly a small girl in a poke hat and a blue gingham apron, who appeared in the neglected front yard of a vacant cottage across the street, and listlessly picked up an old broom which was lying there. With this she proceeded to brush the front steps of the house, and Adela was drawn into watching her by an amused sense of the inadequacy with which she did her work. Whisk, whisk, went the broom lazily up and down the steps, and sometimes it brought a cloud of dust with it, and sometimes left it undisturbed.

"*Why* does n't she sweep in the corners," mused Adela impatiently, and it was with a brightening sense of relief that she saw the child stop finally, and pick up a small piece of white letter-paper from the front walk. This paper had been a source of annoyance to her the whole of the preceding day; its whiteness marred the wild greenery of the little yard. A month ago she would have walked across the street and at once removed the offender with the tips of her fingers, but now, she had not, as she said to herself, "the heart for such things." So many things in the world were at sixes and sevens, why should she elect to adjust any of them when there was so much that lay utterly beyond her reach? This pessimistic region was one in which Adela permitted her mind to dwell much of late, but she finally returned to pleasanter reflections, and to her observations of the children across the street.

After her touch-and-go performance with the broom, the poke hat and blue gingham apron was seized with a sudden spasm of energy, and dashing her broom in the middle of the grassy walk, she darted up the street with the swiftness of a swallow. At the corner of a vacant lot she came to a sudden standstill, and proceeded to interview two very small boys who were laboring painfully along with a load of common yellow chairs; these were piled high upon a little red express wagon, and had come from the Methodist meeting-house which stood in the center of an adjoining lot.

The children's Loyal League Society, a youthful temperance association, was to revivify the empty cottage that night with an entertainment at fifteen cents a head, and this included a saucer of ice cream with a complement of cake.

Adela had one of the tickets in her work-basket. She glanced at it and smiled somewhat bitterly. These were not boom prices, certainly; the style and cheapness of the little entertainment told a story in itself. One must take cheap pleasures cheaply in Sweet-Pea City now, or go without. She had tried going without until she felt dulled and stupid beyond expression. She sometimes wondered, as the pall and depression of the deserted town pressed on her, if she had not lost her capacity for enjoyment; and again she said, as her youthful need of happiness stirred strongly, that she asked only for plain, wholesome bread—she could not digest a stone.

How the little fellows tugged at the chairs! A slight woman appeared in the doorway, and carried them up the steps and into the house. It was the wife of the carpenter who lived in a small, board shanty next door to Adela. Her face was flushed and she looked tired, but she smiled at the children and they worked like beavers. After a while more children came; large boys who bossed the small ones; a sharp, quick girl of fifteen who seized the broom, and vigorously cleared away the dirt left in the corners by the poke bonnet.

Adela ran out into her yard, and, cutting all the roses from her La France, handed the magnificent blossoms over the fence to the young girl.

The girl's thin features lighted up with a radiant smile as she received the roses, and Adela returned to her work with a lighter heart.

Many cases of desertion have been recorded in the courts of law, and written up in the newspapers that are sad, pathetic, mournful, but never do such cases produce a sorrier plight than when the plaintiff is a Western town, which has been boomed to a most dangerous inflation, and then is incontinently deserted by the boomers. To be impressed that this was the plight of Sweet-Pea City, a stranger had but to glance up and down the grass-grown streets, where half-buried rails of unused street-car tracks gleamed between rows of sweet alyssum and yellow-spotted sheep-sorrel, and to note the apparently unreasonable beginning, and as sudden and foolish ending, of layers of smooth, white cement sidewalks. By some unhappy freak these pavements invariably began in front of vacant lots and led to nowhere, while the inmates of the few inhabited cottages tramped over front walks that were dusty or muddy, as the weather decreed. When the last reverberations of the land boom which had been begun there some years before had died away, the little town had been left to the silence of the plain and the guardianship of the encircling mountains.

At least one-half of the population had packed their belongings and moved away, leaving their houses closed and empty, or half finished and open to the caprice of the weather, as the case might be. Many of these houses were pretty cottages, and not a few of them were ambitious dwellings with the diminutive towers and minarets which are the delight of the scroll-saw carpenter, and of the contractor who combines the talents of the architect with those of the artisan. All, however, wore that air of suspended animation, and of waiting for something to turn up, which is eloquent of the hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick. As for the character of the settlers who remained behind, it was almost without exception a survival of the fittest, for they were the people one naturally expects to see in a primitive little Western town.

Once a day the great "Overland" crashed into the place and shook the boards of the platform at the station, and roused with its hoarse screams the echoes of the silent cañons.

The only boast now of the once proud and impertinent Sweet-Pea is that it serves the purpose of a meal station of the railroad company, and the trains are compelled once a day to disgorge themselves on its platform. Millionaires flying from ice and snow to the Pacific Coast resorts, with the mixed motives of idling under palm trees and investing in Western lands, look out shrewdly over the cactus plain and call Sweet-Pea approvingly, "a town of the future."

In the general wreck of hopes and fortunes made by its brief, disastrous history, there was one intelligent survivor who clung with steadfast faith to the place. The heart, the pulse of the town beat in the breast of Roderick Dinsmore, and its muscle and sinew grew in his strong right arm, and his friends knew that when the time came he would use both with good effect; meanwhile, he lived in a long, low, white house, at some distance from the railroad, with his handsome wife, Adela. Barring the outlook into the irregular board shanties, yclept houses, which lay between them and the depot, their location was a most picturesque and beautiful one. From the wide veranda which surrounded her house, Adela could look out over an almost boundless stretch of plain on which the cloud shadows played at hide-and-seek, and over which the soft purple atmosphere laid a charm unspeakable.

The large and ambitious hotel which stood on the bluff, closed and silent in this, nature's loveliest season, would alone have told the story of the town. The wild pea-vine climbed the hill-

side and flaunted its flowers in vain; yellow violets and blue "baby-eyes" starred the grass temptingly. There were no tourists now to exclaim over their loveliness; though with never-failing appreciation, Adela still gathered them and filled all of the available pots and jars about her house.

With the waning of the afternoon a spirit of restlessness seized this young woman, and throwing on a shawl, for the trade-winds were blowing, she went out into the street. The shawl was soft and white, and fell prettily around Adela's shapely shoulders. Choosing the middle of the disused street for her path, she paced thoughtfully between the rusty lines of railway. The horses had never been foaled whose feet were to have pattered industriously up and down this track. A grocer's sign at the corner announced in gay, bold letters that "Staple and Fancy Groceries" were to be found within, but the plate-glass front, stuck thickly with spit balls, gave the lie to this announcement, and declared that small boys still lingered around, though the disgusted groceryman had long since shaken the dust of the place from his feet.

A bald, white-painted lodging-house with narrow porches and many slits of windows, stood at an angle in a lot near by. The windows were broken and many of them had torn bits of newspaper flapping from the panes; this with several cottages had been built to supplement the hotel. Adela could remember when a lodging in any of them was at a premium, and when a gayly-dressed, prosperous crowd had surged in and out so constantly that they had worn the single coat of paint from the redwood doors. Adela and her husband had been a part of this mob, and were not the least gay and hopeful among them. With what enthusiasm they had selected the site for their home; how eagerly they had watched the building of the pretty bungalow—Roderick's interest being not less than her own!

And now! she stood still in the deserted street; the trade-wind was bending the tall tops of the eucalyptus trees, and the sun, which had beamed warmly in the morning, had drawn a thin veil of cold mist before his face. Little whirlwinds of dust blew up from the footpaths and eddied about her. A crushing sense of defeat and disappointment came over her, and she dropped her face in her hands. The wind ruffled her dark hair caressingly, and a cow, staked by the wayside, looked wonderingly at her.

The place was absolutely without sound until the cry of a child broke the stillness. It came from a Mexican cabin over in the cañon and was a veritable cry of pain; the ready tears sprang to Adela's eyes and she hastened to the edge of the Arroyo and looked down. She was now beyond the so-called limits of the town and only one or two empty, shelterless houses looked at her with blank eyes, and the grass about her was so thickly starred with yellow daisies and sweet-scented pop-corn flowers, that she hesitated to put her foot down. Adela's heart was very tender toward flowers and children, and since her estrangement from her husband her tears lay very near the surface. As she stood on the edge of the cañon and looked down on the white adobe walls of the cabin nestled in the Arroyo, her head swam and she trembled violently. How picturesque she once had thought it! Where the plaster walls had crumbled away, sturdy passion-vines climbed and hid the decay. In those early, happy days when she scrambled with Roderick on the hills, they had often stopped to admire it, and he had once made a sketch of it, a very creditable water-color which now hung in his bedroom. He had raved over the delicious browns and yellows of the old adobe walls, the dark red *olla* swinging in the porch, the shadows of the grapevine on the brick floor, and the clusters of

purple grapes which hung from the lattice-work extension over the front door.

This was before he had seen Carmalita. Adela had never forgotten the expression of his face when the Spanish woman came out of the house one day and stood smiling before them. With these bitter thoughts ringing weary changes in her brain, the young wife made her way down the hillside toward the cabin.

She faced the porch and a figure stood up in the shadow of the vine.

"*Buenos dias*, Carmalita."

"*Buenos dias, Señora*," and Carmalita's slow, but brilliant smile irradiated her face.

She placed a chair for her guest, first wiping it carefully with her cotton apron, and resumed her work. A dark-eyed child with gold earrings in her tiny ears, was playing at her mother's feet. Adela, regardless of her crisp, white dress, seated the little one on her lap and pressed her to her heart; she and the little Francisca were fast friends.

In the soft Spanish tongue she asked the child what had hurt her when she cried out so loudly.

"It was nothing," smiled Carmalita, "only the leetle darrg;" pointing to a hairless Mexican canine, "sometime he bite a leetle."

She picked up the little wounded finger tenderly, and exhibited it to Adela, who kissed it fondly, while the other woman's face melted with motherly love.

Little Francisca was soon diverted from the memory of her troubles by permission to play with Adela's silver bangles, and the two women talked together in the thick, rich Spanish which fell so easily from Carmalita's pretty mouth.

Watching the small, brown Mexican fingers as they deftly drew the threads in a piece of linen, Adela drank in the utter perfection of the woman's stolid beauty—the rare gleams of light in her unfathomable eyes, the wondrous sheen of her blue-black braids of hair—as one quaffs a bitter draught, and as she let the poison distill into her heart she felt it grow numb with despair.

Meanwhile they talked calmly of Sebastian, the woman's husband. Carmalita smiled mysteriously, and Adela thought exultantly, as she said that Sebastian would soon have plenty of money, more than enough to buy the meat and flour. Making a desperate effort, Adela asked where he would get so much money. The Spanish eyes were turned on her wonderingly, and she shook her head decidedly. She did not know—Sebastian had not told her that. Their cow was sick—"yes"—she nodded in response to Adela's inquiries, but she did not look in the least disturbed.

Adela was puzzled. What unquestioning faith she appeared to have in her husband, and what base and impious deception must lurk in the soft, friendly glances of her dark eyes. When she looked at the sweet, ingenuous face, the calm, motherly bearing of the young Spanish woman, she could almost believe there was some terrible mistake.

When Carmalita insisted that the Señora looked pale, and went out into the little garden for *yerba santa* leaves, Adela took advantage of her absence to glance furtively about the cabin. It was pitifully bare of furniture; one or two chairs of the commonest description and the bed in the corner with its white, lace-trimmed counterpane, being the only pieces in the room.

Roderick had squandered a good deal of money lately, but there was no evidence of it here. On the deep window-sill of the little, white-curtained window lay two pipes, side by side; one was an ordinary corn-cob pipe, but the other was of briar-wood with an amber mouth-piece. At sight of these, Adela fled from the place, and the little Francisca snatched at her dress as she passed through the porch and called after her in vain.

Urged on by a tempest of feeling,

she did not pause until she reached the neighborhood of her own house, and then, induced by some devil of adverse fate, she picked up a small piece of white paper which came fluttering to her feet. It was the piece which had been discarded by the small inadequate from the scene of the Loyal League entertainment, and proved to be a leaf from Roderick's notebook.

On it was scribbled, along with other memoranda, "Appointment—La Carmalita—8 P. M.—13th." And to-day was the thirteenth!

The words danced before her eyes in letters of flame. Again the name which had haunted her for weeks past, the name which was uttered tenderly by Roderick in his sleep, had roused her as with a dagger thrust from the fancied security of a young wife's love and trustfulness. She turned her burning eyes about her, on the sky above, the earth around her. Could such things be when there was a God in those beautiful blue heavens, when not a swallow fell without His knowledge, when every blade of tender grass under her feet grew at His command? She drew in a sharp breath of pain; it seemed to her that for one moment her heart stood still, before it roused to comprehension of its anguish. With the calmness of despair she walked steadily into the house. No more harassing doubts and fears; at last she knew the worst that could ever befall her. If the earth had opened at this moment, and the mountains toppled over and fallen into it, she would have laughed to see it. So selfish in its affections, and so mightily intense is the heart of a woman.

Two men, who were tramping briskly down the silent street, turned and looked after her as she entered her door; they were strangers, and wore the rough looking clothes and small "fore and aft" caps which Englishmen usually affect in this country, and their glances expresse admiration and surprise.

Adela did not see them, her eyes were blinded by unshed tears, and if she was enough at variance with the rawness of her surroundings to present an interesting anomaly to strangers, she was past being flattered by it now

II.

There were no electric lights in Sweet-Pea City, and with the exception of a yellow flame which flared greasily in front of the bar-room by the railroad, there were no street lamps. The day melted silently and swiftly into the night; there was no moon, and a heavy fog arose which blotted out the stars and chilled the air.

At eight o'clock Adela stood uncertainly before the fire in her sitting-room, and endeavored to resist a temptation. Her husband's good-night kiss still lingered on her lips; she raised her hand to brush it away, and a sob arose in her throat.

Roderick's stalwart figure had just passed out of the door; something of his old gaiety of spirit had returned to-night and his rollicking presence had seemed to fill the small room. It still lingered in the odor of the half-burned cigar on the hearth and in the folds of the crumpled newspaper, which he had thrown beside the steamer chair.

There had been all evening a suppressed excitement in his manner, but Adela did not attempt in her own mind to account for this, for she formulated no accusation against him. She recalled this afterwards with satisfaction. She suffered through the circumstances which conspired to pile evidence against him, but she scornfully rejected the evidence even while her heart throbbed to bursting with the mystery and uncertainty of her position.

Three months ago! How strangely the time tallied with their first visit to the adobe in the Arroyo! Roderick had suddenly been transformed

from a merry companion, a somewhat demonstrative lover, into a stranger—silent, reticent, absorbed. Adela had at first tried harmless little strategies to win his confidence, but finally, chilled and hurt in the inner chambers of her affections, she ceased to make advances.

It was weary work taking up alone the old life whose sole brightness, as she now discovered, had been lent by his sympathetic companionship, but she did it bravely and it is doubtful if her husband in his present preoccupation, missed the soul from the body of the white-faced woman, who seemed ever absorbed in her fancy work or the details of her household duties.

The miserable outburst of the afternoon had left her calmer than before; its suggestion of absolute unfaith on her husband's part had sobered her senses and steadied her nerves. That idea was too preposterous to be entertained for a moment, she told herself. Roderick had mentioned at dinner that he had an appointment for this evening and had begged her not to sit up for him, and he had smiled reassuringly when he left her in answer to the unspoken inquiry of her pale face. With this she was trying now to be content. She heard him mount his horse and ride out of the stable-yard, and as the clatter of hoofs grew faint in the distance, a wild, unreasonable desire to follow him seized her.

She could never tell afterward what feeling had been poignant enough to drive her on; it may have been a wish to save him from himself; it may have been merely a desire to clear him triumphantly before the bar of her own imagination; it was not, she felt sure, an impulse to spy upon his actions, or to accuse him, that drove her to follow him through the fog and down into the blackness of the Arroyo that night.

Throwing a shawl over her head, Mexican fashion, she dashed out into the night, and for the second time that day, made her way toward the cañon. The cry of the coyotes, like the whining of very young children, and the deep bay of a solitary hound reached her at the edge of the declivity, and made her shiver with something like fear as she plunged through the grease-wood and found instinctively the steep and narrow path.

Adela knew that never in the after years of her life would she forget the smallest particular of that walk in the starless night.

Driven by some impulse entirely outside of herself, her misery gathered substance as she went onward; having once yielded to its persuasion, it had become a torrent and was sweeping her helplessly before it. Mechanically she picked up her feet and set them down in the moist loam, having the sharp and painful consciousness that each step carried her nearer to what might prove a life-long agony. Nothing short of an earthquake or a cyclone could have stopped her now; it was the one intense moment of a not uncommonplace existence. There was a new heaven and a new earth around her, and both were *black*.

Her highly-strung sensibilities had been opened by her jealousy to the perception of terrors of which she had never dreamt, and a sweet, sensible, well-balanced woman had been transformed into an angry Nemesis.

Suddenly the house of Carmalita loomed before her—its long, low lines and stolid front seeming to present a cool rebuttal to her fiery fancies.

The thin light of a tallow dip came through the crack of the wooden shutter, and she stumbled over some of the little Francisca's playthings on the doorstep. Adela paused. Here was poverty closely interwoven with innocent domesticity; what right had she to assail them with her suspicions? From the darkness of the porch the Spanish woman's eyes seemed to look at her reproachfully, and she would have turned and fled homewards as wildly and foolishly as she had come, but that Carmalita's little dog cut off her retreat by barking vociferously.

There was a movement inside, and numbly and dumbly Adela awaited the opening of the door. As a drowning man realizes the events of his past life, so she saw vividly in that moment the wretched expanse of her future stretching monotonously before her.

A hand was on the latch of the door and it opened slowly, revealing the placid figure of Carmalita, with a background of fire-light.

It was naturally somewhat startling to her to see the young wife of her husband's employer standing pale and distraught before her, but with the characteristic of her race she betrayed no surprise.

"Ah, *Señora!* So you have come, too."

There was actually a note of welcome in her voice.

Seizing Adela's hand she drew her into the firelit room.

"The *Señora* is cold and tired," she said; and seating Adela close to the hearth she removed her wrappings as tenderly as if she were a child.

The American felt humbled and mortified — the tables were being turned on her indeed; she had come possibly to accuse this woman, and she was being treated as an honored guest whose coming was not totally unexpected, and whose welcome was assured. Roderick was not here. The child was sleeping softly in the corner. Adela did not attempt to unravel the mystery then; the reaction of feeling and the warmth made her faint.

* * * * * * *

When Roderick proudly and fondly presented his wife with the papers which set forth that the Carmalita Gold Mines, situated in Los Robles Cañon had been sold for half a million dollars to an English syndicate, Adela's womanly wisdom bade her bury the secret of her bitter experience from his unseeing eyes.

But she could not resist saying:

"I think you might have told me, Roderick. I would then have understood why you have been so absent-minded and distraught all these months."

Her husband looked up in surprise.

"Have I been absent-minded, dear?" and then he added with great simplicity, "But you see, my dear, the secret was not mine. It was Sebastian's; he first discovered the mines. I was under oath not to tell you, and I had no earthly right to divulge it; you know these Mexicans don't trust their wives as we do ours."

Adela smiled, somewhat wistfully.

"You will never guess, Roderick, all that I have undergone in this affair."

Her husband looked at her with happy enthusiasm. "It is necessary, my love, that the wives of Western men should be cast in a heroic mould. I've no doubt you would willingly undergo much more to insure the future of Sweet-Pea City."

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

THE TREASURY BUILDING.

STRANGE as it may seem, there exists in the very heart of our Republic and beneath the constant gaze of millions, a municipal government whose unique features are as little known to the average American as to the average foreigner. An ignorance, however, not due to the smallness or insignificance of the municipality—for only two others exceed it in extent of area, and only a comparative few can boast of a larger population, but on the contrary, to its great national prominence, which, like the public career of a distinguished personage, overshadows what may be called its private life; and so it happens, that while no spot is more familiar to our people than the National Capital, there is no municipal administration so little understood as that of the District of Columbia. The characteristic features of Washington—its beautiful streets and parks, its grand public buildings, its handsome private residences, its noted people and its social life—are familiar to thousands of people from one end of the country to the other; but there is scarcely any one who is correctly informed, or has the remotest idea as to the manner in which the city is governed, and how its local affairs are regulated. Some account, therefore, of the municipal history and government of our Capital may not prove uninteresting to the many thousands who look to Washington as the Mecca of their hopes and aspirations, or to those who simply take a patriotic pride in it.

It will be remembered that it was not long after the close of the Revolution that the question of a permanent location for the seat of our new government began to be agitated. The Continental Congress had convened in eight different cities, and while its members were becoming heartily tired of moving about from place to place in the peripatetic fashion of the king's court, they found it no easy task to select a site that would meet with general satisfaction and approval. Each city entertained the conviction that it, above all others, was best fitted for the distinction of becoming the permanent Capital of the United States, and the result was that our early legislators were driven to the verge of distraction

by the conflicting claims of the different States and cities clamoring for the coveted prize. Happily, Congress had the wisdom to foresee that to establish the seat of general government within the province of a State government would sooner or later lead to disputes over the rights and powers of jurisdiction; and hence, in order to avoid any complications of this kind, it was decided that it would be necessary for some State to give to the Federal Government a territory not exceeding ten miles square, over which Congress could exercise exclusive jurisdiction. The State of Maryland thereupon passed an act ceding to the United States any such portion of her territory as Congress might choose —and, not to be outdone by her sister, the State of Virginia promptly followed suit with a similar enactment, which deeds of generosity Congress considerately recognized by accepting a portion of each offering in such manner that the site embracing a total area of one hundred square miles was situated on the Potomac River.

The matter of location being thus finally disposed of, there arose the momentous problem of how to govern this little territory, and in the attempts to solve it, the "District," as it is familiarly called, underwent a number of changes, both topographical and political.

It was at first divided into two counties—the Virginia portion being called the County of Alexandria, after its chief city, and the Maryland portion on the opposite side of the river, the County of Washington. In the course of time the Virginians repented of their hasty magnanimity, and after the manner of the primeval Lo, petitioned for the return of their gift. Congress, finding that it could get along very well without the County of Alexandria, granted the request of its citizens to withdraw from the District, and in 1846, President Polk gave notice that the portion derived from Virginia was re-ceded to that State.

The first instrument of federal authority was a board of three commissioners, appointed by the President of the United States, to supervise the laying out of the City of Washington, and continued in operation until 1802. For the purposes of local government the District was then divided into three municipalities, styled respectively: the City of Washington, the City of Georgetown, and the Levy Court—each city taking charge of its own affairs and the Levy Court looking after the interests of the outlying portions of the county.

Originally, and as far back as 1802, when it reached the dignity of an incorporated city, Washington possessed a council elected by the people, and a Mayor who owed his appointment to the President of the United States. Robert Brent was first and last in Presidential favor, having been made his own successor ten consecutive times in as many years. Then the citizens, probably finding *toujours* Brent about as cloying as *toujours perdrix*, and perhaps fearing that the worthy Brent might become to them an Old Man of the Sea, if the power to appoint continued with the President, succeeded through an act of Congress, in having their Mayor elected by the city council—an arrangement which required an experience of eight years for the people to discover that it was not what they wanted. Congress thereupon allowed them to biennially elect their own Mayor, a privilege enjoyed for a period of fifty-one years, when, in 1871, a peaceful revolution occurred, which swept away not only the Mayor and the council, but the city charter itself—Congress substituting for the old régime a government that embraced impartially the entire District, and which consisted of a Governor, a Board of Public Works, a Board of Health and a Secretary, all appointees of the President of the United States. The President also had the naming of the eleven members of a Council, which, with a House of Delegates, whose twenty-two members were elected by the people,

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

constituted a Legislative Assembly. The people had also the privilege of being represented in Congress by a delegate of their own choosing.

This consolidation of the local governments was brought about chiefly

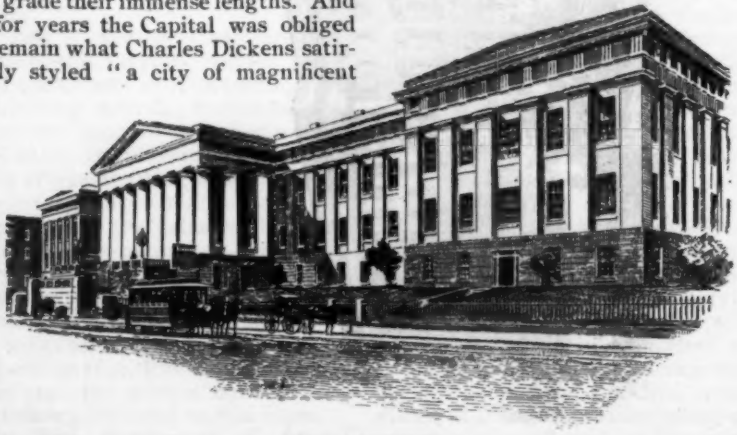
DUPONT CIRCLE.

through the imperative demand for public improvements. The City of Washington had been laid out on such an elaborate and extensive plan, that the citizens with their own unaided resources were utterly unable to cope with it. The streets and avenues, broader than those of any other city in the world and occupying nearly fifty-five per cent. of the city's total area, were all very grand in conception, but wofully shabby in reality, since the city had not the means wherewith to pave their wide surfaces and grade their immense lengths. And so for years the Capital was obliged to remain what Charles Dickens satirically styled "a city of magnificent intentions," and what we, in more forcible language called "a national disgrace."

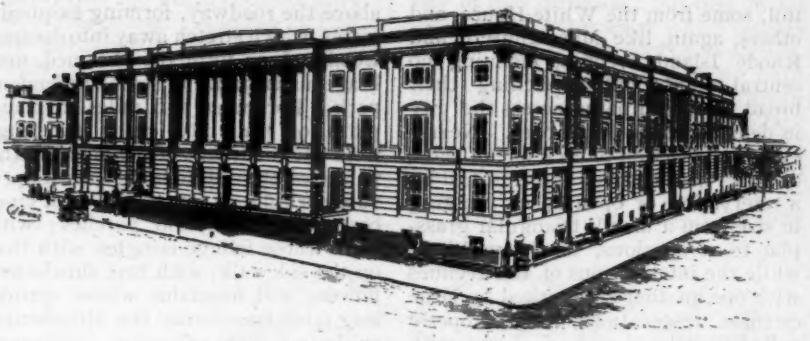
When, however, certain enterprising Westerners undertook to advocate the removal of the Capital to St. Louis as a point more nationally central and, as a further powerful argument in behalf of their strenuous efforts, referred to the unsightly, inchoate condition of Washington, its citizens very naturally bestirred themselves to avoid the calamity of being thus robbed of their dignity and distinction, and the result was the establishment of the territorial form of government.

Although this new form of administration enjoyed but a brief life, it so far sufficed to carry out the much-needed public improvements as to bring about that wonderful transformation which attracted the attention of the entire nation and gained for its authors a world-wide notoriety.

The first Governor, Henry D. Cooke, was enabled through the financial reputation of his firm—Jay Cooke & Company—to secure the immense sums required to make these improvements, which were directed and supervised by Alexander Shepherd, then executive head of the Board of Public Works and afterwards



THE PATENT OFFICE.



U. S. POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

Governor. Thanks to the energy and perseverance of these two men, seconded by the enterprise and encouragement of its wide-awake citizens, Washington, from a forlorn, aimless town, became in a short space of three years a city worthy of being the capital of a great nation, and thus averted the doom which St. Louis would have wrought upon it.

The condemnatory clamor, however, that arose on all sides against the vast expenditures and liabilities incurred for this exercise of the magician's wand precipitated the downfall of the territorial government in 1874, and the inauguration of a temporary administration under the immediate supervision of three commissioners appointed by the President of the United States—Congress having come to the conclusion that the people of the district were not capable of judiciously managing their own affairs. In view of previous experiences it is probable that this paternal form of administration was thus temporarily established as an experiment, as it was not until after a satisfactory trial of four years that it was permanently adopted by the establishment in 1878, of the present and fifth form of government.

This present local government of our Capital is a municipal corporation embracing the entire territory of 72.09 square miles ceded to the United States by the State of Maryland. In addition to Washington, the District contains the city of Georgetown and a number of villages—notably, Anacostia, Brightwood and Tenallytown.

The city of Washington contains about ten square miles, and is laid out in accordance with the plan prepared by Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer whose skill during the Revolutionary War attracted the attention of General Washington, who honored him with the commission of designing the national capital. The plan is a systematic and altogether a very unique one. The city is divided into four sections, the Northwest, the Northeast, the Southwest and the Southeast, the Capitol forming the central point of division. The streets run directly north and south and east and west; the former being numbered in numerical order and the latter named after the letters of the alphabet in regular sequence. It is necessary, however, to bear in mind the location of the street, since every street is repeated (or is supposed to be) in each one of the four sections, and hence the reason for appending to Washington addresses the initials "N. W.," "S. E.," or whatever the particular location may require. The avenues, which are named after the states of the Union, cross the city diagonally in different directions, many of them radiating from the Cap-

itol, some from the White House, and others, again, like Massachusetts and Rhode Island avenues, claiming no central point, but stretching their broad, beautiful paths across the city in defiance of any fixed plan. Nearly every intersection of each one of these avenues with a street is beautified by a reservation or open space, ranging in size from a small, triangular grass-plat to a spacious, shady parking; while the intersections of the avenues with one another are marked by large circular reservations, very properly called "circles," each of which, with the exception of Iowa Circle, is named after and adorned with the statue of some notable American. Thus, at the intersection of Massachusetts and Rhode Island avenues is the imposing statue of General Scott, while at Massachusetts and Connecticut avenues is that of Dupont, standing erect in the center of a beautiful parking. In addition to his many other memorials, George Washington is also honored with a statue and circle at the conjunction of Pennsylvania and New Hampshire avenues, while General Thomas, with his hat in hand as though acknowledging the admiration of the public as they gaze upon the finest equestrian statue in the country, adorns the juncture of Vermont and Massachusetts avenues. In addition to the smaller parkings, and as a geometric and artistic offset to the circles, there are other reservations as represented by Franklin Park, Judiciary Square, Lafayette Park, Farragut Square, Garfield Park, Mount Vernon Square, McPherson Square, Lincoln Park and Stanton Square, with their giant trees, their splashing fountains, their shady paths and knolls, their gardens and their appropriate statuary. Not only is the stranger captivated by the rural loveliness and the verdant charms of the nooks and parks that greet him at almost every turn, but each street is in itself a park, a sylvan lane, with its rows of wondrous shade trees, whose graceful, wide-spreading branches, in many instances, meet above the roadway, forming exquisite vistas, which stretch away into dreamy woodland, or form the charmed, umbrageous entrance to some resplendent park. For miles and miles in many parts of the city every dwelling, from the lowly hut of the negro to the palace of the millionaire, has its private parking, or front yard, with vine-covered terraces and porches; with trees whose foliage mingles with that on the sidewalk; with rare shrubs and flowers, and fountains whose sprinkling mist transforms the slumbering sunbeams into dancing, iridescent sprays.

Looking from the top of the monument on a morning in early June, when nature revels in the glory of her renewed life, Washington lies beneath the beholder, with its glistening church-spires and tall buildings of shining marble, and the deep red brick of the lofty domes and towers peeping above the mass of virescent foliage. Here and there may be seen the grand avenues as they stretch their splendid lengths across the city, while along its edge the broad Potomac, dotted with the shadowy forms of boats and vessels, wends its mighty way toward the ocean in slow, sluggish roll.

The statues are not confined wholly to the squares and circles, but many like that of Benjamin Franklin, cast their shadows upon the noisy street, or like that of John Marshall keep their silent, stolid guard before the portals of some great building. Probably the most interesting of these apotheosistical monuments is the colossal statue of General Jackson in Lafayette Park, immediately facing the White House, and made from the brass of old cannons captured by him. Here Old Hickory is compelled to sit forever on a horse raised on his haunches, with no other support for his massive self and his heavy rider than his hind legs—a feat in statuary which the learned world said could not be performed until Clark Mills, like Christopher Columbus, demon-

strated that the world does not always know everything. A statue of Lafayette has recently been erected at the southeast corner of Lafayette Park, the only monument to a foreigner in the city; and, therefore, an honor of which the French people may justly feel proud.

Standing in the center of beautiful, spacious grounds, upon the brow of what is known as Capitol Hill, the United States Capitol with its massive white dome reaching to a height of 396 feet, rears its imposing and unparalleled grandeur above the city. It has taken one hundred years and thirty millions of dollars to make the Capitol what it is to-day, but the result is inspiring to the most impassive nature, for no one can gaze upon this superb edifice, with its wonderful architecture, its beautiful, symmetrical proportions, and withal its indescribable, transcendent grandeur, without delight and almost reverence. Unfortunately, however, the Capitol faces the East, the result of an anticipated growth of the city in that direction; but true to all ethnological experience, which teaches us that man always moves westward, the principal portion of the city built up in the opposite direction. Its growth was accelerated by the exorbitant prices asked for land in the eastern section by speculative wiseacres, who bought up the property in that locality, and smiling blandly awaited the time when they would reap the harvest which never came. The western side of the building has been remodeled to look as much as possible like a front and main entrance, but the Goddess of Liberty on the pinnacle of the dome still turns her back upon the city.

OFFICES OF THE DISTRICT GOVERNMENT.

The Treasury building, the Patent Office, the Postoffice, the White House and the building of the State, War and Navy Departments are all models of architectural beauty and finish—the Patent Office in particular. The Pension Office, in Judiciary Square, is built of brick, and its resemblance to a mammoth barn renders it strikingly inconsistent with the beauty

THE STATE, WAR AND NAVY BUILDING.

and magnificence of the other Government buildings. Even its old neighbor, the City Hall, exhibits better architectural and æsthetic traits. This old building is now used as the Court House, though partly occupied by the United States Civil Service Commission, in conformity with a habit of Uncle Sam's for housing a great many of his bureaus in rented buildings instead of erecting the necessary accommodations. When the Census Bureau was in full operation, it alone occupied seven private buildings in the city, for which the Government paid no inconsiderable rent. The present City Hall, or, as it is called, the District Building, is situated on First street, northwest, not far from the Capitol, in the shadow of whose splendor it sinks into utter insignificance with its glaring poverty of exterior and interior adornment. The residents of the district, however, attempt to find consolation for their humility in being obliged to present to their expectant visitants so poor an apology for a municipal building, in the fact that the United States Capitol is partly the Capitol of the district, inasmuch as all of its legislative affairs are transacted within its walls.

Notwithstanding that the Capital was laid out a century ago, when city thoroughfares were ostensibly designed for the purpose of allowing neighbors to shake hands across the street and of losing themselves around the corner, the streets and avenues of Washington are without their equal at this day, and we may well marvel at the audacity which prompted so elaborate a design so many years ago. Next to the Capitol, whose resplendent dome looms up on the horizon for miles before the visitor reaches the city, the streets are the first feature to attract his attention by reason of their great length, their unusual width, their multitude of shade trees and their smooth asphalt driveways, over which the rapidly-moving vehicles glide with a quietness and ease at once astonishing and delightful to one accustomed only to cobble stones or dusty roads. So smooth are these pavements that hundreds of children use their parlor skates almost exclusively in going about from one part of the city to another, and it is not difficult to understand how, with such streets, Washington should prove a veritable paradise for its 35,000 bicycle riders. Bicycle riding in Washington is as common a means of locomotion as walking; in fact, everybody is supposed to know how to ride, and nearly everybody does. Here may be seen the merchant wheeling his way to business; the pretty Gov-

ernment clerk, with her lunch-bag on her arm; the dignified Congressman on his way to the Capitol; the laughing school boy, the grey-haired grandfather, the postman with his bag of letters, the young girl skimming to school with her books strapped to the handle bars; the ragged darky boy, the spruce young man, the progressive mother, with her baby tucked into a little seat in front of the machine, the mercurial district messenger, the reporter, the grave clergyman on his way to church and the happy tippler on his way to ruin—all are scurrying along on safety bicycles to their respective destinations, attracting no more attention than do the pedestrians on the sidewalk.

Pennsylvania avenue, northwest from the Capitol to the Treasury, is the main portion of the principal thoroughfare in the city and one of the grandest avenues in the world. Like nearly all the avenues, it is 160 feet wide, thus equaling in breadth three or four ordinary city streets. To Washingtonians it is familiarly and significantly known as "the

THE WHITE HOUSE.

avenue." All day long it is crowded with a gay throng of men and women, and when at four o'clock, the departments pour forth their 15,000 clerks, the majority of whom find their way to the avenue, it presents a most enlivening scene, its great size seeming then hardly sufficient to accommodate the mass of people and the crowd of vehicles passing up and down.

Washington has its fashionable promenade in Connecticut avenue, from Farragut square to Dupont Circle, upon which are located the residence of the British Legation and the Church of the Covenant, now known as the President's Church. Generally, however, Connecticut avenue is not so beautiful nor so conspicuous for its residences as some of the other streets in the fashionable northwest section of the city where the palatial homes of our senators and millionaires, our famous writers and politicians have given to Washington in addition to its many pet names that of the "City of Residences." These hundreds of handsome houses, each one vying with the other in some peculiarity of style, some architectural characteristic, some elaboration of design or some variety of ornamentation, resulting in a city of buildings no two of which can be said to be precisely alike, and which range in style from the baronial to the most extravagant modern architecture, constitute one of the many characteristic and attractive features of the national Capital.

With these ornate peculiarities—its broad, shady streets, its gardens, its parks, its homes and its public buildings, and withal its freedom from any of the disagreeable and unsightly features incident to a commercial or mercantile center—Washington is a city of which all may well be proud.

Georgetown, which is separated from Washington by Rock Creek, a small, picturesque stream running through the District and emptying into the Potomac, was laid out as early as 1751 and incorporated in 1789. Until the consolidation of the local governments in 1871, it conducted its own affairs through the instrumentality of a Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and common councilmen. Many assume that Georgetown was named after the Father of our Country, but this distinction, although some of the old residents scorn the idea of a

royal origin, belongs to George II. The name, however, has now only a topographical significance, since Georgetown no longer exercises the privileges of corporate independence, but with all other parts of the District is merged into a common municipal government; in fact, it may be said to form an integral part of the Capital.

The District government is administered by a board of three commissioners, two of whom are appointed from among the citizens of the District by the President of the United States to serve for a term of three years each, while the third member of the board is detailed from the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army, to serve for such length of time as the President may elect. These commissioners in turn control the appointment and removal of all the other officers and employees of the District government.

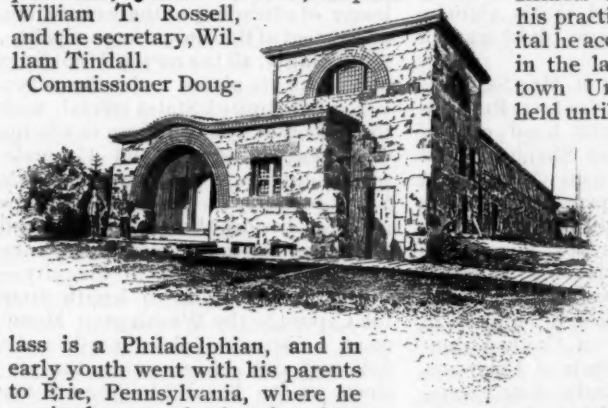
From this the reader will correctly infer that the citizens have no voice whatsoever in the selection of their public servants or in the management of their government; the right of national and local suffrage being the privilege sacrificed for the distinction of becoming a citizen of the national Capital. Congress makes the laws and the Senate aids the President in appointing suitable persons to act as commissioners, an arrangement which has the advantage of keeping Washington society free from the political boss, the ward politician and the like adventitious political growths of American cities. It must not be supposed, however, that all who become residents of the District thereby become disfranchised, for a very large number, including nearly the entire army of office-holders, remain citizens of their respective States; and the time of a national or State election is always the occasion for an exodus from Washington, so great at times as to embarrass the business of the departments by the concerted absence of the clerks on their laudable mission of saving the country.

The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have equal powers and duties, and notwithstanding that one of them is annually elected president of the board by his colleagues, the honor carries with it no superior authority. To facilitate the performance of their work each takes charge of particular departments of the government, giving to them his special attention, although unable to take final action on any matter, even though it be nothing more important than the removal of an old pump, without the approval of at least one of his associates. As might be supposed, the officer detailed from the engineer corps of the army and known as the Engineer Commissioner, has immediate supervision of all municipal works and improvements. He is assisted by two other officers of the same corps, who are likewise detailed by the President to serve for an indefinite time. The senior assistant serves as acting Engineer Commissioner in the absence of that officer, but neither of these assistants receives any compensation from the District government, and the Engineer Commissioner himself receives only so much as, with his pay from the army will equal $5,000 per annum, the salary paid to each of the other commissioners. Why the army should be called into requisition for the purpose of laying sidewalks, erecting gas lamps and attending to other peaceful duties of a like nature, is not altogether clear, but is perhaps due to the inherent regard for the military and the fact that there is probably something about municipal works suggestive of fortifications and strategic manœuvres.

While the commissioners are at the head of the local affairs their powers are simply executive. Congress exercises exclusive legislation, and will not permit the commissioners to arrogate to themselves any authority beyond that specifically delegated to them, except in the case of certain minor regulations. Under this exception the commissioners are privileged

to draw up, in conformity with certain provisions of law, their own rules with reference to the liquor traffic, in which they are indirectly assisted by the protests of the temperance people and the prayers of the liquor dealers. They are also authorized to establish regulations for the construction and erection of buildings, besides being allowed to make certain police regulations.

The present board of commissioners is composed of John W. Douglass, president; John W. Ross, Captain William T. Rossell, and the secretary, William Tindall.



ANIMAL QUARTERS, ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

Commissioner Douglass is a Philadelphian, and in early youth went with his parents to Erie, Pennsylvania, where he received an academic education. He had the good fortune to study law under Judge Thompson, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and in his twenty-third year was called to the bar. Like many another aspiring young lawyer, he entered heartily into national and State politics—his zeal and abilities being rewarded in 1862 by President Lincoln, who appointed him collector of internal revenue for the Nineteenth Pennsylvania District. This position he filled so acceptably that within seven years he became First Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington, which proved a stepping-stone to his appointment in 1871 as commissioner in full of that department. Four years later he resigned to resume the practice of law before the courts of the District, the Court of Claims and the Supreme Court of the United States. While thus engaged he received the appointment he now fills with so much credit to himself and the entire District.

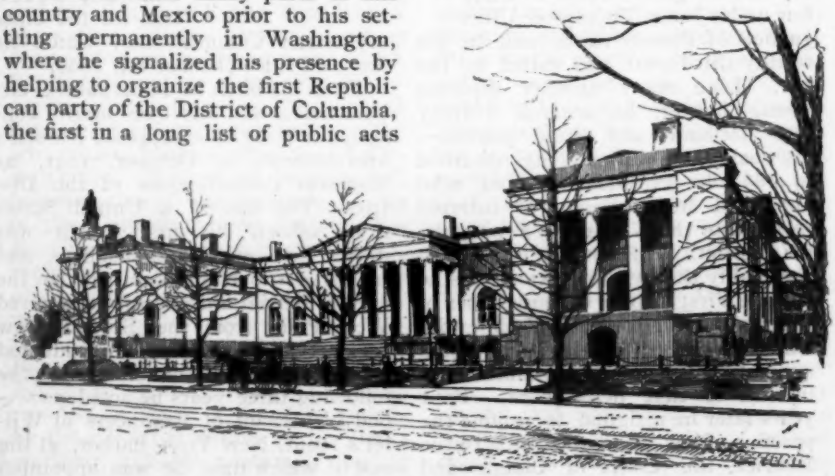
Commissioner Ross, who is in the prime of life, hails from the World's Fair State, where he received his early education preparatory to entering and graduating from the law school of Harvard University. Before coming to Washington in 1873 he qualified himself as a lawmaker by serving with distinction in two terms of the Illinois Legislature. During his practice of law at the Capital he accepted a professorship in the law school of Georgetown University, which he held until appointed five years later postmaster to the City of Washington—a responsible position he might still be filling had not his superior abilities and thorough practical knowledge of District affairs, together with his well-deserved popularity, eminently fitted him for the office of District Commissioner, which he has held since October 1st, 1890.

From his birth in 1849 nature, circumstances and his own merits conspired to bring about Captain Russell's appointment, in October, 1891, as Engineer Commissioner of the District. The son of a United States army officer, his first breath was drawn in a martial atmosphere, and his earliest footsteps kept time to the airs of martial music until he entered West Point from the Second New Jersey district, whence he graduated in 1873, third in his class. During the following three years he acted as second Lieutenant of Engineers at Willet's Point, New York harbor, at the end of which time he was appointed instructor at his alma mater, where

he remained until 1880. He was then detailed for river and harbor engineering in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida during a period covering six years, and subsequently, and until 1889, he had charge of 220 miles of the Father of Waters, under the Mississippi River Commission, with headquarters at Memphis, Tennessee. His subsequent career in Washington, to which city he was detailed in 1889 to serve as assistant to the then Engineer Commissioner, forms a lasting record of his abilities and his conscientious discharge of exacting duties.

The able assistant of Mr. Sayles J. Bowen, Washington's first Republican Mayor, the right hand man of Governors Cooke and Shepherd, and the indispensable of men when a board of commissioners superceded all other forms of government, was, and is Dr. William Tindall; in fact, no one has been so long and intimately connected with the District government. When only a boy of eighteen he enlisted in the First Regiment of Union Volunteers from his own State of Delaware, serving therein nearly four years. This adventurous life subsequently led him to visit many parts of this country and Mexico prior to his settling permanently in Washington, where he signalized his presence by helping to organize the first Republican party of the District of Columbia, the first in a long list of public acts which have prominently identified him with the recent history and growth of the Capital.

Notwithstanding that the title of the streets and highways throughout the District is vested in the United States, the District Government has entire charge of keeping them in repair, improving and lighting them, and having them regularly cleaned. But Uncle Sam does not allow the District unlimited jurisdiction, since he must needs have a hand in it himself for the purpose of sharing in the honor of attending to the welfare and adornment of this unique municipality. Accordingly, all the national buildings and parks are placed under the supervision of a United States official, with the elaborate title of Officer in Charge of Public Buildings and Grounds, whose duty it is to look after Uncle Sam's property in the District. This includes, besides the reservations and buildings already mentioned, the largest of all the parks in the city—the Mall—extending in length from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, a distance of about a mile and a half, and containing within the precincts of its beautiful grounds the buildings of the Agricultural Depart-



CITY HALL.

ment, the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum, the Medical Museum, the buildings of the United States Fish Commission and the Botanical Gardens in which is located the famous Bartholdi fountain. The Smithsonian Institution is supported by the income from the fund bequeathed to the United States, through his nephew, by John Smithson, son of the First Duke of Northumberland of England; the object of the Institution being the research and publication, under Government supervision, of scientific subjects. The reservations under the care of the Officer in Charge of Public Buildings and Grounds do not include the National Zoological Park, which is placed under the management of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. This park is situated in a wild, romantic spot on Rock Creek, a short distance beyond the western limits of the city, and is destined to become one of the largest and finest "Zoos" in existence. Neither are the street parkings included in these Government reservations, but with the 75,000 trees along the sidewalks are under the care of a parking commission of three expert arborculturists, who serve gratuitously under the direction of the District Commissioners.

The water supply of the District is obtained from the Potomac River by means of an aqueduct about twelve miles long and nine feet in diameter. This portion of the supply system is under the charge of another United States officer, who sees to it that the aqueduct is kept in repair, and that the settling and distributing reservoirs are properly cared for, while the commissioners attend to the furnishing of water to the citizens, who, in turn, testify their appreciation of the excellence of this conjunct system by daily consuming 35,000,000 gallons of water, or about 150 gallons a day for every individual. In 1882, Congress became impressed with the idea that it was essential for the welfare of the people that the water supply of the District should be increased by the construction of a subterranean aqueduct about four miles long, through solid rock from a distributing reservoir beyond Georgetown to a reservoir with an estimated capacity of 300,000,000 gallons to be constructed in the northeastern section of Washington. After expending over two and a half million dollars in the prosecution of this extravagant design—one-half of which the expectant citizens were obliged to pay—the work was abandoned because of certain complications, and Congress contented itself with having a four-foot water-main laid instead, and, with its usual thoughtfulness, did not neglect to charge half of the cost thereof to the disgruntled taxpayers.

The harbor at Washington and Georgetown is taken care of conjointly by the United States and the District of Columbia; the former attending to its general improvement through an officer of the Engineer Corps under the supervision of the War Department, and the District controlling the improvement and protection of the river front and the construction and maintenance of wharves. These municipal regulations are enforced by an officer known as the Harbor Master, who patrols the river front with a police boat.

On land, the peace of the District is maintained by a well-disciplined police force about four hundred strong, exclusive of the many special officers who serve without compensation from the District, and of the small company of police employed by the United States Government to guard the Capitol and prevent inquisitive strangers from defacing the grounds. As a further precaution against any possible mob violence or other serious public danger, the police force is supplemented by the National Guard of the District of Columbia, a military organization established under an act of Congress in 1889, and composed of about 1,700 men.

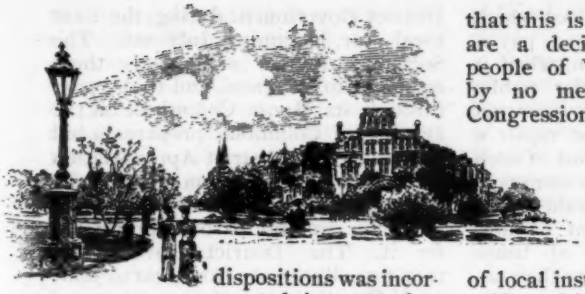
In this and some other respects the

District is like other municipalities in its maintenance of customary institutions for the protection and welfare of its people. Hence, although Washington has been peculiarly exempt from conflagrations by reason of its broad, open thoroughfares and the absence of mills and factories, the District takes pride in one of the best equipped fire departments in the country. Its excellent system of hygienic and sanitary regulations is enforced by a health officer, together with other competent officials, and when some disappointed lover or office-seeker drowns himself and his grief in the Potomac, the Coroner sits on the body much in the same fashion as do his confréres in other cities, while the poundmaster, the assessor, the tax-collector and the like familiar adjuncts of social economy ply their unwelcome offices with the usual assiduity and punctuality.

The gastronomic needs of the people are supplied by nine large markets, only three of which, however, are under municipal control. The principal of these markets is known as the Center Market, and in addition to being the largest in the city is perhaps without equal in any city, occupying as it does an area of nearly 85,000 square feet on a reservation south of Pennsylvania avenue, from Seventh street to Ninth street, northwest, and containing upwards of 700 stands and stalls.

The intellectual status of our Capital and its reputation as a center of learning are upheld by five universities, with about one hundred public schools, to say nothing of the many private institutions of learning. The excellence of the public school system has already attained to such a high reputation that many of the wealthiest people of Washington and the families of not a few Congressmen gladly take advantage of it for the education of their children. The affairs of this important branch of the municipal government are controlled by a board of nine trustees, who are appointed by the commissioners and serve gratuitously. The instruction and many of the books are free, but no attempt is ever made to enforce the law which makes education compulsory in the District of Columbia, since the voluntary attendance of upwards of 40,000 pupils is fully sufficient for the occupation of all the available school room. As nearly one-third of the population of the District is composed of negroes, separate schools are provided for the white and colored scholars.

The law is administered by a Supreme Court, a Police Court, Justices of the Peace and a number of United States Commissioners. The Supreme Court consists of a Chief Justice and five associate Justices, who are appointed by the President of the United States to serve during good behavior. This court exercises the same powers and has the same jurisdiction as the United States Circuit Courts. The Police Court has two judges appointed by the President for a term of six years each and its jurisdiction extends to the disposition of cases involving minor offences against the criminal laws. Persons convicted of offenses against the Federal laws are turned over to the jailer of the United States jail, but such as are sentenced for penitentiary crimes are transported to the prisons of some accommodating State. Those who are wicked enough to violate the municipal ordinances, are committed to the workhouse connected with the Washington Asylum, an institution for the care and charge of paupers. A great many of the indigent, homeless and sick, however, are looked after by the various private homes and institutions within the District, a number of which are subsidized by the Government, and their general conduct subject to the supervision of a Superintendent of Charities. Incorrigible boys under the age of sixteen years are sent to the Reform School, wherein they are taught to behave themselves and perform various mechanical and agricultural duties. A like school for girls of refractory

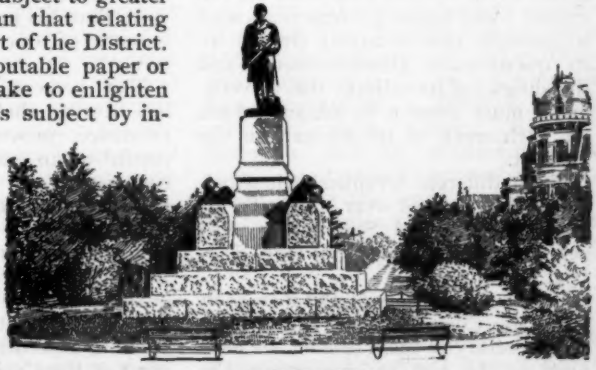


IOWA CIRCLE.

dispositions was incorporated in 1888, but although the need of it is sometimes demonstrated, the necessary building has not yet been erected. Besides the morally unsound people, the District has to deal with a large class of mentally deranged individuals, as Washington is undoubtedly a center toward which the eccentric and unbalanced gravitate. While these cranks remain quiet, they are at liberty to amuse themselves with their extravagant fancies, but when it behooves them to lie in wait for the President with a bludgeon, or manifest other signs of hostility toward the peace of society, they are promptly taken in charge and either sent home or furnished with a ride to and a berth in the Government Insane Asylum near Anacostia.

The involved and peculiar relations of the United States with the District of Columbia are by no means clear to the majority of people, and perhaps no feature of them is subject to greater misrepresentation than that relating to the financial support of the District. Occasionally some reputable paper or magazine will undertake to enlighten the country upon this subject by informing its readers that Uncle Sam foots the entire bill for the cost of maintaining the District government, and that Congress thereby does for Washington what other American cities do for themselves. Aside from the fact that this is incorrect, such statements are a decided reflection upon the people of Washington, for they are by no means the beneficiaries of Congressional charity, but, on the contrary, share equally with the United States the cost of supporting a government which conduces as much to the welfare of national as to that of local institutions and interests.

The citizens of the District raise their share of the revenue by a system of taxation, whereby everyone who is fortunate enough to possess real property is taxed one dollar and a half for every one hundred dollars of its assessed valuation, unless it is used solely for agricultural purposes, in which case the rate is only one dollar; and if he does not pay a tax on his personal property elsewhere he is charged a dollar and a half for each one hundred dollars of its estimated value; but, practically, this personal taxation is very generally overlooked in the District of Columbia. In addition to these general taxes there are others which are levied only under certain conditions; as, for example, should the majority of residents on some street petition for a supply of water, the cost of laying the main is charged against the abutting properties at the rate of one cent and a



FARRAGUT SQUARE.

quarter per square foot, besides which all consumers of water must pay a yearly tax therefor. Again, when it is deemed necessary for the public health, safety and comfort to construct a sewer, pave an alley or repair a sidewalk, one-half of the cost of such work is charged against the owners of abutting properties, whether they have asked for the improvement or not. While this regulation is at times seemingly severe it is better than allowing individual parsimony an opportunity to interfere with public interests. The District coffers are likewise augmented by the sums paid for licenses for conducting certain businesses and professions. To become an apothecary costs four dollars a year besides the ability to pass a preliminary examination before the Board of Commissioners of Pharmacy, a Board which prevents stupid men from setting up in the drug business, and furnishing their customers with morphine for quinine, or committing other mortally ridiculous blunders. The dealer in old barrels pays ten dollars a year for the privilege, and "the gentleman as drives a 'ack" is charged a similar sum, while the bill-poster pays double that amount, probably because of his professional superiority. To own a theatre involves the payment of an annual tax of one hundred dollars, unless it happens to be a variety theatre, in which event it costs $400 more for the variety; and before a circus is allowed to inveigle the credulous citizens by its questionable announcements and the shrieks of its caliope, the Government must receive in advance $200 for each week of its sojourn in the District.

These different revenues, when collected, are turned over to the Treasurer of the United States, who also acts as the Treasurer of the District.

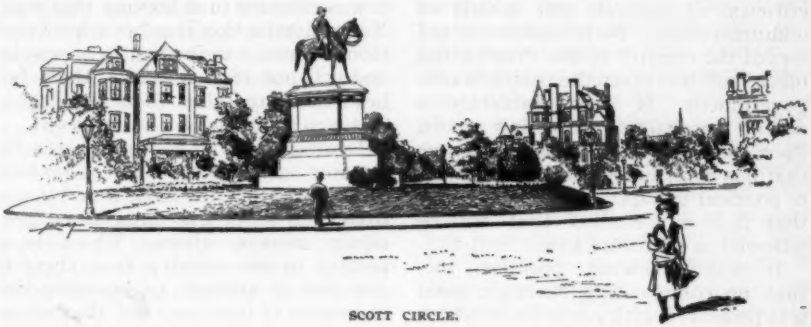
On the first day of October each year, the Commissioners transmit to the Secretary of the Treasury an estimate of the cost of supporting the District Government during the next fiscal year, beginning July 1st. The Secretary revises and sends these estimates to Congress, and that body, through its House Committee on the District of Columbia, prepares a bill known as the District Appropriation Bill, wherein each item under each department is specifically set forth with the amount to be appropriated for it. The District Government, therefore, lives only from year to year, requiring the revivifying power of Congress every twelve months to keep its wheels in motion; and, consequently, if through any mischance, some particular office or item is omitted from the bill when it finally becomes a law, the incumbent of that office will be out of a job after the first of July, or the missing item will have to remain so, however important it may be.

The total annual cost of supporting the District Government is about $6,000,000, one-half of which sum is contributed by the United States and the other half is drawn from the aforementioned revenues from the District. Considering the benefits derived by the Federal Government from the local administration at Washington, in conjunction with the fact that the sum appropriated by the United States Government no more than equals the amount that would be derived from a taxation of its property in the District, it is evident that Uncle Sam does no more than his just share in the maintenance of our national municipality.

The present District government has, during the fourteen years of its existence, proved so eminently successful as to stand forth in marked contrast to the expensive and often very unsatisfactory administrative systems of our other municipalities, whose citizens are apt to commiserate the inhabitants of the District because of their inability to vote for their public servants; yet, notwithstanding its seeming absolutism, the local government at the Capital is far more sensi-

tive to popular feeling than where the right of suffrage is enjoyed and exercised at the bidding of autocratic, irresponsible politicians, for the citizens of the District have only to express dissatisfaction with any official to have him superseded by one more acceptable to the popular taste; a concession impossible to grant where the incumbent owes his position more to political exigencies than to personal merit.

Taking it all in all, the District government gives so much satisfaction and creates so little cause for scandal or reproach, our large cities can hardly serve themselves better than by imitating the characteristic features of this comparatively unknown municipality.



SCOTT CIRCLE.

LESSONS OF THE LATE ELECTION.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

AS SHOWN in the elections of 1884 and 1888, the strength of the two great parties in the electoral college was more nearly equal than since 1860, except in 1876. Thence both parties entered into the late contest with hope and expectation of success. As the country was fairly prosperous, new industries had sprung up, and our foreign commerce disclosed a larger balance of trade in our favor than ever before in our history, (all of which was due in no small measure to the policies inaugurated and pursued by the incumbent administration) the Republicans at first were more sanguine of victory than their opponents. It is not unusual for adherents to a defeated party, especially when chances were so favorable, and the reasons why it should be sustained were so cogent, to inquire how the result came about. Since the election the Republicans all over the country have been seeking information as to the causes of defeat, and as is not unusual a variety of conclusions have been reached. We are now so far removed from the contest, and the smoke and mists of

battle have so fully disappeared that we can examine dispassionately and decide intelligently. An examination would be without benefit except to satisfy curiosity, unless we seek to profit from the lessons taught by the election and its results.

One fact stands out prominently and agreeably. It is that the campaign was exceptionally free from scandal, personality, and ungracious criticism of methods and details of administration. Both candidates had served the country in the Presidential office, and had given the people honest government. It was eminently a decent campaign, reflecting credit upon popular institutions, and one that has contributed to improvement of political morals. It is to be hoped that it is a precedent that will be followed in all future time.

It was somewhat peculiar, too, that no commanding strategic point was presented with reference to which the two great political armies were maneuvered, although nominally there was fabricated sharp issues upon economic, financial and commercial policies. The armies actually fought in detachments and without any general plan. During the campaign several prominent leaders on both sides gave their views in magazine articles as to the controlling or most important issue. Some said it was the money question; others that it was the tariff question; still others that it was a question as to the limitation of federal power or of economy in expenditures. In each section of the country the leaders directed their efforts to the point which seemed to them to be the most salient, or on which the public mind could be most easily swayed.

In their speeches on the stump, Senator Hill and others laid most stress upon the Force Bill. It was an issue manufactured out of the declaration in the Republican platform in favor of free and fair elections, and coupling with it the bill passed by the House of Representatives in the Fifty-first Congress, the declaration was distorted into a purpose to enact a law that would give the general government control of electoral and congressional elections in the South. This charge probably had no influence in the North, but it tended strongly to perpetuate Democratic solidity in the South. It was done to prevent the People's Party making inroads in that section, and it was effective in achieving that end. Negro domination is a "raw-head and bloody-bones" to the Southern people, and it is not easy to make them believe that any other than the Democratic party would not introduce it.

Denunciation of silver coinage by Senator Sherman and Governor McKinley alienated those Republicans from their party who entertained free-silver coinage views. There is a feeling in the country that there is not money enough to accommodate the wants of business, and that silver coinage is a way to supply the deficiency, and one that should be adopted. The Republicans in the East attacked the plank in the Democratic platform which declared for a repeal of the ten per cent. internal revenue tax on state bank issues, and portrayed the horrors of a return to a "wildcat" currency, but it had little effect, being looked upon as a mere spook; the business men of the country did not believe Mr. Cleveland or any other Democratic President would dare assent to such a measure in the face of the satisfaction that prevails with the existing sound, uniform, and everywhere circulable currency. That plank was evidently put into the platform as a gimcrack to satisfy the States' rights sentiments of the South, and as a sop to the clamorous for more money in the South and West. On the silver question there was no appreciable difference in the platform of the two parties, and it was understood that the candidates for the presidency entertained the same or similar views. The hardest fight against free-silver coinage in the first

session of the present Congress was made by Democrats in the House of Representatives.

There were local issues, notably in Illinois and Wisconsin, which had a material influence upon the general election. Activities aroused by hope of securing crumbs of patronage are always greater in the party out of power than in that in possession of the government. This contributed in no small extent to Democratic success. The Republican party being in power was held responsible for the want of a sufficient volume of money, and for every ill, real or imaginary; and it is easier to produce defection from the ranks of the party in power than from that which is out. Again there is an inexplicable feeling that a change of administration will produce changes for the better. It is inexplicable, because it has been so often tried without resulting in improvement.

In the campaign the tariff issue was not presented as sharply as in the platform of the parties. The extreme free-trade position taken in the Democratic platform was very little defended; in fact, it was substantially ignored by the party leaders in the North. Many newspapers and stumpers make efforts to razee the sharp edge. Editorials and speeches were filled with modificatory explanation. The interpretations given by Senator Hill of New York, Mr. White of this State, and numerous others made the Democratic position tolerably good protective doctrine, or, speaking more accurately, the positions assumed in many instances were outside of and inconsistent with the Democratic platform, if its language is given a literal meaning. Mr. Cleveland spat upon the tariff plank of his party's platform with a boldness almost equal to that of Horace Greely in spitting upon the Whig platform of 1848. In his letter of acceptance he expressed views clearly inconsistent with those annunciated in his message to Congress in December 1887, and with his attitude throughout the campaign of 1888. In the late election the country did not express itself distinctly upon the tariff issue as raised by the two platforms, while the Democratic newspapers and orators, modified, explained away, and befogged as to their party's position, misrepresented that held by the Republicans. The Republican platform declared for a principle, and not for a particular measure; the principle was clearly stated when the McKinley Bill was pending in Congress, and notably by Mr. Sherman, who, while he indorsed the principle, said that some of the duties might be too high or too low. In adjusting duties when there are multifarious and conflicting interests as in this country, no man or set of men can satisfy all classes, or do absolute justice to all interests. The issue of protection or no protection to American industries and labor was artfully evaded by the Democratic newspapers and orators; and in addition they treated the McKinley law as if it were indorsed in whole and in detail by the Republican party, and as if it were to remain as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, when it was openly announced that there might be excrescences and inequalities that should be removed. It was not advocacy of the protective principle that brought about defeat to the Republican Party. The Democrats did not accept the issue pure and simple at the meetings, and the boldness of Mr. Cleveland in taking position not in conformity to party platform tended immensely to satisfy the business men of the country.

No public man of this day in the nation is freer from machine politics or bossism than President Harrison, and we have had no administration since that of Monroe which manifested less partisan spirit, or more thoroughly ignored political bosses than his. Nearly all the men in his party known as manipulators and bosses were opposed to his renomination. Unfortunately there were federal

officials, notably in the South, who exerted themselves for it. In that section it is impossible for the Republicans to gain a single electoral vote. It was repeatedly alleged before the country, and was openly charged in the Minneapolis Convention that a large number of federal officials were delegates, and that the Convention had been packed and was being manipulated by the "federal brigade." There was just enough truth in these charges to create an effect upon the country, and Mr. Harrison entered the campaign handicapped by them. For many years the sentiment has been growing that no President, however excellent his administration, should be re-elected to succeed himself. It sprang from the abusive use of patronage in the past to achieve party or personal success, and this sentiment has become no inconsiderable factor in our politics. The American people have become jealous of official interference in political management, so much so that a truthful charge that nominations have been made through official influence is most trustful to party or candidates' success. The nomination of Mr. Harrison under the circumstances rendered it distasteful to a class of considerable numerical strength.

On the other hand, circumstances placed Mr. Cleveland's position in a conspicuous light. He was nominated by the Chicago Convention in spite of the machine and bosses in his State. Hill's machine and the Tammany tiger were assaulted and overwhelmed. The heroism of the act challenged the admiration of the country. It showed a reliance upon the masses which demanded fitting recognition on their part. Tammany had no alternative but to support him ; it had been beaten in the open field and outside its citadel, and if it became recalcitrant, it was in danger of being assailed and throttled within. Nothing contributed so much to Democratic success as the attitude in which Mr. Cleveland was placed by the circumstances of his nomination. He was aided besides by the boldness with which he ignored the extreme free-trade doctrines of the South. The Democrats of that section were in no better position to be recalcitrant than was Tammany.

There can be no doubt that the Homestead strike had a damaging influence upon the fortunes of the Republican party. That it was so is illogical. Mr. Carnegie is a Republican and has made an immense fortune in manufacturing. Though the McKinley law reduced the duties upon such articles as the Homestead Mills fabricate, still the employees felt that Carnegie's capital was increasing too rapidly and they were receiving too little for their labor. The Democratic charge that protective duties did not protect labor had some appearance of truth when Carnegie's wealth and the comparative poverty of the employees were contrasted. They did not stop to consider that the law cannot prescribe the wages that shall be paid, or the prices at which raw materials shall be purchased, or manufactures sold, and that they are matters that must be arranged between employee and employer and between buyer and seller. The employees evidently believed that the "robber tariff"—the "infamous McKinley law"—robbed consumers and laborers for the sole benefit of capital. There was an aggravating element that entered into the affair which had an exasperating effect, and that was the employment of a body of Pinkertons to aid in enforcing the lockout. It had been the practice to employ them as a sort of private standing army to overawe and to do the fighting for capitalists. Such an institution as the Pinkertons operate is offensive to the American people and obnoxious to the genius of our institutions. It is the general idea that the local authorities and people should be relied on to preserve the peace and enforce the laws. It is not mercenary to respond to a call of a sheriff or other executive officer to aid him in protecting the community

against violence and disorder. While the Republicans were not in the least responsible for what was done, the affair was irritating, and somebody had to suffer for it. That the Republican Party was selected as the object upon which vengeance was to be wreaked is shown by the fact that while in the rural districts it held its own, it lost heavily in the large manufacturing centers.

It cannot fairly be said that any material question was distinctly passed upon, but it is pretty clear that the people have set the seal of their condemnation on machine and boss supremacy. This is evident, for turn whichever way we may in this State and elsewhere, in general and local politics the machine has been mercilessly disregarded and sat down upon.

It is a lesson of great value to those who aspire to public favor and to leaders who desire party success. There is a growing determination on the part of the masses to have their own way and it is best they should, for it will give us better laws and purer administration. To get rid of the machine and self-constituted bosses is to be rel eved from corrupting influences and every phase of bad politics. The aspirants to public positions had better take cognizance of the fact that the people want good government and mean to have it. Let us hope that in future the only road to political success will be the highway of honesty, intelligence and faithful service to the country.

Another conspicuous fact is that no party, whatever may be its attitude on material questions can prevail against the Democratic Party in the South. The Republican Party tried coercion and conciliation to secure to the negroes the exercise of the political rights conferred and guaranteed by the Constitution with the same result. The Democratic politicians there and in the North understand the strength of Southern unity and the weakness of that section when divided. In 1890, several Farmers' Alliance men were chosen to Congress and numerous Democrats were compelled to concede the demands of the Alliance to gain their seats. In the late election, no People's Party candidate has been elected to Congress, and the fond hopes of the leaders of that party have been dashed to the ground so far as that section is concerned. It carried Northern States, but there was no reciprocation in the South. The Ocala platform which declared for loaning money by government on cotton and other agricultural products was a Southern conception and was supposed to be a popular measure in that section, but it was subordinated to the negro question. The People's Party took high ground on that subject and hence failed signally to break into the ranks of the Democracy. A lesson taught by the election is that the People's Party, so long as it favors manhood suffrage and equality before the law will be regarded in the South as essentially a sectional party as the Republican.

Another lesson taught is that the progressive spirit of the country should not escape observation, and that there should be no failure in recognizing it. New conditions and new wants are constantly arising, and a political party that does not make a study of them and put forth efforts to employ adaptable measures cannot be successful. The want for a larger volume of money should be supplied by the Government through measures well considered and generous, giving to it the elements of soundness and sufficiency. The people are aroused to the prevalence of monopoly, and a party that wi hes both to promote the common welfare and to gain success, will hereafter be compelled to inquire how far government should go to remove special privileges, and to exercise power to that end to the fullest legitimate extent. It is an important lesson of the late election that party trammels are not as binding as formerly, as the people are more inclined to follow the dictates of conviction

than to obey the compulsion of the party whip. Advocacy of just and practicable measures, clean methods in politics, honest and vigorous administration are the only agencies through which popular attachment to party organization can be secured and maintained. The best and smartest politics is to give the people the wisest and most efficient government. Any other theory is beneath the respect of the true patriot.

SOME LITERARY FOLK.

BY JAMES REALF, JR.

FROM early youth it has been my good fortune to be on terms of acquaintance, and at times of considerable familiarity, with men and women, some of whom have written their names in stellar characters on the literary firmament of our time.

One of the most interesting of these was the late Epes Sargent, a man whose fame rests chiefly on one song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," though he wrote many things far worthier of public preservation than this light lyric. Epes Sargent impressed me as a far abler man than several of the cotemporary poets who have attained much greater reputations in our American Pantheon, and yet he may be remembered as one who sold the Muse for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Somebody must, perforce, compile standard school-readers containing a more or less incongruous hash of scraps from different literary tables, but it seemed a pity that such things should be done by a man like Epes Sargent, who was an original thinker and a man of artistic temperament. I believe it is not generally known that Sargent wrote some fairly successful plays, which, though not in acting to-day laid the foundation of our native drama by proving an American author capable of writing a play attractive to an American audience. One of these was on the same lines as the opera of "Norma," and had a run at the Boston theater. A society lady, speaking of the play to young Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who had just come to Boston, remarked: "Mr. Sargent's play was very touching—the house was dissolved several times—yes, was actually in tears—good Boston tears." Whereupon Mrs. Howe, fresh from New York, and athirst for scientific information of the most correct character, had the audacity to inquire whether Boston tears were any better or more valuable to an artist as a recognition of his power of pathos than tears outside of Boston, and the fashionable lady subsided into shocked silence. The favorable impression, however, which Epes Sargent made on the lachrymal glands of Boston society must have been due entirely to their delicate sensibilities, or to the merits of his play, and not to any personal popularity among the Brahmin caste of Boston, for though he belonged to it, he had little respect for it, and it rarely lured him from his cosy library.

Sargent's home was in Roxbury, which is now a part of Boston, and as I lived within a few miles, I used to

run over quite often to visit him, always finding a welcome as warm and fresh as Lowell's typical day of June. I see him still, as clearly as if it were yesterday—a small man, but of such perfect proportions and bird-like grace of movement, that there was none of that feeling of insignificance which we are apt to entertain toward men who are physically below the average. His face bore a remarkable resemblance at times to that of Napoleon the Great, and when I ventured to remark on this likeness, Sargent replied: "Yes, many have noticed it—Poe used to call me Little Corporal, when he felt facetious—and the odd similarity of face extends to my body. I am just exactly the height of Bonaparte, though never destined," he added laughingly, "at least on this planet, to be—what Byron finely styled himself—'A grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.'"

On my suggesting with boyish admiration and sympathy that perhaps he might be, if he would keep on writing poetry instead of making school-readers, he answered, "Possibly, though I am not so certain about that. Yet I am sure that compiling pays better than originality now-a-days. But it will not be so very long. There is a wonderful dawn coming to American literature. Now we are in the chrysalis state, but you may live to see and catch the perfect butterfly."

This last turn was in graceful allusion to one of my boyish hobbies, for I was an enthusiastic entomologist, and Sargent sympathized with this taste, though he often used to say that he could n't quite countenance killing so many, but thought it would be much better to keep a live collection of butterflies—a whole room or conservatory of them, with flowers to match. I once quoted to him that according to Prof. Harris there were "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," which, I believe, is the title of that gentleman's book on the subject, and Sargent laughed heartily as he replied that he wished animals and insects had a chance to write a few books about mankind.

My host's mention of Poe started me on a train of questions, for Poe was then to my mind a most alluring figure, a sort of actual Hamlet, full of personal fascination apart from his works—an intensified epitome of what Carlyle has called "The mystery of the person."

"Poe," said Sargent, "oh! what a genius he was—with never a fair chance to give the world all, nor anywhere near the fullness of his greatness! I have no doubt that the poor fellow did get dreadfully drunk sometimes, but he was the only man I ever saw that could be impressively intoxicated. I remember one time when I was an editor in New York, Poe sent me a poem which I returned, because unable to pay what it was worth. A few days after in an eating house in Nassau street, near where the Sun office now stands, Poe approached me, his dark somber eyes flashing haughtily, his delicate tallish figure as majestic in its movement as any king's whose proud feet ever pressed on cloth of gold. In his low voice, which was the sweetest and most various speaking instrument I ever heard, he took me roundly to task for returning his poem. He was intoxicated beyond a question, but he was so impressive that he almost made me feel it was I who had committed the unpardonable sin, till coming down from his flight of superb phrasing, he remarked with a twinkle and a chuckle that effaced the impressive effect of his sermon, 'Little Corporal, you did a greater wrong to yourself than to me. If you'd (hic) published that poem, it might have—hic—immortalized you.'" Sargent paused and added with a sigh that had no bitterness in it, "Very likely my earthly immortality *will* rest on the fact that I twinkled once in the sphere of that shining one—that Apollo of American song, whose arrows rattled in the quiver on his shoulder as he walked in his wrath among men. I always think of

him with that line of Homer, whom you tell me you are reading now, concerning the Sun-god: 'And there was the terrible twang of (his) silver-bow.'

"You ask me how Poe looked. He seemed to me rather a tall man, five feet eight or ten, I should say, and he bore himself erect, like a soldier. His hair was black and profuse and clustering; his eyes a dark gray; his features and his figure were Greek. But for his pallor I should say he was the handsomest man I ever saw, and sometimes he was more than handsome. He was beautiful, when a certain rare, grave smile lit up his pensive face. I never heard him laugh and I don't believe any one else ever did. Life, not merely his own, but that of the mass weighed heavily on him, and only his intense sense of beauty, it seems to me, reconciled him to the endurance of existence. He was a mystic in a far deeper sense than Emerson, who always had a firm grip on the present, and a Yankee's back glance on the main chance. Poe actually surrendered himself to the most airy speculations, and apart from any artificial stimulation, lived days and months in dreams. He could talk, if he liked his theme and his audience, far better than he ever wrote. Griswold, his bitter enemy, used to admit that he was sometimes supramortal in his eloquence, and hardly any one, even a dullard, could leave his serious conversation without feeling a firmer grasp on the knowledge that man has a spiritual nature which must some day be independent of the hindrances of terrestrial matter and matters."

As Sargent said this, I remembered my grandmother's sage observation concerning him that he was "crazy as a June bug about the new-fangled spiritualism," which at that time was flooding the country like a tidal wave, and I ventured a question concerning his own beliefs. He answered smilingly: "Why, yes, I have been convinced for many years. I think, however, as a rule, regarding the proofs of soul and immortality, one must be persuaded from within before one can expect to receive any special manifestations from without. To be sure, one who is lighted within does not need proofs, yet they come from time to time. They have come to me quite often; indeed, so frequently that, were I needed in the field, I might be tempted to go forth as a medium. But you who have been taught to regard spiritualism as a fraud would not see proofs, where others unbiased behold them. There, too, this feeling rules me almost always. I do not like to persuade or convince anybody of this truth. I wish them to find it for themselves. But some day, when I feel impelled, I may tell you what has convinced me or strengthened me in my faith."

I think if I had received nothing else from Epes Sargent that still seems to me of value, I should feel ever grateful to him for so early revealing to me in his conduct this ideal of intellectual freedom that we should not be over-anxious to force even our best mental possessions on another mind; that we should simply spread them when a right season presents itself, like a quiet host, and let others help themselves to what they please or what pleases them. We sometimes get from other minds food that disagrees with us, that in our special lines of life we cannot readily assimilate. Sargent had many ideas which in his time were considered very cranky. I remember one lady telling him he was "a pesky iconoclast who wanted men and women to stand on their heads," and he replied with a smile that he thanked her very much, for that was really saying that he wished them to have a better understanding than they now possess. One of his ideas was that women, not men, should take the initiative in wooing. He used to say merrily that the old physiological derivation of the word woman was incorrect, and so was that of the pessimist punster who

said it was a contraction of woe-to-man, and that his own philology which made woman mean woo man would be the faith of the future. He elaborated this idea in a clever versified novel called "The Woman Who Dared," a book that has gone out of print, I believe, but which, perhaps, some publisher may revive profitably. As to Sargent's future place in American literature, it seems to me it must be very slight. As a dramatist or novelist, he was ephemeral; as a poet, he lacked force, though he possessed finish and a keen sense of art, which must always be a delight to literary artists who examine his work. But finish alone has given immortality to very few. Gray is, perhaps, our chief example in the English, and the Elegy really holds its place as much by man's common interest in the theme as by the artistic way in which the poet has framed rather commonplace reflections. Buchanan Read's "Closing Scene" might be considered a far superior poem.

A very different man, physically and mentally, from the delicate, graceful and suggestive Sargent was William Gilmore Simms, the Southern poet and novelist. With Sargent, the library had a little overlaid the life; acquisition had dwarfed, instead of stimulating originality. Simms, on the contrary, was a warm, hearty, human personality, who had taken up literature as he might have taken up politics; a man of tremendous energy, calculated to do thoroughly, as far as his light enabled him, what he undertook, whether it were teaching, preaching, or writing novels.

I saw him at his worst a little after the war in which he had lost everything. He spent several summers at my father's place near Boston, and there in the golden gloom of the majestic groves of oak and pine and walnut, or wandering along the orchard paths, or smoking in the library, Simms and other men of the same political faith used to fight the war over again, and decide how it ought to have resulted. During the war Simms' house at Woodlawn, in South Carolina, was burned, and his valuable library containing 14,000 volumes, with many rare books among them, was wantonly destroyed. Simms was a connoisseur in wines and in cigars, of which he smoked what seemed to me a vast amount, and of prodigious strength. He was or had been rather a strong man physically—a little above the average height, broad-shouldered, stout, full faced, with small, grey-blue eyes, high forehead, careless hair and a beard of Western senator cut—that is, the upper lip and the cheeks to the lip line smooth-shaven. He quoted poetry quite frequently, and his voice, though naturally somewhat heavy, modulated exquisitely, especially in reciting Tennyson. Tennyson was his favorite, much to my father's surprise who thought the poet too full of verbal artifice, too femininely subtle to be called great. I remember Simms reciting "Dora," and the next day my father saying to him: "My dear sir, when you declaimed 'Dora' yesterday, it impressed me as a very beautiful thing, but reading it over by myself this morning, I candidly don't think it amounts to much." "Thank you;" said Simms, with childish simplicity, "perhaps you are right. Maybe with a work of art it happens as with life that a man gets out of it mostly what he puts into it, plus the artist's happy hint, of course. But I suppose I'm too old to start life afresh and make a fortune by going round reading Tennyson before Yankee Lyceums."

A rather amusing circumstance of Simms' first visit to our old place was the sense of awe it inspired in the neighborhood. My father was rather an imperious man whose neighbors were inclined to admire him at a distance, but when a rumor spread over the countryside that he was entertaining a distinguished rebel, a great many people would come and look over the stone wall, and some would drive through the long avenues for

the sake of catching a glimpse of the visitor. One day as we were sitting on the lawn, such a stream of carriages came through the grounds that Simms said: "Your place is so beautiful, it constantly attracts sightseers, I notice; yet, I should think it would sometimes be rather a nuisance to you to have so many driving through."

My father replied that in this case perhaps the fame of his guest might be the magnet. Simms looked pleased, of course, and I suggested, with the frankness of a boy, that perhaps it was because the people thought my father's guest was Raphael Semmes of the *Alabama*, or Semmes, the Pirate, as Northerners called him, and not Simms, the poet. They were heartily amused by this juvenile sally, and much more so when it turned out to be true, for one of the hired men soon after gave notice that it was hard enough to work for a Copperhead anyway, but he "hed to drer the line at workin' for a man who hed pirates round," and then it came out that what I had suggested in joke was a matter of current gossip, and the laughter in which host and guest joined over this ridiculous reality was refreshing, to say the least.

Simms' personality was so pleasing that the idea of his being a pirate haunts me to this day as one of the acmes of absurdity. Yet, much as I liked the man, I have never been able to read any of his multitudinous novels with a real relish. I am inclined to think that the waves of oblivion are hastening to roll over them, though he will doubtless be remembered and held in honor in his State as the first man of letters pure and simple whom the South produced, unless the South can successfully dispute with Boston the honor of owning Poe. But his novels had a great vogue in their day, and did good rather than harm, it seems to me, in spite of Mr. Howell's dictum that idealism and romanticism are worse than radiant rubbish—a sort of phosphorescence of intellectual decay calculated to breed feverous mischief with the morals of a people by giving them false standards of life and living. As for Simms' poetry, it was a vein of exceeding thinness, and when worked up had the appearance of what Byron called "fatal facility." I remember a pleasant quatrain he wrote at the foot of a picture he had given to my father, and which indicates the man and the philosophy of life:

"O Man, Boy—what a world is in the keeping
Of him who nobly aims and bravely toils!
Press on, press on! We all have time for sleeping,
When we have shuffled off these mortal coils."

A man far beyond these in mental acquisitions, fertility of fancy and touch-knowledge of human life was James Russell Lowell. Yet both of these men at forty had apparently beaten Lowell in the race for reputation and the chase after wealth. Such is the jest of destiny, the sarcasm of success, that the same social and political cataclysm which ruined Simms financially and physically raised Lowell into prominence as a popular poet, or, rather, for there is a nice difference, as a poet of the people in a particular crisis. For I think it must be admitted, however fine the workmanship, that the "Bigelow Papers" impress one as popular poetry written elaborately by a professor, rather than such as wells out of a man of the people spontaneously. Racy as they are, and smacking of the soil, do they not smell also of the midnight oil? Witty, humorous, earnest as they are, is there not a tinge of literary foppery running through their brilliancy? They do not seem to me Lowell at his best, but Lowell trying to be the poet of a great occasion instead of being a great poet, occasion or not. It happens sometimes that a regular collegiate education robs a man of a certain simplicity and directness of mind and of style which, however hard he try, he can never quite win back. And

though Lowell in his life was unquestionably our first man of letters, our best equipped writer, and perhaps our most reliable critic, his prose style and sometimes his poetic style have a labored brilliancy which, while not necessarily implying any lack of sincerity, make us long for a little more of the lightness of that spontaneity which marks the masters. "Say it and leave it" is a hard thing to do, especially for a scholar educated in special literary grooves. Lowell was conscious of this, and often used to say that one must be a man in the widest possible sense before he could become really great in an art like literature.

Lowell was of average height, or very near it, with a figure that at forty seemed a felicitous blend of strength and elasticity, and his face was so vivacious and so full and brimming over with kindliness as to seem handsome, though a critical analysis of it, feature by feature would not substantiate such a first impression.

But he never looked like a man of genius; and in old age, the sad truth must be told, he reminded one of a faded fop. The last time I met him was about a year before his death, strolling on the Common. He was dressed in the latest English style, with a little overcoat not as long as his Prince Albert which, as he walked, acted like the Old Man of the Sea with Sinbad, seemingly trying to climb higher up his back. He was twirling a light cane, and wore his whiskers in a fantastic fashion as if inviting visits from vagabond breezes. I do not assert, though some who knew him better have done so, that his position at the Court of St. James and the homage he received in England gave him a turn towards foppery and a tinge of courtiership; but this last sight of him saddened me a little, and I simply made him a low bow, which he returned in the same fashion with but a flicker of the old smile which he used to have, when meeting a student on the College Green.

As I thought, however, of all the strong, brave, earnest words he had written, I consoled myself with the reflection that, if England had made him a dandy it was only superficially, and that beneath this unpleasant surface was still the real, genuine Lowell who preferred a clay pipe and a quiet

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

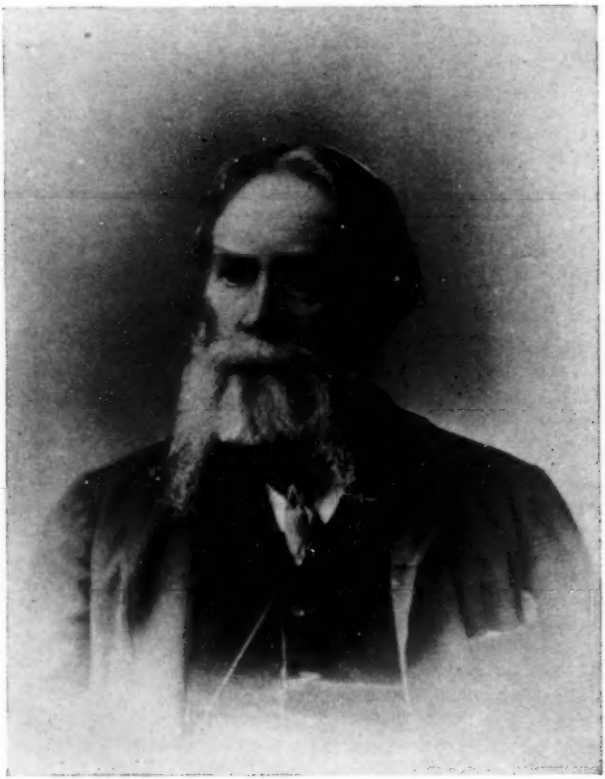
glass by the fireside of some friend of moderate means to the chatter of Court ladies and the condescending patronage of political magnates.

Lowell, as a scholar, was not in the first rank. For one who had been a professor and who had studied languages so closely, he was capable of some singular blunders.

As a critic, however, he was like Edgar Poe in this respect, that he always had standards, was broad and flexible, was capable of appreciating Thackeray as well as Tolstoi and Ibsen, did not think it necessary to immolate the past on the altar of the future, and could always give reasons in plenty for most of his oracles. Nor was he as a critic afraid to praise strongly. A young journalist who knew him very slightly had published a poem which was very similar in argument, though not in style, to one of Lowell's that had been published a month before, and had attracted universal attention. The young man's poem

had been in the editor's hands for months, but, feeling that some might accuse him of plagiarism, because the other had appeared first, he wrote to Lowell about it. The letter he received was of the kind that inspires a struggling man to fresh efforts, for the famous writer said to the obscure one not only that any charge of plagiarism would be absurd, but added, "I am glad to see a new poet, for such you certainly are;" and then wrote further the gracious words, "I wish I liked my poem as well as yours."

The journalist who had never taken himself very seriously to be a poet was, of course, surprised and charmed by this, but was doubtful whether it might not be an overflow of kindness rather than a sincere criticism. Therefore, he wrote again to Lowell, intimating his doubts, and enclosing other unpublished specimens for Lowell's critical consideration. The reply was just as strong and full of certainty as before. "You are something new. Go on singing!" Then followed special praise of some of the poems and suggestions, offered in the most polished way, not as from one bending from the heights, but on a plane of frank fraternity, and not as finalities, but simply as possible betterments.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

What Lowell lacked in verbal accuracy was compensated for by the keenest appreciation, the quickest comprehension of essentials. While there is no royal road to learning, genius has the art of absorbing from others the resultants of knowledge, and Lowell had this gift in perfection. Hercules Fay, a man far more erudite —an Oxford scholar—whom Lowell used to visit, said that on one occasion he had told the poet many things on a certain subject, which was evidently new to him, and the next time they met, he was surprised to find that his pupil knew more than he, and had seemed to seize the salient points of the special knowledge and crush from them a perfected essence. I once asked Lowell if he learned easily from books and he said that at one time in his life it had been so, but he had contracted a fear of being overloaded with book knowledge. "There is such a thing as knowing too much, though never such a thing as feeling too much; of course, one can feel too much in a distorted or morbid way, but not on the heights." The sin against society of which Macaulay was so frequently guilty—that of embarrassing one's company by the richness of his information, the rotundity of his rhetoric and the over fecundity of his fancy, was never committed by Lowell. He said that the gentlemanly limit of a monologue was the length of one's cigar, and he believed in having "flashes of silence," by whose light one might see better the best in other minds. No man could say of him that he was a conversational monopolist. He was, perhaps, more profoundly read than any living American in the literature of Spain and Italy, but I do not think he cared much for French literature of the later school. He told me that his way of familiarizing himself with a language so as to acquire facility in reading was to get a new testament and con a few chapters every day, and I believe he learned in this way every language of Modern Europe, except Russian and Turkish.

Much curiosity has been felt and expressed in various circles as to the relations between the great Lowell and his brother, the Episcopal minister. These relations for many years were strained, and Rev. Robert Naill Spence Lowell, who is living now, I believe, in Schenectady, New York, never mentioned his brother's name to me, though I knew him very intimately for four years and talked with him on terms of the utmost freedom. I doubt if any one living, except the surviving brother, knows the exact cause of the coldness that existed between them, and perhaps he only knows imperfectly. The brother was a man of marked literary ability, wrote some excellent verse and one good novel, "The New Priest of Conception Bay;" but his second novel, "Antony Brade," widened the gulf between him and his brother James, because it attempted to satirize Mr. Joseph Burnett, whose son had married Lowell's only daughter. Joseph Burnett is an exceedingly worthy man who made a fortune by flavoring extracts, and who celebrated his fortune when it began to dawn, by founding an excellent school for boys, called St. Marks, at Sinthboro, Massachusetts. Over this school Rev. Mr. Lowell was installed as Rector or Head Master as well as over the parish, and in the course of time some friction arose between the founder and the teacher as to management, chiefly, I think, in some minor details. At any rate a severance followed and the novel ensued. I cannot help feeling that the estrangement between these brothers, both of whom seemed to me such naturally amiable men, must have originated from something very trivial. Yet that probability and the persistence of the coldness only make it the more pathetic.

Julia Ward Howe belongs by grace of heart and genius in the same high order; and she, too, came into her first popularity during the war, when

our soldiers sang her "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "round the watch-fire of a hundred circling camps." But no one who has thrilled to the music of that glorious lyric has really felt it in its fullness, except he who has heard it from the lips of the poet herself. As a rule, I think, poets do not recite their verses very well. Perhaps it is because the intensity of the personal feeling chokes the ease of expression, but when I had the felicity of hearing Julia Ward Howe recite her "Battle Hymn," I understood that, when poets can rise above their shyness or self-consciousness, they may become the best interpreters of their own music. The incidents attending this occasion were unique; they occurred in the parlor of a *grande dâme* in New Orleans in 1884. Mrs. Howe was requested by the hostess to recite one of her poems, and upon her innocently asking if there was any preference, a Southern gentleman rather mischieviously suggested that as he was under the impression, in spite of certain newspapers, that the war was over, it might be in order, purely as a matter of literary and historical interest, to hear from the inspired lips of the singer the song which had so fired the Northern heart. Mrs. Howe, with gentle dignity accepted the challenge hidden in his raillery and, rising to the occasion, with a bow and smile of sweetness, she began in a low voice. As she proceeded the effect was truly electrical. Her deliverance was almost that of recitative and every word seemed undertoned with a solemn, haunting passion—a passion entirely free from bitterness—a large fervor that, while trampling on the past, embraced the future. She is a small woman, but in her emotion she seemed to dilate—almost to tower; yet in her delivery there was no rant. It began low, like music, and in low tones it ended, more like a benediction than a battle hymn. I think the general feeling at the close was one of disappointment that it was over so soon. One impulsive young woman leaned over to me and whispered, "Oh, I'd like to hear it right over again, but I don't dare to ask her." And yet when I came to analyze the recitation, I found it almost empty of elocutionary effects, so called; it was simply an intense earnestness vibrating on a few tones in a voice of great sweetness, with something repressed as well as expressed.

The scene often comes back to me as containing a curious comment on life, for who, in the dark days of '61 could have confidently looked forward to that bright hour, when in a Southern parlor in the very city that was the heart of the Confederacy, Julia Ward Howe should be called on to recite that poem? I was speaking of this the other night to Mrs. Howe, and she replied that the same feeling came over her several times, "like an unexpected wave over a social bather on some fashionable beach." On one occasion, alluding to her experience at the Exposition, she said: "One day it occurred to me to say to the heads of the colored department of that ill-starred, but beautiful Exposition that if they would like, I would lecture to them about the great leaders in the work of emancipation—Sumner, Phillips, Garrison and others whom I had known intimately. They were delighted with my offer, and I had one of the most attentive and appreciative audiences a speaker ever enjoyed. Of course, talking of such men, even a poor speaker could not help making some fine points, and the slightest point I made was taken up with that low, mellow murmur, which is more applausive than the noise of hands. All at once, I fell upon a pause. The thought surged over me of the exceeding strangeness of it all, that I should be there in that city — speaking on that theme to that crowd. Then I told them why I had paused and I could see in their faces, as in one vast face, the solemn reflection of my feeling of strangeness—a consciousness of the manifold mystery of life, coupled

JULIA WARD HOWE.

with a certain joy over the extinction of old sufferings and false, disennobling conditions."

The distinction between Sumner and Phillips as orators which Mrs. Howe draws is, it seems to me, not only happily put, but mainly true. "Phillips was just as much in earnest as Sumner," she said, "but there was a touch of the rhetor about him; he was a dramatic fanatic. He had always an artistic sense of what he was saying, and with this, also, that artistic sense of proportion which made his fanaticism more attractive than that quality generally is. Sumner, on the other hand, was dominated alone by his intense perception of fundamental principles, and his lack of the dramatic instinct led him to make his fanaticism of an exasperating character. I believe some other man might have said as much as he did in Congress without provoking that attack on him which ruined his life." I once asked Mrs. Howe to tell me about her personal relations with Sumner, which I had heard were sometimes a little strained and she said: "Sumner was almost entirely destitute of humor, or else his humor was deeply dormant, and to me who had been accustomed from girlhood to the society of witty and facetious men, he was sometimes very trying. Then, too, he could be very rude. He had received some pictures from abroad and was wondering who sent them. Whereupon I suggested that perhaps a certain Miss Porter (a rich young lady about whom his friends had teased him somewhat, and who was traveling in Europe) might have been the sender. He flared out at me with a glare on his handsome face, and in his rich, resounding voice said: "The supposition is gross." Not being accustomed to having such an adjective applied to any conduct of mine, I rose quietly and left the room. Two weeks later, he came forward to me on the street and said in his most charming, fresh, frank way, "I trust there is no controversy between us?" Of course, I thought it wise—life is so short—not to keep up a coolness over one harsh phrase, and he never offended again." There is a story about Mrs. Howe and Sumner that seems to me very char-

acteristic of both. Mrs. Howe asked the great Senator to dinner to meet Edwin Booth, and Sumner replied in his starchiest, pouter-pigeon fashion, "Madam, I do not believe that I care to meet your friend Edwin Booth, estimable as he may be both in his calling and his character. I think I have arrived at the point where one ceases to take any interest in individuals." "Why, Charles," replied Mrs. Howe, with intensity, "God hasn't gotten *there*, yet." I asked Mrs. Howe if this story was true and she said, "Oh, yes; Sumner told it on himself, possibly as an instance of my devoutness, though other persons took it differently, and some even asked me if I really dared to say such a thing to Charles Sumner? Speaking of Sumner's beauty, Mrs. Howe said, "It was remarkable; though in early life he was so thin we used to call him the line, because he seemed to be length without breadth or thickness. At about thirty-five, after a severe sickness, he filled out and became an impressive figure, though never so impressive as some men, who, like Webster, were only of average height, yet whose impressiveness always seemed to come from within and not be dependent on their shoulders like a cape. Sumner had a voice of remarkable richness and a smile of strong sweetness. I remember once when in the Senate gallery, something happened that stirred his generally dormant sense of humor, or else it was something very noble had been said. My memory of the exact fact fails me, but my memory of the smile is very clear. He tossed his head back and looked up at me with a look that lit the whole place—so it seemed to me. It was as if lightning had suddenly illumined and melted an iceberg—as if the best of the man's nature had soared for a moment into intense expression. It was like a revelation. I saw glimpses of that smile several other times, but it was never quite so grand as then. Yes, Sumner was cold. I was never quite at my ease with him; not because of his greater intellectuality, for I had companioned with men of superior mental grasp and mental gains, but he was different from other men. He was more original than most of the others, I mean in character, and harder, of course, to solve. Perhaps, however, behind that pride of caste and coldness which both attracted and repelled mankind was a heart of splendid heat, if one could have found it, at which to warm the fingers of the soul. But to most of us he appeared a self-centered aristocrat, whose acrimonious eloquence sprang as much from scorn of the sinner as of the sin. I fancy it was that which so enraged the Southern Senators—to find an assumption of authority greater than their own, and a scorn which in power of expression compared to theirs was like the mid-day sun to a tallow candle."

Those who think of Julia Ward Howe only as a lecturer, reformer and serious woman do not comprehend the roundness of her nature. The deeps of her earnestness and enthusiasm are fringed with gayety as the lakes of the ancient Peruvians were margined with masses of flowers. To dine with her is often a feast of wit, as well as of reason and flow of soul, and hers is almost always a wit without bitterness. The only sharp thing I remember her to have said was her remark when passing a place where a rather ostentatious sign of the "Boston Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary" was displayed. "Why," she murmured, half as if to herself, after repeating the words, "I didn't know there was such a thing as a charitable eye and ear in Boston." But Boston forgave the hit for the wit, which perhaps in that day had more truth in it than now.

Genius is of two kinds or qualities; that of the intellect which illumines and of the soul which warms. When these two are blended in a woman, the result is very rare and precious. It is this burning of the heart for humanity that has kept Julia Ward

Howe beautiful in the eyes of her friends, though time has written his victory on some lines of her brow. After a few moments in the presence of this simple, unpretentious, white-haired woman, however, one forgets the years—one only feels the truth of the verses written to her two years ago:

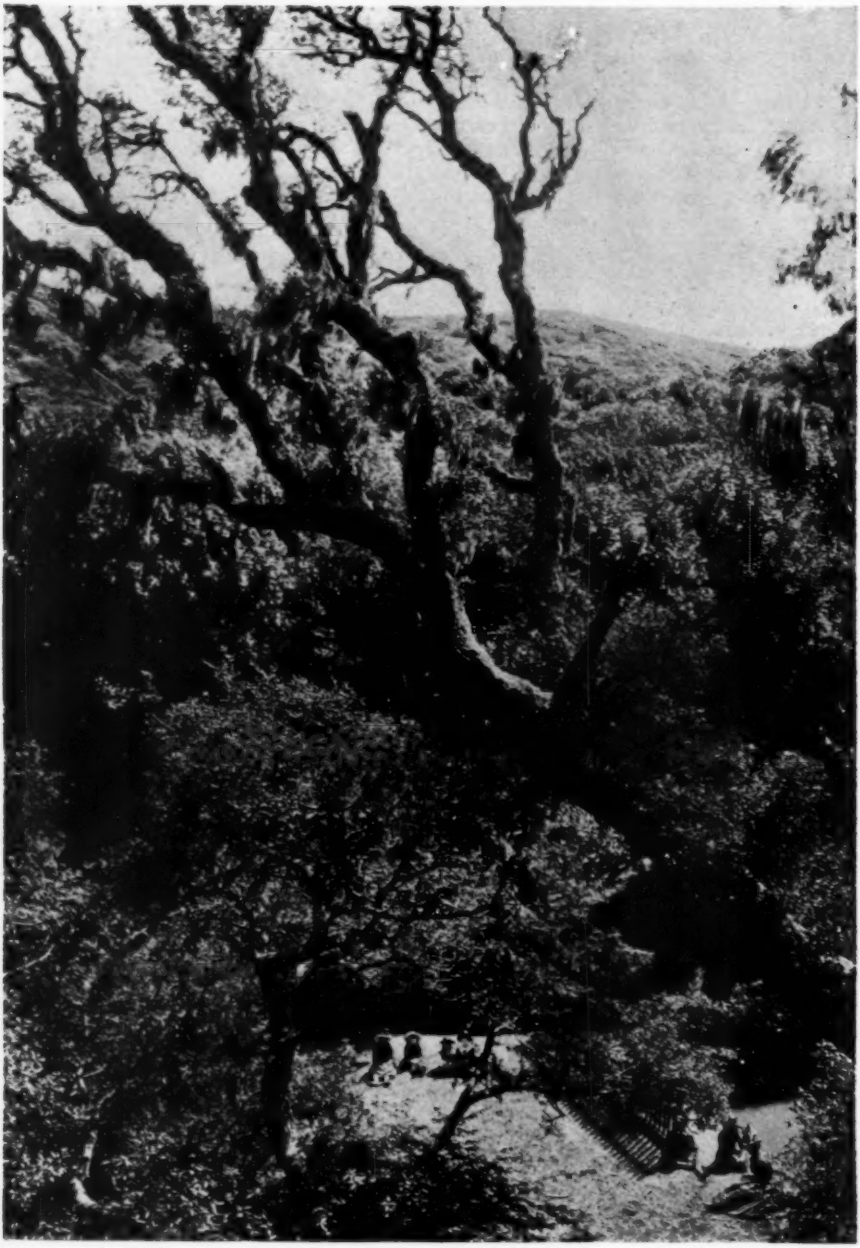
Seventy years old! nay, madam, 'tis not so;
For, in the apt phrase of your daughter's tongue,
The hearts that know you do most surely know
For seventy splendid years you have been young.

In truth, your life reglimpsing, it would seem
That you right early, by some magic skill,
Found the fair fountain of De∫eon's dream,
And keep its crystal inspiration still.

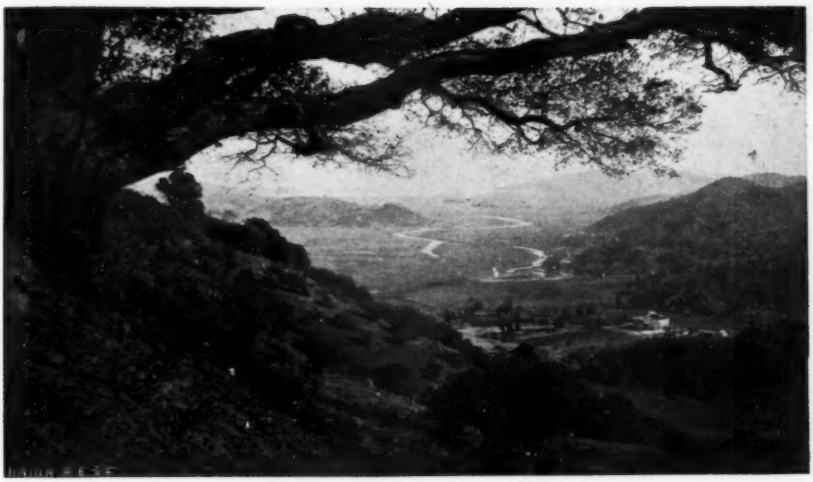
And then, after asking what is the secret of the magic that has kept the smile of youth on her face, and the ring of youth in her voice, and the grace of it in all her ways, the poet answers his question thus:

Not because birth and beauty have been yours
And yours the gift of music and of song,
But this: that you have spent your richest stores
To help humanity your whole life long.

Mrs. Howe's place in literature is secure, though most of her work has been ephemeral. She has made one of the songs of a nation, as well as helped to soften some of its laws. But I believe the personal influence of her genius has been far greater than that of many who have put themselves more forcibly into their art work. I believe her rich and radiant personality is destined to a long existence on earth after her presence has departed. It is characteristic of her that she should say to me as she did, when I told her I was going to write some things about her for the CALIFORNIAN, a copy of which I found on her table, "You can say of me that if I am to be remembered at all, I would like to be, not for what I have done in literature, but for what I have tried to do with pen and tongue and life for the moral and intellectual enfranchisement of woman."



IN A LIVE OAK GROVE, NEAR TAMALPAIS.



VIEW FROM THE SLOPES OF TAMALPAIS.

AT THE BASE OF TAMALPAIS.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

MOUNT TAMALPAIS, piercing the low flying clouds 3,000 feet in air, with its rugged cliffs and menacing crags is the sentinel of the Golden Gate. A rocky giant rising abruptly from the spurs of the Coast Range, of peculiar and striking appearance, it is one of the landmarks of the country and indicates the approach to San Francisco for miles at sea, and far over the heated plains where the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas reach away—the gold wall of California.

Who the white man was who first gazed upon the mountain is not known. Possibly centuries ago it was discovered by the first wanderers from Asia that are presumed by some to have crossed over from Bering's Straits and so found their way down the California coast. So far as we know, Drake probably was the first to investigate the country about Tamalpais. This was in 1567. Sebastian Cermenon undoubtedly saw the peak of Tamalpais in 1595, as he was wrecked near Point Reyes in that year, and in 1602, Vizcaino may have wandered among the big redwoods at its base as he cruised along shore in that year. The great mountain is called after none of these, taking its singular name, it is said, from the original owners of the soil—the Tamal Indians who long ago were the dwellers at its base. Tamalpais stands to the north of the Golden Gate, across the bay from San Francisco, in Marin County, and with its green slopes often intensified by the lowering cloud banks, or the blazing California sun, it is suggestive of the attractive country about its base, so often a revelation and surprise to the stroller.

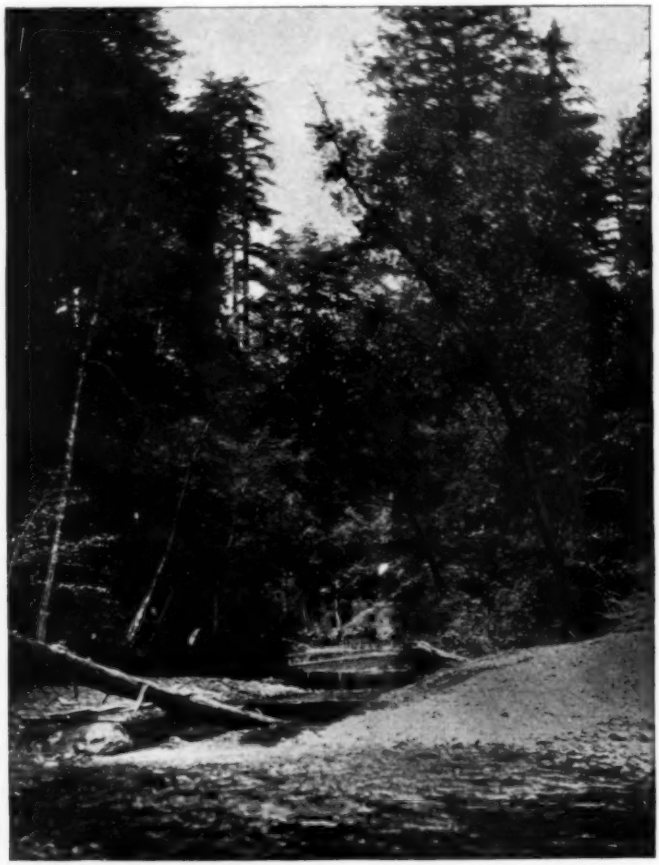
The contrast between the opposite shores of the Golden Gate could not be more strongly defined. San Francisco was originally a mass of sand hills, desolate and drear. A peculiar sand river having for ages slowly wound its way from the sea, south of what is now known as the Cliff House, east, covering the original soil to a depth of many feet, filling up depressions, rounding off hills, ever flowing on before the inshore wind, while to

the north, on the Marin shore, around the base of Tamalpais, conditions exactly the reverse hold—the earth being covered by a fine forest growth where fifty years ago gigantic redwoods reared their trunks on every hillslope, presenting a magnificent spectacle, if we may judge by the huge trunks which still live, throwing out their trees of a later generation that grow in circular form and make leafy halls and chambers for the descendants of the vandals who cut them down. This country about the base of Tamalpais constitutes one of the greatest charms of San Francisco, as in less than an hour one can leave the bustling city with its 350,000 souls, and enter what is to all intents and purposes the primeval forest around the base of the great mountain. Picturesque San Francisco may fairly include this adjacent country which affords a wealth of pleasure and delight to thousands of toilers. As the masses in the East pour out of New York to Coney Island and other resorts, so the San Franciscans cross the bay on holidays and wander in these groves, follow up the deep cañons and make merry in the natural redwood halls.

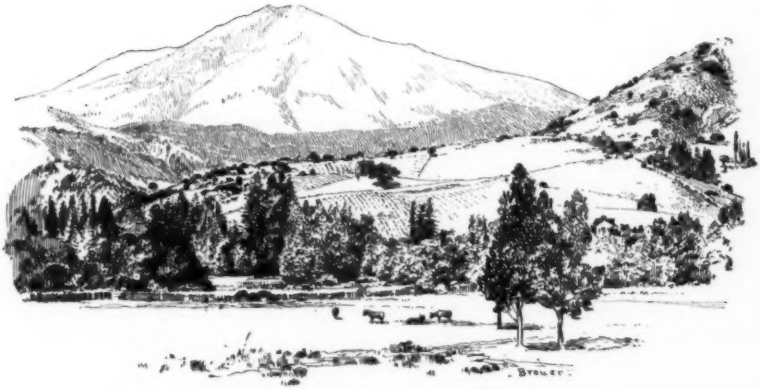
The principal gateway to this wonderland is the little hamlet of Sausalito, perched on the sides of hills—the houses seeming like the nests of birds appearing here and there among the shrubbery. From the bay, the town is picturesque in the extreme—the villas and homes rising one above the other in tiers with live oaks, eucalyptus, pines, palms and other contrasting forms massed about them. Sausalito is the yachting center of San Francisco. Here all the crack yachts can be found at anchor, while various club houses are the center of many social events. All along shore are houses built out into the water—clubs, restaurants, boathouses—about which the yachtsman, landsman, or fisherman passes the time in enjoyable idleness. The main thoroughfare of the town skirts the water, and from it many delightful paths and by-ways reaches away up into the green heart of the town. The homes and villas are perched here and there in the most unexpected places, now appearing boldly from the verdure, or again being fairly covered with a wealth of flowers and semi-tropical vegetation. The old live oaks that may have flourished in Vizcaino's time have in the main been spared, so that the little town and its lanes and byways still retains all the charms of the forest. Its streets wind and wander about in delightful confusion, and the stroller is constantly finding some new charm appealing to his sense of the artistic or picturesque. From Sausalito the North Pacific Coast Railroad reaches away into the country about the base of Tamalpais and beyond, through a region delightful in every way and destined in the immediate future to become the favorite summer resort of San Franciscans. The country rises abruptly from the sea in low, oak-covered hills as green as emerald on this January day; deep cañons wind away in many directions, well-wooded, literal rivers of verdure. At every move new and pleasing vistas appear; stretches of pasture-land, rich in growing grain, with bands and groups of cattle standing about; the hills beyond reaching up to Tamalpais, which is always the central point of interest and observation. Again, the approach to the mountain is over dense forests of redwood, above which its ragged spurs just appear, or again it rises at the head of some deep gorge; its peak towering high in air, menacing and dark, like a living thing. In a very limited area, the mountain presents so many varied phases and characteristics, appearing and reappearing in so many different guises that one never wearies of the study. It rises abruptly from a densely wooded country, redwoods, oaks and the polished manzanita and sycamores being conspicuous, while hills, valleys, disconnected ridges, cañons and gulches extend in every direction, and in midwinter,

A TAMALPAIS HIGHWAY.

when everything is green, the mountain overlooks a scene of great natural beauty. Fifty years ago, the redwood forest that is now growing again was, judging from the size of the trees, one of the wonders of the country if not the world—the tops of the majestic forms being in full view of the present City of San Francisco. These trees were of unknown age and extraordinary size, and, if standing to-day, would have made the locality as much visited as the Garden of the Gods, or some similar resort where the wonders of nature constitute the attraction. The redwoods were particularly large in what is now known as Mill Valley, a favorite resort from its beauties of situation, and rapidly being built up with the homes and villas of wealthy San Franciscans. As all roads lead to Rome, so all roads in Marin seem to lead to Tamalpais, and this winding verdure-lined lane that makes up the thoroughfare up Mill Valley is no exception, as here and there, wherever



A TROUT STREAM.



MOUNT TAMALPAIS FROM THE MEADOWS.

there is a break, the lofty spur of Tamalpais appears, the Mecca of the stroller.

Mill Valley abounds in beautiful homes, resembling, in many instances, eyries far up the mountain side. The road winds in and out among the trunks of gigantic trees, while side roads reach up the hillsides and wind away down deep cañons bringing out unsuspected beauties at every step. In February and March begins the winter festival of flowers, when the roadsides are lined with a floral display bewildering to the eye. In the deep nooks and corners, ferns, rare in the East, grow with boundless profusion, and the graceful, fern-like brakes attain an astonishing size. A stroll through these deep nooks is a revelation to the true lover of nature; a sermon without words, an impressive experience. The newcomer is at once struck with the singular growth of trees that appear to form in perfect circles, forming large halls of verdure. Some of these are so extensive that they are used as ballrooms or picnic rooms, the sides being the thick growth of young redwoods, while the roof is the blue vault of heaven, as though looking up through a tunnel. These halls are formed by the destruction of the original giants years ago, and the subsequent new growth of young trees all around the circle of the old trunk.

Attention was first drawn to the big redwoods in 1834, when J. J. Read received a grant of the "Rancho Corte Madera del Presidio" from the Mexican Government, and established a sawmill which is still to be seen in what is now known as Mill Valley. Other settlers soon came, more mills were built, and one after another these giants were cut down, sawed up and hauled to the bay, every felling marking what would be a crime to-day,

NEW GROWTH ABOUT A GIANT REDWOOD.

and Mill Valley is dotted with the vigorous descendants of these ancient trees, living monuments of the vandalism of the past. The North Pacific Coast Railroad, under the wise management of William Graves, has done San Francisco and the general public a great service in opening up this charming country which is beyond any question the garden spot of this section of the State. One of the most charming locations about Tamalpais is that made famous to the public by the Larkspur Inn of Messrs. Hepburn and Terry. From the broad-gauge road to San Rafael, the county seat of Marin, the investigator of the beauties of Marin sees Tamalpais across a broad stretch of water, and against a lofty green wall in the immediate foreground perched like a bird's nest, a picturesque object—the Larkspur Inn that has become famous for its table and good cheer all over California. Larkspur town is virtually a street running in the direction of Tamalpais, up what might be considered a cañon: the houses and hotel being built on the spurs of the range and having a fine view of the bay. Larkspur is a remarkable exemplification of what changes in climate can be had in a short distance from San Francisco when sheltered by the hills. It has a climate of its own, and when the winter gales are blowing through the Golden Gate, Larkspur is a snug harbor, warm, balmy, with no fog, a literal winter garden in all the term implies. From the Inn a fine view of the distant bay is had, and by climbing the lofty hill to the west all of Marin seems to be at your feet. To the west rises Tamalpais, and away stretches a maze of hills and valleys telling of the richest dairy

A STREET IN SAUSALITO.

OLD MILL NEAR TAMALPAIS.

region in California. At our feet a deep cañon sinks away to seeming illimitable distance, so that the air deep in its heart has a delicate opal hue. The sun is pouring its light into its depths chasing out the dark shadows of the night; the leaves, ferns and brakes glisten with watery diamonds; blue shrikes plunge down as we approach until lost in the wealth of greens, and their weird cry comes faintly from far below. Then, descend the hill, following the fine road into the deep cañon with its wealth of flowers and verdure, its well-made trails, its picturesque scenery, all making it difficult to realize that just over the ridge the homes of 350,000 people can be seen, and the city of San Francisco reached in less than an hour. This is the charm of Larkspur; it might be some picturesque nook 500 miles away in the wilderness, yet it is the winter and summer home of scores of business men who go to San Francisco daily. The Inn forms a most convenient starting point for excursions over the fine roads of Marin County. From here the trip to the summit of Tamalpais and return can be made in a few hours, affording one of the grandest views in the county. A good trail has been built up the mountain, and horses and burros are to be had at the base.

As the ascent is made, the real attraction of the country at the base of the mountain appears, new beauties developing at every step, and when the summit is reached, if the day be clear, the view is impressive as well as enjoyable. Away to the east are the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas, far across the plain to the north, the hills, valleys of Marin and other counties reach away—towns, farms and fine private places telling of material prosperity. To the west, at our feet, is the broad Pacific, Golden Gate and San Francisco. Out at sea, white-winged ships, Chinese junks and the grim shapes of the Farralones, a fascinating panorama. An attractive ride from Larkspur takes us over a picturesque road skirting abrupt cliffs and along deep cañons, an ideal country road, to Bolinas, Bolinas-by-the-sea, a picturesque and altogether delightful little hamlet on the coast at the foot of the Coast Range. Bolinas is a world in itself, reached only by horse or steamer, and to the lover of out-of-the-way places where perfect rest can be obtained, is a place to know. Here a fine beach stretches away, backed by a bluff and marked by rich veins of bitumen suggestive of other mineral riches. The citizen of Bolinas will tell you that the bathing and fishing are the best on the coast, that the climate is incomparable, that the view from the summit when you look down on Bolinas Bay is more

THE SLOPES OF SAUSALITO OVERLOOKING SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

charming than that at Naples. He will show you gas jutting from the rock on Duxbury reef off shore, and inform you that by touching a match to it Bolinas has a natural lighthouse, with a blaze three or four feet high. The day is coming when Bolinas will be a fashionable resort, and better facilities will connect it with the outer world. The most important town about Tamalpais in point of inhabitants is San Rafael, a delightful health and pleasure resort among the spurs of the Coast Range, and only an hour from San Francisco. In 1817, the Spanish father, Ventura Fortuni, founded here the mission of San Rafael that is now but a memory, it having been almost completely destroyed as early as 1842. Up to 1834 it was an important mission, around which the Fathers gathered their converts (in this case the Jonskionmes Indians) and for a time all went well, and the mission became large and important; but certain tribes determined to drive out the newcomers, who apparently had so much influence over the people, and they finally succeeded not only in breaking up the mission, but in driving the Fathers out of the country. San Rafael is charmingly situated on the hillside, its fine streets lined with handsome villas winding about, and leading the stroller to the vantage points of many attractive views.

Its Court House and various large buildings and its fine hotel are all suggestive of prosperity. The little town has long been famous as a health resort, presenting a strange contrast to San Francisco so few miles away. When it is disagreeably cool in the latter, San Rafael in its protected situation is reveling in a climate not unlike that of Southern California. There is little fog, an almost complete absence of strong winds, while flowers and luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation mark the winter days.

LARKSPUR INN.

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

BY HON. F. I. VASSAULT.

A GLANCE at the map of Washington shows remarkable topographical features, which will prove a strong factor in the future development of the State. Running north and south are the Cascade Mountains dividing the State into Eastern Washington, comprising about 50,000 square miles, and Western Washington with about 20,000 square miles. The topographical feature of Western Washington is the great inland sea, Puget Sound, with its hundreds of safe harbors; with waters so deep that an ocean vessel can, in places, sail up to its shores and make fast to the fir trees that grow to the water's edge. With a navigable length of over one hundred miles, and an average width of not more than ten miles, surrounded on all sides by low hills, thickly wooded with fir and cedar, it presents at once a ready means of communication between the cities that dot its shore, and one of the most beautiful stretches of scenery in the world.

Puget Sound divides the northern half of Western Washington into two almost equal parts. Along the west shore and between the sound and the ocean is the Olympic country, wild and grand in scenery, so densely wooded as to be almost impassable, and sparsely populated. With an area of some 5,000 square miles, it has a population of about five people to the square mile; and of this population about one-seventh is in Port Townsend, a city whose prosperity has heretofore depended more upon the commerce of other parts of the State than of the section in which it is situated. Yet, among the wild mountains, there is a wealth in lumber, and when it shall have been somewhat cleared away, vast deposits of iron, copper, coal, gold and silver await the prospector. Communication and transportation conveniences, however, are of the most primitive character, and it will be long before the wealth of this section can be profitably extracted. At present it is the home of the sportsman and the explorer. Thickly wooded, broken by the steep foothills, and the almost impenetrable Olympics, it is not many months ago that this region was almost unknown.

On the other side of the Sound is the home of the boomer. From the town of Blaine, on the northern boundary, to Tacoma on the south there is a fringe of cities, each one of which has had its boom, and not a few owe their existence solely to the work of some land speculator. Some of them owing to the natural advantages of location will live; others will thrive and grow strong; while yet others will remain, as they are now, only names on the map of the real-estate dealer, who desires to inveigle the unsuspecting investor. How thoroughly the building of cities in this part of the State has been overdone, may be readily understood from the fact that, in a population of 122,000, the cities contain 92,000 or seventy-five per cent. This is an element of weakness, for the city must everywhere depend upon the surrounding country for its true prosperity. It must be the distributing point for the supplies of the interior—the market for the products of the country, where they shall be collected and distributed to foreign nations. Commerce and manufactures are the life of the city, but the surrounding country must first furnish the raw material. Were there no probability of a change in this particular, the Washington boom

would have been an advantage only to a few land speculators—a curse to the thousands of investors. But fortunately, there are natural resources, sufficient, when they shall have been developed, to support a far larger urban population than has been gathered in this section of the State.

What most impresses one who begins to study the present condition of Washington is the lack of proportion between its possibilities and accomplishments. Capital to-day is actively searching for fields of investment, and where the natural facilities for production exist in abundance, one expects capital and labor to rush in until something like an equilibrium has been established. But in Washington there is nothing like a balance of the elements of production. True, there has been what is called, in the phraseology of the day, a "boom." There has been a wonderful increase in population during the first eight years of the last decade, composed largely of the better class of young men, many of whom are college bred. During this time railroads have forced their way through the dense forests; the heavy growth of timber has been pushed back to make room for the cities that have sprung up almost in a day along the line of the iron roadway. Towns of less than 1,000 inhabitants have, in a few years, grown into cities of 30,000 and 40,000 people.

The forests, the coal mines and the hop-fields have already furnished enough wealth to keep most of these cities in a healthy condition. Seattle and Tacoma have both grown steadily since the force of the boom was spent. Both are railroad centers and collect to themselves the industry of the outside country. The available lumber of Pierce and King Counties, in which these two cities are situated, is estimated at 50,000,000,000—sufficient to keep the lumber mills of this section working at their full capacity for forty years. The coal output of these two counties is 800,000 tons a year; the annual hop yield is 8,000,000 pounds.

To the north of these cities, and nearly opposite the strait are Anacortes, Fairhaven and Whatcom. One of these cities will secure the business of this part of the Sound—which one remains to be seen. That it will be considerable is undoubted. The country reaching back from these cities is exceedingly rich in minerals. The best quality of coal yet discovered in the State is here; iron in considerable quantities has been found, and the gold and silver deposits are the richest yet discovered in Western Washington. The Great Northern Railway strikes the Sound here, furnishing the nearest outlet for the Okanogan country, rich in minerals, and the Big Bend country, abundant in grain. With the commercial development which must come with the development of the resources of the State, these cities on the eastern shore of the Sound will gain renewed vitality. At present they have gone beyond the surrounding country, and must develop slowly until it overtakes them.

The southern half of Western Washington, from Puget Sound to the Columbia, includes a part of the State that has been settled for many years, and yet the whole section is in a very undeveloped condition. Olympia and Vancouver are among the oldest cities in the State; Gray's Harbor and South Bend are among the youngest. Until 1860, the whole country was covered by an almost impenetrable forest, and then, a road having been opened by slow degrees, a line of stages ran to Olympia, taking nearly the route now used by the Northern Pacific Railroad from Portland. This was the first regular means of transportation overland to the Sound country. The forest is still there, however, and though it has been somewhat depleted along the lines of railroads that have been pushed through the country, it yet furnishes the lumber for numerous lumber mills and will continue to do so for many years. The estimated amount of the

standing timber in this section of the State is 77,000,000,000 feet, or nearly as much as was standing in 1880 in the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. Where the land is clear it has been found extremely fertile, and productive of large crops of fruit and hay. In Shoalwater Bay the oysters form a source of great profit, and here as well as along the Columbia River salmon-canning is a prominent industry.

Some months ago I boarded a Northern Pacific train at Tacoma. It was a bright spring morning, and the sun, already high in the heavens, lit up the blue waters of the Sound, which contrasted strongly with the dark fringe of fir-clad hills. Far to the northwest, the rough, jagged outlines of the Olympics loomed up, fierce and gloomy sentinels of the Strait; before me was Mt. Tacoma, majestic and grand, a monument of pure snow, towering full 10,000 feet above the surrounding peaks of the Cascades. Soon we were whirling through the Puyallup Valley, past the Indian reservation, with its low brown buildings, and its short, dusky denizens, picturesque yet unattractive, and through the hop-fields and orchards that skirted the road on either side.

Then the scene changed again. The dark forest shut us in more closely. Mountain streams dashed beside us, their swift current beating with impotent fury against the huge bowlders that impeded its course. We were ascending the western slopes of the Cascades, and in a few hours came to the Stampede pass. At that time the Stampede tunnel was still building, and we crossed the summit of the pass by the "switchback." With a monster engine at either end, the train slowly wended its way up the mountain side.

When we started on the ascent there had been a slight shower, but we soon passed above it, and then came a light fall of snow. Then began the rapid descent past fields of snow, through the Kittitas Valley smiling with orchards and grain fields, and into the valley of the Columbia. It was noon when we reached the Valley, and all the afternoon we toiled through its dull, unattractive wastes. At dusk we reached Pasco junction on the eastern bank of the Columbia River—our destination for that day.

The extent and variety of productions yielded by the section of the State we had traversed in ten hours' time is worthy of consideration. There were the hop and fruit fields of the Puyallup valley, succeeded by the coal belt, and beyond this iron and copper mines; gold and silver are found not far to the north and south on both slopes of the Cascades; the Kittitas Valley, on the eastern slopes of the Cascades, again brought us into an agricultural country—the dry lowlands of the Columbia Valley being as productive of grain under irrigation as are the lands of Fresno, Kern and Tulare in fruit—and just beyond Pasco, which is at the junction of the Columbia and Snake Rivers, is the Palouse country, one of the most productive grain lands in the world. On every side are vast resources as yet undeveloped, waiting for the advent of capital and energy to yield rich returns.

Eastern Washington, with an area of about 50,000 square miles, presents characteristics entirely different from the western part of the State. The Cascades, cutting off the moist ocean breezes, give it a climate far dryer and warmer. The mean annual precipitation for a number of years, ranging from ten to twenty, for the following stations, shows the still greater variations caused by the topography of the country:

	Rainfall, inches.
Port Blakely	41.59
Spokane	20.08
Fort Colville	28.34
Walla Walla	17.30
Ellensburg	8.97
Dayton	26.76

The rainfall throughout the Sound country is sufficiently like that of Port Blakely for the latter to be taken

as the representative of the whole. In Eastern Washington, on the other hand, the difference in various localities is quite marked. Fort Colville is in the extreme northeastern part of the State, in the mining regions of Stevens County. Spokane is farther south, and Walla Walla is near the southern boundary of the State. Dayton is in the Palouse grain country and Ellensburg is on the eastern slopes of the Cascades.

The Columbia River divides Eastern Washington into its various parts, as Puget Sound divides Western Washington. Entering the State, in the northeastern corner, it flows in a generally southern direction through Stevens County, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. Here it makes a sudden turn to the west, continuing with a great semi-circular bend to the southern boundary of the State at a point not far from Walla Walla. Stevens County, through which the river first flows, and Okanogan County include the whole of the northern part of Eastern Washington, and it is here that the richest mineral deposits in the State are found. Beyond the bend of the Columbia, and extending from the Cascades to the river are Kittitas and Yakima Counties, the higher lands containing deposits of coal, iron and copper; the lowlands being rendered extremely fertile by means of artificial irrigation. Across the river, and on its eastern side is the Big Bend country, and in the southeastern part of the State are the Palouse and Walla Walla countries adjoining each other. Between these last two and the Big Bend country is an arid strip running in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction, which, with irrigation, may be found fertile, but is at present of little value, and certainly very unattractive to the traveler who looks out of the car window in riding from Pasco to Spokane on the Northern Pacific.

The mineral resources of Okanogan and Stevens Counties are comparatively undeveloped. Thirty years ago placer mining began along the Columbia, and on some of the smaller rivers of Stevens County. And in some of these localities placer mining is still productively carried on. But the future prosperity of the country will be the result of quartz mining.

The country is undeveloped, and traveling is extremely difficult. But the prospector has been there, and has found throughout the whole country rich deposits of gold and silver. When communication has been facilitated, and the railroad has come near enough to make the working of the mines more profitable, there will be a mining boom in this country that will outrival the boom of Western Washington. The development of mining has, as yet, been only upon the edge of the Okanogan country. In the two counties there are sixty-five mines now being profitably worked by private mining companies. The mining districts of Okanogan are, for the most part, to the west of the Okanogan River, which, after flowing southerly along the middle line of the county, empties into the Columbia. At the extreme north are the Wannacut Lake and Mount Chapatka districts, twenty mines of which are being worked. An average assay from the mines in these districts shows $100 to $150 of silver to the ton. South of these is a group of districts including the Salmon River, Chloride, Ruby, Mineral Hill and Galena districts, producing both gold and silver. The assays run all the way from $40 to $870 a ton. The other districts are not yet sufficiently developed to give definite information as to how they will hold out, but the assays from samples have justified the expenditure of considerable money in preparing to work them.

On the east side of the Okanogan River is the Colville Indian reservation, from which the prospectors are excluded, but the indications are that this country is equally rich. The northern part of Stevens County, to the east of the Columbia River, is dotted

with mining districts. The part of the county west of the river is included in the Colville reservation, and has, therefore, not been prospected. Twenty mines are being worked in the county between the Columbia and Pend D'Oreille Rivers, and average assay shows 200 ounces of silver and thirty per cent. of lead to the ton.

Turning now to the eastern slopes of the Cascades, we find the Roslyn coal mines, worked by the Northern Pacific Railroad, and showing much the same characteristics as the mines west of the Cascades. The Cle-Elum District has extensive iron deposits of excellent quality. Various mines have been located in this district, but the development of an iron mine is an expensive operation, and the commercially inaccessible location of the mines has deterred the companies from this expenditure. With the growing demand for iron ore on this coast, the time is not far distant when the construction of roads will be profitable, and then this iron will be thrown on the market. It is what is known as magnetic ore, and assays 67.3 per cent. of metallic iron, 5.21 of silica, .04 of phosphorus, and no sulphur. In the same district, deposits have been found assaying sixty-five per cent. of copper and forty-five dollars a ton in gold and silver.

Passing down now from the Cascades to the western valley of the Columbia, we find the irrigable lands, and as to what may be done here the experience of the Moxee experimental farm may be cited. The main irrigating ditch here is eighteen feet on the bottom and carries a depth of three feet of water. Alfalfa produces three crops a year and hops, tobacco, grapes, peaches, apples, pears and cereals thrive. Even surrounding this farm, the land which is not supplied with water is arable and unproductive. The rivers flowing down from the Cascades offer an abundance of water, and already some progress has been made toward turning it to account.

The natural agricultural country of Eastern Washington, however, is that lying along the Snake River in the southeastern part of the State, and the more recently developed Big Bend country. The Palouse country is in Whitman County, to the north of the Snake River. With ordinary cultivation the soil produces twenty to thirty-five bushels of wheat an acre; careful cultivation increases this to forty or fifty bushels without use of fertilizers. A yield of 101 bushels for a single acre is supported by the affidavit of those who measured it, but such a yield is of course exceptional, and the report lacks details as to method of cultivation, location of land, etc., that are needed to give it value. The Palouse country produced, in 1890, a total of 8,000,000 bushels of wheat, and last year the yield was 10,000,000.

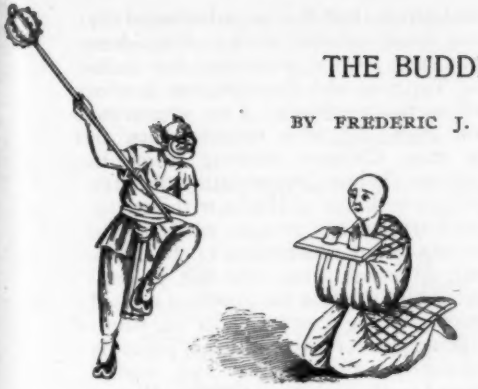
On the south side of the Snake River is the Walla Walla country, warmer in climate than the Palouse country, and almost, if not quite as productive in grains. It is also the fruit belt of the State, and produces fruit of an excellent quality.

The Big Bend country is in the central part of Eastern Washington. It is comparatively undeveloped, only about one-eighth of the available grain land having been cultivated. The yield in 1888 averaged thirty-four bushels of wheat to the acre; in 1889—a dry year—twenty-one bushels, and in 1890, thirty-one bushels. The country is just being opened up by the building of railroads, and two roads will be running through there this spring. One of these, the Great Northern, gives through transportation to the Sound in one direction and to St. Paul in the other.

That the resources of Washington are varied and valuable is undoubted, and that its future will be brilliant, there can be no question. What is needed is a development of these natural resources, and when that is accomplished the future progress of the State will be more phenomenal than that of the past.

THE BUDDHIST HELL.

BY FREDERIC J. MASTERS, D. D.



A FIEND BRAINS A PRIEST WHO HAS BEEN FALSE TO HIS VOWS.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

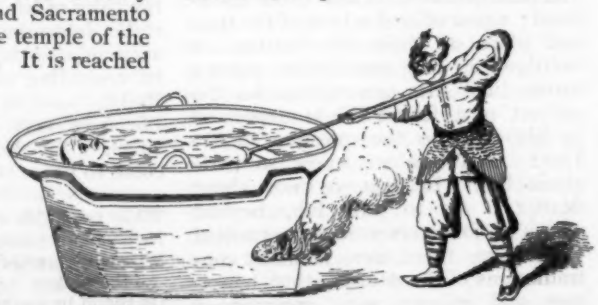
THERE are three great religious systems in China: Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. The two first are of native growth, while the latter is a foreign religion that was propagated in China by Indian missionaries in the first century of the Christian era. The endeavor of Confucian teachers had been to raise morality to that higher level of spontaneous, disinterested obedience to duty. Virtue was to be loved because it was good, and practiced because of its own intrinsic great reward. The teachings of Confucius only comprehended the limits of the present life. The Master recognized no other sphere of happiness and woe than the present world. If he spoke of rewards and punishments, he left them undefined; never offered a hint of the time and place of their distribution, or indulged in any speculation upon a future life. His agnosticism on the subject of a future life is expressed in his reply to the question of Ke Loo: "While we know so little about life, what can we know about death?" As to this life, beyond which his followers were not permitted to inquire, there were so many contradictions of the doctrine that happiness and misery were apportioned according to human merit or demerit, as were sufficient to nullify its value as an incentive to a virtuous life. Confucius overestimated the national character when he expected a Chinaman to do good without pay, or to be deterred from evil because it was wrong. The great mass of men who could only be restrained from vice by vivid pictures of its future penalties, and who could only be made virtuous by promises of eternal reward, found the needed motives in that modified, and more popular form of Buddhism that pictured the bliss of the Western Paradise and the torments of the 160 hells; and which taught that every act of worship, kind deed, good desire, and holy purpose are unerringly placed to their credit in the great ledger of the gods.

Buddhism taught six states of being: gods, men, demons, animals, hungry ghosts and torment in hell. Life is represented as a great wheel with six spokes ever turning—an incessant change from one state of being into another—and to be lifted off this transmigration treadmill into the Nirvana of non-being is the strange prospect held out by Gautama Buddha. Until that goal is reached there is no rest, but an incessant ebb and flow of the tides of life, birth and rebirth into states determined by a man's store of accumulated merit or demerit, either in ascending shapes from man up to Buddhahood, or in descending forms of life from man down to worms and slugs. Sir Edwin Arnold's words come to us:

While turns this wheel invisible,
No pause, no peace, no staying place can be;
Who mounts will fall, who falls may mount; the spokes
Go round incessantly.

Whatever may have been the teachings of the earlier Buddhists on the question of a future life, the popular conception of future retribution entertained by the Chinese to-day bears many points of resemblance to that of the Grecian and Roman classics. The Chinese *yam-kān* or *yam-fu* is the Greek Hades, the world of shades and place of departed spirits. Tartarus is represented by *ti-yuk*, or earthly prison. Elysium is represented by the Western Paradise, the abode of the happy dead, while grim Pluto becomes the Chinese Yim Loh Wong, the King of Hades, and ruler of the under world.

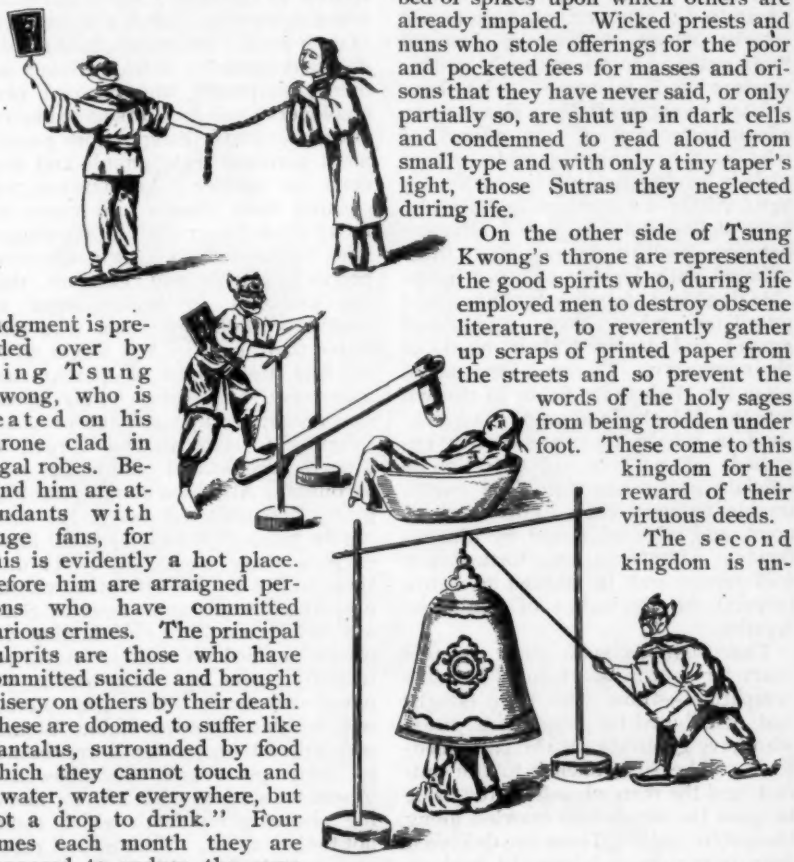
One of the most popular gods in Canton is Shing Wong, the patron deity of walled cities. Travelers will remember an apartment in the temple of this god, called by foreigners "the chamber of horrors." It is a representation of the ten kingdoms of purgatory, containing hideous images standing in threatening attitudes, behind which are groups of small figures in stucco relief exhibiting the pains and penalties of purgatory. Each group has its judge, lictors, criminals and executioners, and its own peculiar forms of punishment. The judges, officials, police-runners and executioners are thoroughly Chinese, and the mode of procedure is that of a criminal sessions and jail delivery in a district magistrate's *yamen*. It is not generally known that San Francisco can boast of a temple of Shing Wong. His temple may be found on Waverly street, between Clay and Sacramento streets, and opposite the temple of the Ning Yeung Company. It is reached by two flights of stairs, and the visitor will find a very courteous temple-keeper ready to show every nook and corner of his sanctum sanctorum, and explain its details to any one who understands Cantonese. There is no chamber of horrors as in Canton, but this is substituted by ten rudely painted pictures that adorn the smoky walls describing the halls of Tartarus and the different grades of metempsychosis. The engraving on page 493 is a reduced copy of a rude Chinese drawing hung in private homes, representing the ten judges or kings of Hades with attendants arranged in groups, while in the center is an illustration of the transmigration of souls, and the punishments inflicted on the ghosts of wicked people. The description of the Buddhist purgatory given in this paper is based upon the drawings and models found in the temples of Shing Wong, and especially the detailed account given in a religious book published in Canton called "Yuk lik chi po pin." These Canton moralists have drawn some very ghastly pictures, though they do not approach the lurid colors and weird imagery of Dante. No heartrending wails and shrieks resound through the hollows and caves of the Chinese Tartarus such as greeted Æneas on the banks of the Styx, or Dante on the shores of gloomy Acheron. A Chinaman can bear pain with calm resignation, and meet torture with stoical contempt. Besides, there is hope left him. No inscription appears over Ti Yuk portals such as Dante writes over the gates of Hades: "Abandon hope all ye who enter here." The Buddhist system is purgatorial and remedial. Dante's Inferno, like the Chinese Yam-kan, is placed under the earth.



A FIEND THRUSTS A PARRICIDE INTO A CALDRON OF BOILING OIL.

It is also a singular fact that Dante speaks of ten pits or valleys of torture; but as these belong only to the eighth circle of the Inferno, it is doubtful if they can be made to correspond with the ten kingdoms of the Buddhist purgatory.

The first kingdom with its Hall of Judgment is presided over by King Tsung Kwong, who is seated on his throne clad in regal robes. Behind him are attendants with huge fans, for this is evidently a hot place. Before him are arraigned persons who have committed various crimes. The principal culprits are those who have committed suicide and brought misery on others by their death. These are doomed to suffer like Tantalus, surrounded by food which they cannot touch and "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." Four times each month they are supposed to endure the same agonies as attended their acts of self-destruction. After two years their spirits are permitted to return to the place of suicide, and an opportunity is given them to repent. If they are still obdurate, they are brought back for further castigation. Devils lead their wicked manes about in chains or heavy wooden collars; and hold up mirrors before them in which are reflected their crimes and the forms of beasts and reptiles in which they are doomed to reappear in this world. One demon is seen holding a poor wretch by the queue about to hurl him upon a bed of spikes upon which others are already impaled. Wicked priests and nuns who stole offerings for the poor and pocketed fees for masses and orisons that they have never said, or only partially so, are shut up in dark cells and condemned to read aloud from small type and with only a tiny taper's light, those Sutras they neglected during life.



A DOOMED MURDERESS ON HER WAY TO TORTURE—A DEVIL POUNDS AN ADULTEROUS WOMAN IN A MORTAR—A WOMAN WHO HAS BEEN GUILTY OF INFANTICIDE IS IMPRISONED UNDER A HEAVY BELL.

On the other side of Tsung Kwong's throne are represented the good spirits who, during life employed men to destroy obscene literature, to reverently gather up scraps of printed paper from the streets and so prevent the words of the holy sages from being trodden under foot. These come to this kingdom for the reward of their virtuous deeds.

The second kingdom is under the presidency of King Cho Kong. It is situated under the Southern Sea, and has sixteen sub-hells within its territory. The criminals who come here

are priests who have inveigled children away from their homes to make them monks and nuns; men who have decoyed children from their parents and sold them into bondage; persons who have defamed their neighbors or brought evil upon them by false accusation; men who have carelessly maimed others and made no reparation; ignorant physicians and quacks whose malpractice brought their patients to an untimely grave; masters and mistresses who have refused to manumit their slaves when adequate redemption was offered, or who have held marriageable servant girls in bondage beyond the customary age; villainous marriage brokers who have deliberately arranged alliances between healthy persons and those afflicted with leprosy or other incurable diseases; fraudulent trustees and guardians who have squandered estates and deprived their wards of their property. These are cast naked upon the Hadean ice-fields, or thrown into the "black-cloud sand"—a quicksand in which they are slowly engulfed. Rapacious and extortionate officials are thrust into iron cages, unable to move their limbs or stand erect, and wheeled round by hideous fiends. After centuries of torture they will repent and be allowed to return to earth in the bodies of loathsome reptiles.

The virtuous who come to this court for reward are men of humane sympathies—those who have bought and distributed religious tracts, those who have given alms to the poor, medicine to the sick, shelter to the outcast, and the man who often trod aside to spare the worm that crawled along the public path. These are delivered from purgatory and brought back to life in human form. Women who have spent their days in charitable deeds have the unutterable joy of being born again as men—a privilege which is highly appreciated by the fair sex in far Cathay.

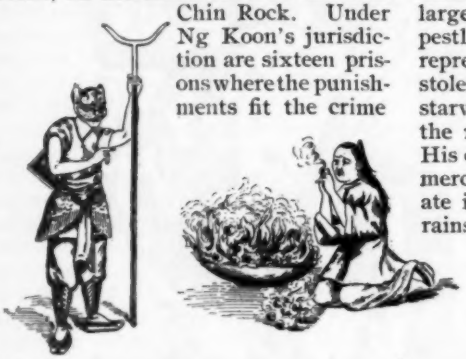
The third kingdom of purgatory is under the direction of King Sung Tae. It is said to be situated at the bottom of the ocean, under the southeast corner of the Yuk Chin Rock, and contains sixteen prisons. Here are brought the disloyal, the contumacious, the unfaithful and disobedient; ministers of State whose treason endangered the government and brought trouble to the State; saucy wives and concubines who defied the authority of their lords; undutiful children, disobedient servants and mutinous soldiers; shopmen who cheated their employers; jail-breakers and runaway convicts, whose escape from punishment involved their guards and wardens in trouble; geomancers who cheated their clients and chose unlucky sites for graves; grave-diggers who, like Hamlet's clown, disturbed people's graves and cast up dead men's bones to make room for another's sepulture; men who neglected their families and forgot where to find the tombs of parents and ancestors; busybodies who spread scandal, stirred up strife and provoked litigation; scribes who forged or altered deeds and tampered with accounts. All these stand trembling, guilty and accursed before the inexorable judge. A legion of foul fiends encircle them about, ready to drag them to the hells where other victims are already writhing in agony. Some are cast into caldrons of boiling oil, others impaled on spikes. Some are torn by tigers and wild beasts, yet never devoured; others are pierced with arrows, yet never slain. Women who killed their husbands are chained to iron posts and disemboweled; others are slashed with knives, moaning piteously for death which comes not to their relief. Traitors and rebels are bound to red-hot furnaces on wheels and drawn about by fiends, "burning continually, yet unconsumed; dying perpetually, yet never dead," and ever cursing and gnashing their teeth because they cannot end their miserable lives.

Under the shadow of Sung Tae's throne are the virtuous who come to

THE TEN HALLS OF PURGATORY—FROM AN ANCIENT PAINTING.

his court for reward. They are the spirits of those who in life spent their fortunes repairing public highways, erecting bridges, and assisting in other public works, and who are soon to return to the world to fill exalted positions in life.

The fourth kingdom of purgatory is presided over by King Ng Koon. It is said to be situated under the ocean, on the eastern side of the Yuk Chin Rock. Under Ng Koon's jurisdiction are sixteen prisons where the punishments fit the crime



A FIEND STANDS OVER A WOMAN CONVICTED OF KIDNAPPING, WHILE SHE SWALLOWS LEADEN PILLS SATURATED IN FLAMING OIL.

Here come traders guilty of using light weights and false balances, of selling adulterated food, marketing sham fabrics and passing counterfeit coin; physicians who administer inferior drugs; niggards who hoarded up a specific which might have cured a suffering neighbor; ruffians who pushed aside the aged and the weak; the rascals who plundered their richer neighbors, and the rich who neglected the poor; the thief who stole oil from street lamps; the man who cast refuse, dead animals, and broken glass and pottery on the public highway; the blackguard who uttered loud-mouthed curses and blasphemies and committed other nuisances on the public streets, (what a pity Ng Koon has no jurisdiction in California) all receive sentence in this court and are dragged off to the caves of perdition.

The trader who sold by short measures and light weights is met by a hideous demon with a huge steelyard, who thrusts a huge hook into the fleshy part of the body, adjusts the weight and holds the culprit suspended in mid-air till he has expatiated his offenses. Those who have sold adulterated goods are thrown into a large mortar and pounded by foot pestles worked by fiends. One scene represents a poor wretch who had stolen food to save his family from starvation. He, too, is thrown into the mortar. He appeals to Heaven. His cries are heard by the goddess of mercy. Kwan Yum—all compassionate is she—appears in the clouds and rains down lotus flowers that so completely cover the man's body as to protect it from the crushing blows. Swindlers are doomed to wear ponderous wooden collars, in which it is impossible to lie down to rest. Thieves are dismembered, dragged over rows of spikes, or submerged in ponds of blood. When their term of punishment has expired, they are allowed to return to earth in the form of beasts, reptiles or insects.

THE EATER OF DOG'S FLESH IS DRIVEN BY A FIEND TO BE BITTEN BY THE ANIMALS WHOSE LIVES HE HAS DESTROYED.

The virtuous who come to this court are those who have provided coffins for the poor, and borne the expense of their funerals. These are

reborn as men and enjoy a life of affluence and dignity.

The fifth kingdom of purgatory is in charge of King Yim Loh. This is the Chinese Pluto who once had the presidency of the first kingdom. The pearly emperor, to whom the kings of Hades hold allegiance, degraded him to the fourth place for permitting the ghosts of suicides, whom oppression had goaded to self-destruction, to return to the earth and take vengeance on those who had done them wrong. Sixteen hell prisons are under his jurisdiction, where are found racks, stocks, mills and other implements of torture. Unbelievers in the doctrines of Buddha, revilers of the virtuous, iconoclasts and incendiaries, men who have broken open sepulchers, or stopped wells and water courses are dragged into these chambers of retribution. At first these culprits are taken to the top of a pagoda, 490 feet high, from which lofty height they are permitted to view afar off their village homes and the scenes of their happy childhood. All the past delights of home, the companionship of wife, children and friends rise up before their vision, and as they gaze upon loved ones so near and yet so far, and behold familiar scenes to which, alas, they can never, never return, tears flow from their eyes, bitter laments escape their lips, vain regrets for the irreparable past, and tearful longings for the happy days that are no more. In the midst of their wails and sobs they are dragged down to the chambers of torture. Some are disemboweled and their viscera devoured by dogs and serpents that bark and hiss at their feet. Some are sawn asunder. Others are compelled to grovel in fire and pick up and swallow red-hot pills of iron. At the end of their torments they are metamorphosed into the bodies of birds, dogs and other animals, and sent back into the world to commence life afresh.

The virtuous are those who have spent their days in almsgiving and charitable deeds, and are escorted by the king's officer to the tenth kingdom to receive the reward of a virtuous life, and promotion to some higher state of existence.

Beneath the Northern Sea lies the sixth purgatorial kingdom under charge of King Pin Shing. Here gather the blasphemer, the profane, the iconoclast and the ungodly. Here are found men who have reviled heaven and earth, murmured against Providence, grumbled at the weather and irreverently uttered the names of the gods. At the bar of justice stand those who have committed sacrilege, injured temples, removed images, broken open the bodies of idols to steal gold and jewels, placed filth in a temple or offered some unclean thing to the gods. Here, also, are found dealers and readers of obscene literature; men who have shown disrespect to written paper or who have torn and defaced the writings of the holy sages; men who have eaten the flesh of the ox and the dog, and those who have wasted vegetable food. Merchants who have made a corner on rice and increased the cost of this and other necessaries of life are disemboweled. The sacrilegious thieves, who have robbed temples

THE FATE OF A BLASPHEMER OF BUDDHA.

are impaled on beds of spikes. Destroyers of good books are hung from the arm of a cross and flayed alive. Blasphemers, defamers and liars have their tongues cut out. The thief is bound hand and foot and made to crawl over red-hot iron filings, while they who have murmured against Heaven are bound within two heavy slabs of wood and sawn asunder by two fiends.

The virtuous who come to Pin Shing's courts are they who have spent Buddhist holy days in fasting, prayer and self-denial, or those who have built, repaired and endowed temples, monasteries and convents. Blessed are these, and blessed are their posterity.

The seventh region of purgatory is in charge of King Tai Shan, under whose jurisdiction are sixteen cells. Those who have used human bones and other portions of the body for medicine, and human flesh for food, or stolen gold and silver from coffins come to this realm. These are bound hand and foot and cast by devils armed with pitchforks into a burning fiery furnace. Here, also, is found the kidnapper of children, those who have sold betrothed maidens into slavery or concubinage, parents who have destroyed their female offspring, and women who have procured abortion to cover other crimes. These are thrown into dens to be gnawed by wolves and dogs. Another group of culprits are those who have traduced good men, men whose cruel slanders have destroyed the peace of households and separated husband and wife; others who tell obscene stories, sing lewd songs, and whose conversation ever turns upon women, are bound to a stake, while a fiend tears their tongues out by the roots. Men who have cruelly oppressed their fellowmen, the master who tortures the slave, the strong who crushes the weak and terrorizes over those who are at their mercy, are brought to a caldron of boiling oil. One fiend binds them and casts them in, another stirs the soup with a spoon, while another pokes the fire and blows the bellows. Men in life are exhorted to repent of these misdeeds and atone for them by purchasing the freedom of captive birds and by buying coffins for paupers. The virtuous who come here are those who gave up their lives to save their parents' lives, or those who submitted to be bled that a feeble and aged father or mother might be preserved by medicine made from their blood.

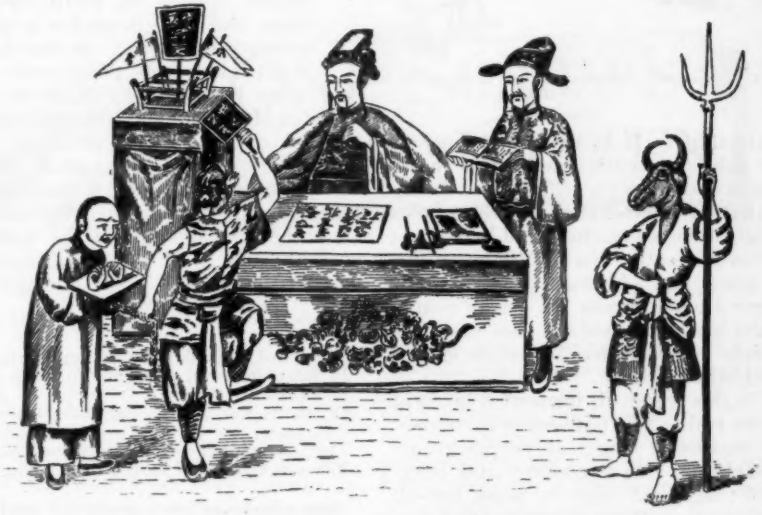
The eighth purgatorial kingdom is under the presidency of King Tow Shi. Before this awful Rhadamanthus appear crowds of undutiful sons, who have neglected their parents' support and whose heartless ingratitude and cruel abuse made their parents prematurely old and brought their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. These are trampled down by the hoofs of horses, crushed by heavy chariot wheels, and speared by fiends. Men with covetous hearts, extortioners, foul-mouthed cursers, drunkards, adulterers, seducers, gluttons, gamblers and loafing vagabonds are assailed by fiends, armed with spiked cudgels, and driven to a bridge from which they are cast headlong into a river of blood. In this foul stream they ever sink and rise. Their cries for help are answered by some horrid fiend who, with a long trident, strikes each rising head till down they sink again.

The virtuous who come to this kingdom are those who have given alms to mendicant friars, whose benedictions and prayers have procured their salvation from hell.

The ninth purgatorial kingdom is under the presidency of King Ping Tang, and contains sixteen prisons, surrounded by an iron network fence. The court of this department is crowded with malefactors, convicted of capital crimes, and have come down from the upper prisons for further torture. Here are found people who used spells, enchantments, drugs and "devil powders" to bring others under their power; men who have

committed unnatural crimes; printers, venders and readers of immoral literature; painters of obscene pictures; abortionists, and those who have administered aphrodisiacs to women and girls. These are enclosed in brass cylinders over red-hot furnaces, or roasted over slow fires. Those who have defrauded sanctuaries of the funds devoted to religious purposes or misspent money given to publish religious tracts, are cast upon the hill of spears. Hunters and fishermen who have wantonly destroyed animal life, are speared by demons with long tridents. The birds they trapped and killed now come in flocks to peck out their eyes, and the fish they have so wantonly netted now wait in the ponds to feed upon their viscera. Those who have sown discord in families, broken off marriages, and embroiled communities, are devoured by wild beasts or gored by wild boars. Ravishers and seducers, swindlers of property and incendiaries are thrown into a mill and ground to powder, surrounded by a crowd of dancing, grinning fiends who mock their every groan.

There are those upon whom Ping Tang smiles with favor. They are the kind-hearted and charitable who, during the cold winter months provided the poor with hot soup, and gave refreshing tea to weary travelers in the heat of summer. Others provided medicine for the sick, while some have benefited posterity by establishing free ferry-boats and bridges. These public benefactors are destined to ride in the sedan chairs of paradise, crowned with blessing and renown.



KING YIM LO, THE CHINESE PLUTO, AND HIS COURT OF JUDGMENT.

The tenth kingdom is under the charge of King Chuen Lun, or the king of the revolving wheel. Criminals who have suffered punishment in the other hells are forwarded to this kingdom to be reborn into the world or otherwise disposed of. Some few are represented as still detained in the prisons of this department. Here are those who have neglected their parents, abused servants and slaves, or wantonly destroyed

A BACKSLIDING BUDDHIST PRIEST DRAGGED IN CHAINS TO HELL.

animal life. Here are found lying side by side, crushed beneath huge rocks, the schoolmaster who neglected the instruction of his scholars, and the scholar who disobeyed teachers and heeded not the words of the wise. Witches, nuns, gypsies and old hags who have by their enchantments led astray young girls and lone widows, are cast into ponds to be bitten by water snakes and other reptiles.

In this region all torment is brought to an end. The punishments endured in successive stages of purgatory are not eternal but temporary and remedial; designed only to wash out all those stains of long-contracted filth that remain in the soul, to cure it of base animal cravings and love of life, so that at last, after long *kalpas* of time Buddha's rest and peace are reached.

"For this are various penances enjoin'd
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the dross expires."

In this tenth region is found the mill of transmigration, the wheel of change that turns incessantly; and over against "the five quagmires" of the world are the "bridges of fate," built of gold, silver, jade and wood, across which the souls emancipated from purgatory pass to be reborn into the world whether as man, beast, bird, reptile, fish or insect. Here, also, Chuen Lun determines the duration of each transmigrated creature's life, its measure of this world's happiness and woe and the fate of each.

Upon those who spent their days on earth reading the Sutras, these hells have no power; their names are in the Book of Life; a higher sphere on earth awaits them, and their detention in purgatory is only brief. Before their rebirth, it is said, these souls are taken by the angel Mang to the Kü Mong pagoda, and there made to drink of the broth of oblivion. It is difficult to discover what effect this potion was supposed to have upon the transmigrating soul. Perhaps its analogue is to be found in the waters of Lethe described by Virgil in the passage:

*Whole droves of souls are, by the driving god,
Compelled to drink the deep Lethean flood
In large forgetful draughts, to steep the cares
Of their past labors and their irksome years,
That unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again.

But whatever joys await the soul in its loftier transportations, this life is not its goal. Buddhism taught that human life is at its best a delusion, a curse and a bitterness. Till disenchantment came and desire was quenched, there was no hope of salvation. Life's chains and trammels must one by one be broken off. The soul must be weaned from ephemeral joys and evanescent pleasures. And to escape this dizzy whirl of life's ever changing wheel, to find release from purgatorial hells, and from the dreary monotony of successive births and deaths, Buddhism showed but one way. It was to renounce the world, take refuge in "the three precious ones"—Buddha, the Law and the

*Dryden's translation.

Church, to spend one's life in rapt meditation and dreamy abstraction. So shall blessed tranquillity come, the world and all unreal things shall fade away and then comes the end. Just as "the dewdrop slips into the shining sea," so life and being, personality and consciousness shall be absorbed in Buddha and swallowed up in Nirvana. What a contrast to this dreary, hopeless, nihilistic faith of the Buddha, is the gospel of Him of Nazareth that brought life and immortality to light!

BY GENEVIEVE LUCILE BROWNE.

A CALM summer morning spread its peaceful influence over the little town of Rincon, lying among the mountains of Colorado. The air was permeated with that purity and sweetness only known in high altitudes, where the exhilaration of the atmosphere is almost intoxicating, especially before mid-day. The birds were caroling among the branches of slender young trees, planted at regular intervals each side of the streets. Along ditches dug for irrigation purposes, flowed tiny streams of clearest mountain water, while not far away could be heard the dashing and splashing down the cañon of the mountain stream that fed them. Nature seemed to be enjoying a siesta in this quiet spot to-day, and the inhabitants of the town had harmonized themselves with the prevailing spirit of tranquillity.

It was Sunday. The little church bell had summoned the congregation to morning services, though a few late comers were still hurrying towards the consecrated spot. The Sabbath was observed and respected by almost all the residents of the town, excepting Jan Gebheardt. This citizen, despite the pleadings and persuasions of the little parson and different members of the church, refused to close his saloon on Sunday, for upon this day he usually realized his biggest profits. Many laborers from the surrounding ranches, farms and mines spent their Sabbaths and week's wages at Gebheardt's tavern, and the passing traveler was usually sure to rest here over night, if he arrived on Sunday, and this was, of course, another source of revenue for the proprietor. This morning Jan was standing at the door, placidly smoking his pipe and looking away towards the mountains, with a self-satisfied expression. The beauty of the landscape before him might have awakened the soul of a poet or an artist, but Jan was not of a sensitive, emotional disposition. The scene suggested to his phlegmatic mind simply earth, vegetation and air, while in the clear,

propitious weather he discerned alone the promise of extensive patronage.

As he stood thus, wrapped in pleasant anticipations, he heard a faint, low, steady rumbling as of distant thunder. He looked up quickly. There were no clouds in the sky. What could it mean? It was gradually becoming louder and more distinct, and seemed to issue from a large gulch or pass to the west. Jan took his pipe from his mouth and listened. Suddenly a shout, accompanied by the report of a number of revolvers, startled the echoes far and near, and there issued from the gulch a black mass, which shortly resolved itself into a body of horsemen bearing down towards the town. Jan watched them lazily, thinking of the money he would be able to realize from them. Nearer and nearer sounded the clattering of the horses' hoofs, until Jan could almost hear each separate footfall, and presently they slowed and stopped outside his door. Smiling and ducking his head, he wished the visitors good-morning and invited them in. They accepted his invitation, and were soon standing and sitting about the barroom, while the obsequious Jan served them with drink. One of them, a burly fellow, asked him for a certain brand of liquor, and after the keeper of the tavern had taken it from the shelf and turned about, his smile was suddenly transformed to a look of horror, for he found several revolvers leveled at him.

"Mein Gott, chenelmens, fhat you goin' to do?" cried the affrighted man.

"Dutchy," said the burly fellow, "don't you know you're desecratin' the best day in the week by keepin' yer saloon open?"

"Vell, how can I helps it, chenelmens? It's de pest day for peesniss."

"Business or no business, old man, you've got to reform. We're the Salvation Army, we are, an' don't you forget it."

"Chenelmens, chenelmens, don't do nuddings to me," cried Jan, wringing his hands in anguish, as he looked down the bright barrels of half a dozen revolvers.

"Fetch down them bottles from that shelf," shouted the cowboy.

The trembling Jan obeyed. "Now, then," said this strange, avenging angel, "set 'em up across th' room; every one's a bull's eye."

Jan hesitated, but the revolvers compelled obedience. Before the cavalcade moved on, he had been obliged to see the destruction of a large part of his wares, and the unfortunate man was left sitting amidst a confusion of broken kegs, neckless bottles and pools of wines and liquors, wringing his hands and calling down maledictions upon his persecutors, who were now continuing their mad career down the street.

The cowboys soon came in sight of the little church, standing in a lot surrounded by a rough picket fence, while a few small poplar trees seemed endeavoring to cast a little shade about the building. The sweet melody of one of the old hymns floated out to them, and they unconsciously paused and listened, and when it ceased, rode on to the gateway.

"Now for some fun, boys," said Billy, a graceful, lithe young man with mischievous brown eyes, as he reigned up his horse; "you fellows just follow Spot and we'll see something interesting."

Spot, who had been spokesman at the saloon, urged his horse forward and they slowly rode into the yard and to the door of the church.

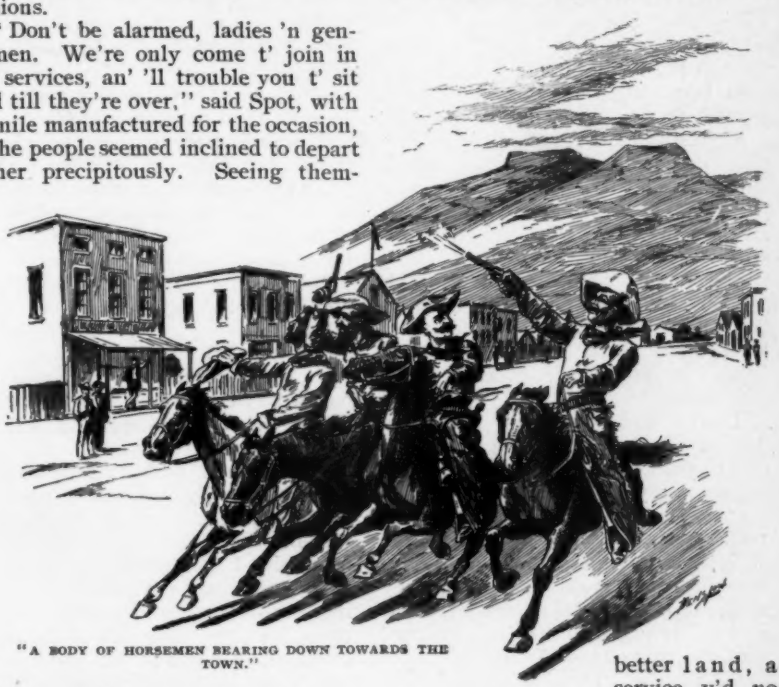
The congregation was kneeling in prayer, while the pastor, standing in the center of the platform, his arms uplifted, his face writhing in the most ludicrous contortions, was moving his body up and down, keeping time with the shouts he emitted, which were supposed to be prayers for the salvation of the souls of his sinful brethren—at least, so Billy surmised, as he watched him with an amused smile. As the pastor was gathering

force for the culmination of his prayer, the leader turned to his companions, and said in an undertone, "Now, then!" and their horses' hoofs resounded on the wooden floor of the church. The startled congregation, rising with one accord, beheld Spot, the cowboy, riding solemnly up the aisle, followed closely by his companions.

"Don't be alarmed, ladies 'n gentlemen. We're only come t' join in the services, an' 'll trouble you t' sit still till they're over," said Spot, with a smile manufactured for the occasion, as the people seemed inclined to depart rather precipitously. Seeing themselves thus at the mercy of the cowboys, they were obliged to resume their seats, almost overcome by fear and apprehension. "An' as fer you, parson," said Spot, pointing his revolver at the trembling man, "don' stand there snivelin' an' shakin'. You're a purty kind er shepherd! I'll bet there aint one in th' flock as big a coward as you, n' yet you think you kin buy off th' Lord by shoutin' n' pretendin' t' save souls a heap better n' yourn. I'll give you sompin' t' do in earnest. I ain't had no one pray fer me since I was a little kid at my mammy's knee. You jis' git down on yer knees n' pray fer me now."

The parson hesitated, threw up his hands, and rolled his eyes in deprecation.

"There, parson, don't take on like a fool about it, but git down t' business, or I'll give you a lift t' a



"A BODY OF HORSEMEN BEARING DOWN TOWARDS THE TOWN."

better land, a service y'd no doubt thank me fer." The little man didn't seem quite ready to depart for the better land, so covered by Spot's revolver, he was obliged to sink on his knees and commence his prayer.

"Oh Lord," he prayed, in a quavering voice, "Oh, Lord—forgive and protect—this poor sinner—"

"See here, now, I don't want you givin' th' Lord no mistaken impression 'bout me. You tell him about

th' benefit I am t' this yere world." And again the revolver figured as a persuader, and the little parson changed the nature of his prayer.

"He's giving Spot quite a 'send off'," said Billy in an undertone to one of his companion, "we're not in it."

The parson prayed for some time, then prepared to arise.

"That ain't enough." shouted Spot, flourishing the revolver; "I'll be hanged ef I'm not goin' t' have enough prayin' t' last me a week, and then here's all these boys ain't been prayed for yet."

So the parson resumed his prayer. Several times he attempted to finish and arise, but every time Spot compelled him to return to his prayer. At last, when he was out of breath, stiff in every joint and sick with fright, Spot condescendingly said, "There, little 'un, that's enough. And now we're goin' t' take up a kerlection. Boys, take yer hats 'roun', n' don't you let any guilty man escape."

Two of the boys, each holding a hat in one hand, a revolver in the other, passed about the church compelling every member of the terrified congregation to give some contribution. Those who had no money were obliged to give a watch, or a ring, or some other jewel or trinket they might have about them, and finally it was all brought to Spot, who turned the collection over to Billy.

"An' now, frien's," said Spot, "we're much obliged t' you fer all this yere stuff, 'n th' parson fer his prayer. We only wanter ask one thing more o' you. We aint no low down thieves. We aint takin' up this yer money n' gewgaws fer ourselves. We're going t' do good with 'em. Now we'll trouble you t' tell us who's th' most deservin' charity in this yer town."

"The widow!" said several voices in chorus.

"And who might be the widder? There ken be more 'n one widder in a town. What's yer widder's name?"

Nobody seemed to know, but he was told where she lived, and the cavalcade of cowboys turned their horses around, and passed from the church into the bright sunlight.

They wended their way down the road, laughing boisterously over their recent escapade, and soon found themselves in the little lane leading to the house of the widow.

Their horses had been trotting briskly, but upon nearing the little, half-decayed shanty standing alone among the sage-brush and wild flowers, their pace was slackened, and they finally came to a standstill before the broken gate.

"Whose a goin' t' take the money n' stuff in t' the widder?" asked one of the boys. They all looked at each other in some perplexity.

"Pears t' me Spot ourter," said another, "he's bin headin' th' gang all day."

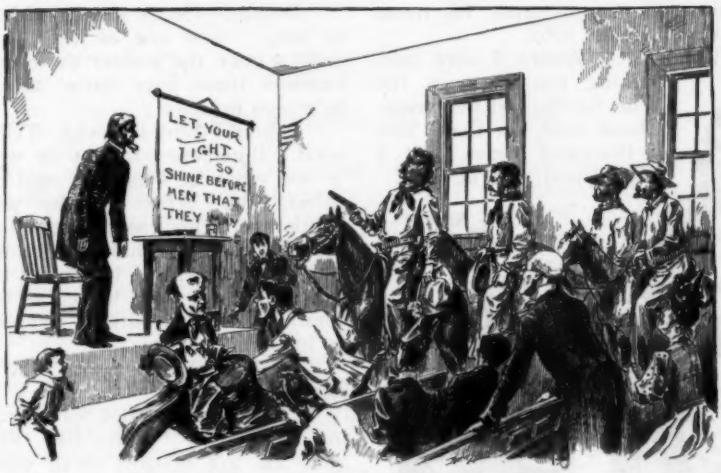
"It was Billy got up th' fun," said Spot, "so cordin' t' my min' he ourter be th' one t' do th' charity act. 'Sides, he's a lady's man, an' a talker from way back."

Billy made some remonstrances, but was finally prevailed upon to undertake the commission, and, hanging his six shooter and belt on the fence, he knocked at the door. A feeble voice said, "Come in." Pushing the door open he stood irresolute upon the threshold. The light in the room was dim, and he could indistinctly see a figure stretched on a low couch in the farther corner.

"Will you come in, sir?" said the same feeble, gentle voice; then as Billy stepped in with some embarrassment she continued, "what is your errand, sir?"

He tried to think of a means by which he could delicately and acceptably deliver his message of charity, but finding none he was obliged to make known his errand as simply as possible, trusting to the inspiration of the moment to help him out.

"You are a widow, are you not?" he asked.



"YOU JIS' GIT DOWN ON YER KNEES N' PRAY FER ME."

"Yes," she replied, raising herself hastily on one elbow as he spoke.

"You must forgive a stranger, madam, for coming to you with so little ceremony and asking such a question, but the truth is I—we—"

"Tell me, sir," she interrupted, "do you live in this part of the country? Are you a cowboy from one of the ranches? Excuse me, I am partly blind."

"Yes," he said, "I live here, and I am a cowboy."

"How long have you been following this occupation? How long have you been in Colorado? You were not born in the West, I know, for you have neither the speech nor manners of the people. Where did you come from? Tell me, I implore you."

Billy looked at the form dimly outlined before him in blank astonishment.

"Why, madam, I'm perfectly willing to tell you. My home was in New Haven, Connecticut, God bless it, and I came West eight years ago. Since then I have met with many varied experiences. I've tasted the sweetness of prosperity and the bitterness of adversity. About a year ago I had a comfortable sum of money and was preparing to return to the East, when by an unhappy speculation I lost it all; then I drifted into my present situation. But I mean to accomplish something before I go home again to my dear old mother." There was a charming youthful ring of hopefulness in his voice, which his eight years of trying experiences had failed to obliterate.

The widow dropped back on her couch and was perfectly still.

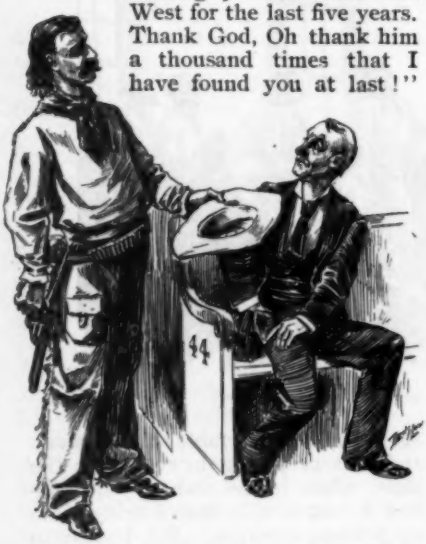
"But I am forgetting my errand," continued Billy. "My friends and I have brought you a little offering, which I hope will be acceptable. It should be, for it is a present from the good church-members of the village, who beg you will accept it with their compliments."

He advanced to the side of the couch, and bent down to place the contents of his hat in her lap. As he did so a ray of light stole through the half-closed blinds, and fell full upon the woman's face.

"My God!" He started back paler than his companion, while the hat dropped heavily to the floor. The next moment he was kneeling beside the couch, clasping the wasted form

in his strong young arms, his frame shaken by violent sobs.

"Willys, dear Willys, I have been seeking you all over the West for the last five years. Thank God, Oh thank him a thousand times that I have found you at last!"



"HOLDING A HAT IN ONE HAND, A REVOLVER IN THE OTHER—"

In the meantime his companions outside were becoming impatient.

"Wonder what's keepin' th' feller so long," said one of them; "he could a gave the widder th' money a hundred times over durin' th' time he's been in there."

"I should think he could. Tell you what, I'll just creep roun' t' th' winder 'n see what he's up t'," said Spot, suiting the action to the words. Dropping on his knees, he cautiously peered between the half-closed blinds. The next moment he had fallen backward, and was soon hastening to his comrades with a curious expression on his face.

"Well, what's up, Spot?" he was asked.

"I du' know," replied Spot, scratching his head; "pears like Billy's gone an' got mashed on th' widder. He's down on his knees 'fore th' bed a holdin' her in his arms."

A hearty laugh went round the crowd. At that moment Billy appeared at the door, with his sombrero pulled well down over his eyes.

"Boys," he stammered, and the strong man's lips quivered—"boys, there's an old lady inside who wants to know my friends. Come in. It's my mother."

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

All men are truest poets at the heart,
Though few are those who have the gift of speech—
Whose lips have caught the power to strive, and reach
The glory felt, and give it shape in art;
For that the lips and soul are far apart,
The music that men know lies in the breast—
A silent song, forever unexpressed,
Save when some master sings; then they will start.
Touched into power by his fine utterance
Their souls yield answering echoes. Nameless joy
Comes like a sudden sea, with surge and swell;
And on the marge of that unknown expanse
They pause a moment in an ecstasy,
Feeling expressed the inexpressible.

THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

BY EX-MINISTER GEO. W. MERRILL.

TO a close observer of Hawaiian affairs, during the past fifty years, and one familiar with the periodical cropping out of an agitation regarding the annexation of that group of islands to the United States, coupled with the threat that England, or some other nation, is about to swoop down upon, and gather under its protecting wing the Island Kingdom of the Pacific, the recently published interviews and discussion of the subject in the newspapers of this country present nothing new, and ought not to excite alarm about any European invasion of the American belt.

For many years, whenever there has been a disturbance of the proverbial serenity of the people of these islands, and their political atmosphere has been surcharged with wrathful contentions, a coterie of annexationists have seized the opportunity as favorable for spreading abroad wonderfully magnified accounts of events, and insisting on annexation to the United States, as the only panacea for that country, at the same time endeavoring to instill the people of this country with the doctrine of inestimable advantage to America, and that unless accepted at once, they will be forever lost to us.

Of late, England is specially held up as the red flag, whereby it is hoped the naturally docile Uncle Sam will become maddened and demolish the autonomy of Hawaii, and, in the special interest of a few, sunder the ties of an inoffensive race from the traditions of the past.

In 1842, immediately before and at the time Hawaii was a candidate for admission into the sisterhood of autonomous States, and while, through her special envoys, she was knocking at the doors of the State Department at Washington, seeking recognition from her great neighbor as an independent kingdom, the usual and now oft-repeated threats or innuendoes, that some foreign power was about to add the group as an appendix to its sovereignty, were urged as a reason for immediate action on the part of the United States authorities. The same envoys, while waiting a definite reply to their request for formal recognition, crossed the Atlantic, and presented themselves at the Court of St. James, and the Cabinet Councils of the French King. Then, after the usual diplomatic formalities, it was found that each of these two governments, instead of being the grasping octopus, about to extend its tentacles into American precincts, and, regardless of the Monroe Doctrine, absorb little Hawaii, was willing, and did, on the 28th day of November, 1843, enter into a solemn compact, whereby they not only recognized its independence, but reciprocally engaged "never to take possession, neither directly nor under the title of protectorate, nor under any other form, of any part of the territory." Since which time the attitude of the United States has often been emphatically announced, and is well understood by the nations of the world. In 1842, Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, declared as the sense of the Government of the United States "that no power ought either to take possession of the islands as a conquest, or for the purpose of colonization." In 1843, the then Secretary of State, in a communication to Mr. Everett, then representing the United States at the Court of St. James, stated that the "Hawaiian Islands bear such peculiar relations to ourselves that we might even feel justified in interfering by force to pre-

vent their falling into the hands of one of the great powers of Europe." In 1853, in an official note to our then Minister to England, Mr. Marcy states that "both England and France are apprised of our determination not to allow them to be owned by, or fall under the protection of these powers, or of any other European nation," and again, in 1854, the official correspondence shows that he regarded it as the duty of the United States "to prevent those islands from becoming the appendage of any other foreign power."

The same doctrine was reiterated and re-affirmed by the late incumbent of the office of Secretary of State, when, in 1881, holding the same official position, he had occasion to officially state that "the Government of the United States has always avowed, and now repeats that under no circumstances will it permit the transfer of the territory or sovereignty of these islands to any of the great European powers."

During the administration of Mr. Cleveland, the then Secretary of State, during the domestic troubles in Hawaii, in 1887, while giving the assurance that "no intent is cherished or policy entertained by the United States, which is otherwise than friendly to the autonomical control and independence of Hawaii," reiterated the doctrine of the United States Government, that "no other member of the family of nations has so great and immediate an interest in the welfare and prosperity of Hawaii, on such a basis, as this Republic."

Such being the attitude of the various Secretaries of State, through the several administrations of our Government, by different political parties, and announced and well known to the nations of the world, it must be conceded that in all the governmental circles it is well understood that the people of the United States would not permit the absorption of Hawaii by any foreign power without a fierce struggle, and after a final defeat.

So long as the United States maintains its past and present attitude, there need be no honest apprehension of any European power seriously contemplating exalting its flag in the dominion of Hawaii; and the periodical alarm that England, France, Germany, or some other power is about to assume control of Hawaiian affairs may be regarded as a *brutum fulmen*, raised for the purpose of creating national jealousy, arousing American sentiment, thereby endeavoring to force us to annex, regardless of whether we are in the right, or in the interests of the United States or Hawaii.

I assume, and correctly, I think, that the danger of interference in the affairs of Hawaii by any European nation is so extremely remote that to annex in order to save the islands from the greed of other powers is entirely eliminated. As to whether annexation ought to be desired by the United States, and whether our interests will permit it, even though the consent of Hawaii could be obtained, let us briefly examine the subject. The eight islands comprising the group known as Hawaii, or the Sandwich Islands, are situated within the tropics, about twenty-one hundred miles southwesterly from the western shores of the United States, and contain a population of about ninety thousand inhabitants, of which, in round numbers, there are twenty thousand Chinese, ten thousand Portuguese, fifteen thousand Japanese, forty thousand natives, fourteen hundred British, one thousand Germans, and two thousand Americans.

On the authority of a report, signed by the Cabinet Ministers of Hawaii, in 1889, of some of the various industries licensed by the Government, it appears that the Chinese then held one-fifth of the dray and butcher licenses, one-fourth of the wholesale merchandise and hack licenses, one-third of the livery licenses, one-half of the wholesale spirit licenses, sixty-two per cent. or five-eighths of the retail merchandise licenses, seven-eighths of the victualing licenses, and nine-tenths of

the pork butcher licenses; and that in the preceding twenty-three years the Chinese population of the islands had increased from twelve hundred and six to nineteen thousand two hundred and seventeen, and constituted over one-fifth of the entire population. Of the foregoing, the Portuguese and Japanese are termed shipped laborers, and were imported into Hawaii under contracts peculiar to that country. Under these contracts the laborers, on arrival, are distributed, by a governmental immigration bureau, to the various plantations for labor in the cane fields, and for the different vocations to which they may be adapted. These labor contracts are permissible under the laws of the kingdom, which are so framed as to meet the demands of those industries (among which that of sugar is paramount), which require cheap labor, constant care, and for which organized, intelligent labor, with contingent strikes, is ill adapted. Under these laws the contracts of the imported laborer are so constructed that, when the laborer is subleased to the individual planter or corporation, the Government assumes the duty and becomes the power to enforce the performance of daily toil for a term of years, and compels the laborer to be worthy of his hire. These contract labor laws may be, and doubtless are adapted to, and demanded by the exigencies of that particular tropical latitude; but are the people of the United States willing to forget the past, and fondly embrace even a paradise of the Pacific when the conditions are such as to demand the enforcement of labor under a system closely allied to one so lately repudiated at such a cost of lives and treasure? While the effects of the recent tariff law of the United States, in throwing open our ports to the free importation of sugar, may have cast a gloom over an industry of the islands, heretofore protected by reciprocity with the United States, and which has brought large returns, wealth and comfort to the foreign residents there, and might induce those interested to yield the sovereignty in exchange for the sugar bounty, yet I can hardly believe they fully realize that they would not find in Uncle Sam that paternal indulgence and accommodation exercised by Hawaii, as shown in 1891. At that time, after the enactment of our recent tariff law and a free conference between the sugar planters on the one hand, and the Government officials on the other, a reduction of twenty-five per cent of the taxes on the plantations, including machinery, crops and everything connected with the plantation, was made, on account of the depreciation of the value of sugar.

It will be noticed that of the entire population, including Americans, British and Germans, there are only about four thousand who have absorbed the influences of Anglo-Saxon civilization or comprehend the true spirit of republican government, and are racially fitted for full citizenship.

The American Congress, moreover, mindful of a growing sentiment in the United States, is endeavoring to close the avenues of the Atlantic seacoast against the influx of contract laborers, and lock the gates of the Pacific against the hordes of the Asiatic population. Understanding these facts, it is not reasonable to believe that there can exist in the United States any legitimate sentiment, permeating the public, which would demand, or even permit opening the floodgates, and with one fell swoop absorbing into our body politic this heterogeneous population, which must, eventually, be endowed with statehood, and all the resultant rights.

Certainly those capable of prognosticating the future, and who are imbued with sufficient patriotism to desire a maintenance of the principles on which depend the future stability of a republican form of government, can never consent to the adoption of such a variegated element into our political compact, however flattering

to the pride, or enticing the consideration inducing Uncle Sam to extend his protecting arm over the isolated isles of the Pacific.

In case of a foreign war, such a possession would certainly be a source of weakness.

It can hardly be contended with reason that an outpost or picket guard stationed there, over two thousand miles from the main body, would be such a protection of our western coast against sudden attack, as would be recommended by a modern military genius.

It would necessitate moving the larger part of our naval fleet into the Pacific, and surrounding the guard in order to preserve them from harm; for, without such a movement, any nation possessing an ordinary naval force would be able to capture our pickets, and levy tribute on the residents of the islands at least a week before any news of such a disaster could reach the shores of America.

What is needed, however, is a harbor and coaling station on one of the islands of the group, and a cable extending from Hawaii to some point on United States territory. With these permanently established, they become adjuncts to our commerce, and the relations of Hawaii to the United States, both political and commercial, are no longer problematical, but are fixed by the immutable laws of trade, on a basis of mutual benefit to both countries.

Under an existing treaty, ratified in 1887, and definitely extending for a term of seven years, and then only terminable upon one year's notice, the United States has the exclusive right to enter Pearl River Harbor, on the Island of Oahu, and establish and maintain there a coaling and repair station. No doubt this grant, of an exclusive right to enter and improve the harbor, might by treaty be extended through a long term of years, as by the license at present granted, there is no subtraction from Hawaiian sovereignty, and, therefore, no legitimate opposition could seemingly be raised by those jealous of the invasion of Hawaiian autonomy.

The land contiguous to the harbor is owned by private parties, and the Hawaiian government has not a foot of land to cede, lease, or convey; and whatever right to the adjacent lands the United States might desire to possess, must be obtained by purchase from individual owners, and under Hawiian laws.

As to cable communication, there is practically a unanimous sentiment in Hawaii in favor of cable communication with the outer world, and a large majority favors a terminus on United States territory, and the government of Hawaii is ready and willing to extend to such project all substantial aid within its power, and which its resources will permit. Such an enterprise, once completed, would greatly strengthen the commercial interests of the two countries, and, by daily contact, firmly cement to the United States the kindly feeling of those who are to control the political future of Hawaii, and largely assist in preserving the autonomy of the kingdom.

With the steamship line already established, and a cable connection with the United States, the people of that Island Kingdom would naturally become imbued with the opinions of their commercial connections, and imperceptibly absorb the sentiments and feelings of those controlling the source of their daily intelligence, thus strengthening what ought to be an indissoluble commercial and political bond. The laying of a cable between the islands and North America I consider no longer problematic. By whose aid, and on what part of the continental coast it shall terminate, is of vast importance to the United States, as by bringing the inhabitants of these islands in daily contact with the world through United States sources would largely and imperceptibly aid the natural gravitation of commerce and political influence to

our country, and would silently yet strongly tend to quiet the periodical unrest natural to a segregated, ocean-bound community.

To any one acquainted with the climatic influences, the simplicity and wants of the native race, the aggressiveness of the Asiatic, the requirements of the staple industries, and the peculiar labor conditions of that country, it must be apparent that the autonomy of Hawaii is far better adapted to the wants of its people than any other condition. While, on the other hand, so long as the United States maintains its present attitude —embracing that group within the Monroe Doctrine—and keeps an eye of its eagle poised in the direction of Hawaii, the harbor privileges, naval station and cable will accomplish for us all that is desirable, without inflicting any injury on a friendly neighbor, or violating the interests of the American people, or shocking the principles of our Government.

A PASSING GLIMPSE OF LAGUNA.

BY LUCILA J. SHAW.

Swart children of the West! In whom the savage
Still holds a dormant sway!
Mingling the garments of your Christian present
With barbarous array.

Strange blending shows in shirt and gay serape
Of what you were and are.
Untutored you—tho' taught—as when the pale face
First saw you from afar.

High up, unchanged in years, your vast pueblo:—
Here—rails of steel wind low.
There—still the past; betwixt which and the present
Both races come and go.

Savant, scribe, poet, traveler or painter
Finds substance for his skill.
Unmoved you see his coming—his departure;
And then—you climb your hill.

When the long trains—fit symbols of the present—
Pause ere they thunder by,
Erect and stolid stands the swarthy Moqui
With calm, unheeding eye.

Low sinks the sun; its level rays regilding
Th'enarchéd chapel bells;
While as if wakened by a golden clapper,
The vesper summons swells,

And mounts the Moqui terrace after terrace—
As if that call sufficed—
To where above the rooftree of his village
Shines out the Cross of Christ.

AMONG THE BLACK FELLOWS.

BY C. M. WAAGE.

CERTAIN interest and mystery holds regarding the fast-disappearing black fellow, the sable native of the Australian Islands. His home is the land where Doctor Leichardt disappeared without leaving a single trace, where Burke and Wells died with parched lips, where in the silent bush the little mounds every here and there relate to us the sacrifice that thirst for adventure has craved. These savages roamed free and untrammeled until a little more than one hundred years ago, when Great Britain sent as the vanguard of civilized races a number of criminals, who personally, or through their descendants, became the first bearers of the light of civilization to a race which, from that day, became a victim to human brutality, European vice and general oppression.

While nearly forty years ago the last of the natives of Tasmania, Truganini, died in Hobart town, the aborigines of Australia proper are daily decreasing in number, and the day is not far off when the south wind, sighing through the dreary forest, shall murmur its lullaby over the graves of the last black fellows, who were sacrificed on the altar of a spreading Caucasian civilization.

Comparatively little is known about the race. Travelers have made brief sojourns among them, missionaries have after long years gathered just a small handful of followers and picked up imperfect fragments of native language. Those, who perchance knew them best, have died among them, probably slain by their death-bringing weapons.

A few have spent many years in close communion with them and come out unscathed, but they were all convicts, who made their escape in the early days. They were men, whose powers of observation were either of small account or have become dulled by the hazards they have undergone or the contempt which familiarity breeds, and it is safe to say that up to the present no thorough investigation has been made of a race whose languages are as numerous as they are apparently interesting to study; whose habits are singularly primitive, and whose ceremonies to this day are guarded in many instances with a jealousy, which renders it almost impossible for the Europeans to penetrate into the mystery of some of their rites.

It is a common thing among Australian bushmen, by which term is meant the European settlers, to say that the aborigines are the lowest form of human life. This is certainly not correct, although it must be admitted that in many respects they stand very low in the scale of the human race. It is my observation that the most debased of them are those who have come in contact with the settlers, and thus with so-called civilization. Those engaged on the cattle stations or living on the outskirts of the same are certainly inferior to the class found farther inland, which are only met with by the explorer. The former seem absolutely void of any sense of morality.

They will lie, steal, even murder without the least compunction, and perhaps with no other object than to become the possessor of a cake of tobacco or a flask of rum. Where these alluring temptations are not found, the black fellow appears a more dignified being, and in many tribes is far less dangerous.

The aborigines are of a nomadic disposition. Before the advent of the white man, they undoubtedly were in the habit of traveling from place to place, keeping within certain limits in tribes. Their main support would be hunting and on the seashore fishing. They performed the former by means of spears, and the latter was accomplished with *tow-rows*, a kind of fishing net, which they manufactured from straw.

It is, however, not the marsupial, with which their island home abounds in such great variety, that forms their favorite and common food. In the daytime they catch the flying-fox, hanging sleeping from a branch in the thicket, or the opossum in his hole of the hollow tree, while the sugar-bag or wild bee's honey is a great delicacy, but no more so than a grub, which they pick from the bark of the trees. Snakes and reptiles of all kinds also serve as food, and are much relished. Their method of discovering the sugarbag is particularly ingenious. When the bees are swarming they catch one, and, attaching to its body a white straw, let it fly again. Their keen eyesight easily follows the insect in its flight, and thus they track it to its treasure.

Cannibalism is certainly practiced among these people, but I contend not for the purpose of satisfying hunger.

My observation leads me to believe that in all countries, where this revolting practice is exercised, it is more of a ceremony than a craving for food. The captured enemy is slaughtered and eaten to celebrate victory. In Australia the half-cast baby is killed and eaten, as a matter of rite or form. The most disgusting phase of cannibalism, however, is practiced by this race in the feasting on the bodies of those who have died from disease, but this again is a ceremony rather than an act for the purpose of satisfying hunger.

The general appearance of the black fellow is not an attractive one. Their physique, as a rule, is poor, and it is an uncommon thing to see a well-developed man or woman among them. Their mental capabilities are not of any higher grade. Their ideas are few and vague, and I think it may be said with perfect truth that they are absolutely without any religious sentiment. They seemingly worship nothing and nobody.

But if they are void of trust they are full of superstition. The phantoms of ghosts and supernatural monsters float continually before their mind's eye.

The night curlew they call the devil-devil bird, and on dark nights its hideous shriek fills them with terror. Darkness above all things they dread, and they have an unspeakable horror of any locality in which death has taken place among them.

But the greatest bugaboo their confused minds has ever conceived is the so-called *bunyib*. What the *bunyib* really is no one can tell. Sometimes it is a monstrous reptile, rising from the waters of a lone lagoon, sometimes a bird of terrible size and shape that stalks through the silent bush, or it may be some fearful-looking monster, half human, half animal. But at all times the *bunyib* fills them with awe and dismay. They have never seen him but somebody else has, or they have heard him coming through the bush crushing branches and emitting unearthly sounds, and, wherever he has been so known, the black fellow leaves the locality with fear and trembling.

Handicraft is but little known among them. They produce a kind of bag made of straw; it is called a *dille* bag and is principally used for carrying the babies in. It hangs on

TYPES OF THE BLACK FELLOWS—IMPLEMENTS OF WAR, ETC.

1, A NATIVE KING. 2, A BELLE. 3, 4, 5, BOOMERANGS. 6, CHARACTERISTIC HEAD. 7, A YOUNG WOMAN. 8, 9, NOLLA NOLLAS. 10, SPEARS. 11, A NATIVE DANDY. 12, DUELLING. 13, ADULT WOMAN. 14, DINGO, (NATIVE DOG).

the back of the *gin* or black woman, attached by means of a cord which passes over the woman's forehead. The *tow-row* is another manufacture, already mentioned, and in some places they make a kind of skirt for the women, but in most cases, outside the boundaries of civilization, men and women indulge in the airy costume of the early Adamitic period. Outside these few household articles their principal attention is turned to the making of weapons which are very primitive and consist only of the *waddie*, or short club, something like the modern baseball bat, the spear and the boomerang.

One interesting feature in their processes of manufacturing is the fact that in nearly all cases they use fire for the purpose of finishing. By means of fire they color their straw work, singeing it skilfully into various tints, and if they desire to produce any kind of marks or designs on their woodwork they do so by burning it with heated stones, and in order to shape it they char it just so much that they can scrape it into the desired form with a sharp stone.

Their spears are very primitive, pointed at either end, and about six feet in length, and are used, as well as the *waddies*, for attack and defense. The *waddie* is thrown on the ground and propelled forward by a series of *recochettes*, and the spear is thrown from the shoulder, sometimes by the ingenious device of a short, flat piece of wood with a notch at the end, against which the one end of the spear is placed, thus forming an elongation of the arm and adding to the force of the throw.

The boomerang is by far the most interesting product of their limited industry. Although it is looked upon as a weapon, it is not practically used as such, but rather as a means of sport, and in the black fellow's camp the young boys are early taught how to throw the boomerang.

This remarkable appliance varies considerably in shape from the very slightest curve to a curve, which might almost be said to form an acute angle. It is made of red gum or iron bark, perhaps one-quarter of an inch thick, and two inches wide in its greatest dimensions, then tapering in both respects towards the ends, the tips being from twelve to eighteen inches or more, apart. In passing through the bush the black fellow perceives at a glance the branch, which is bent in the curve that will make a boomerang and prepares it for the purpose.

When the boomerang leaves the thrower's hand a most singular effect is produced. Holding its convex side toward himself, the black fellow bends his arm backwards in the elbow joint, and with a quick upward motion sends the boomerang into space.

It pierces the air like a bird with a velocity, which at times renders it invisible for some moments. Moving round like a propeller, at first edgeways towards the earth, it travels a considerable distance at a great height, then describing a curve, it returns towards the thrower, gradually assuming a horizontal position. It rapidly approaches the ground, and the uninitiated would expect to see it drop, when suddenly it rises straight into the air and takes another flight before touching the ground, which it often reaches behind the thrower.

In the mythology of the North we are told of the hammer Mjölner, which, thrown by Thor, always returned to the hand of the God of Thunder. Whenever I have seen the experiment with the boomerang, it has always occurred to me that those, who presented such a remarkable idea as a thing thrown away which returned to the thrower, must have seen the reality practiced, and I have wondered how far back in the history of man lies the epoch, when this phenomenon was known to the, let me say, forefathers of the ancient Norsemen.

In regard to building for the purpose of protecting themselves against climatic influences the aborigines lack ingenuity. They seem to lack any

idea of fastening material together, and therefore do not build proper houses, except where Europeans have shown them the way. Ordinarily they content themselves with a wind-break, which often consists merely of boughs and branches with the foliage left on, or they may be formed of large pieces of bark, leaning against each other, but with the canopy of the heavens for a roof. On the cattle stations they often follow the example of the Europeans and make "*humpys*," or houses, built of poles and bark, fastened together with nails, when obtainable, or tied with grass ropes.

Notwithstanding the primitive condition of this race they have a variety of customs, observances, ceremonies or rites, which are followed with as much consistency as the etiquette or practices of civilized society. Their marriages are only consummated after a severe fight for the bride, but the breaking of a lance, to win a fair damsel, was a common practice among white men only a few centuries ago.

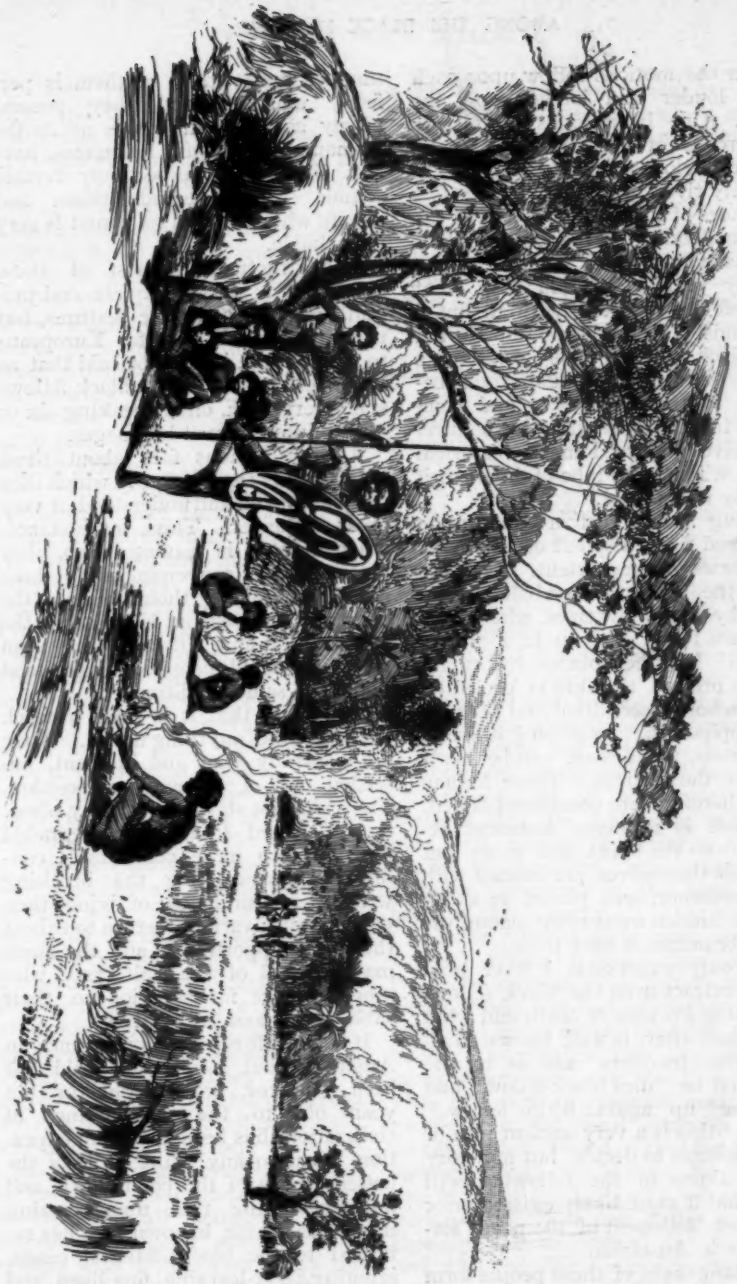
The terrible expression of sorrow upon the death of anybody, when the first few days are spent in loud wailings and crying, are not unlike the Irish wake of to-day. The fact that the women cover their faces with a mask of white clay, during the period of mourning, does not seem much more surprising than that a fair white face should be hidden by a black veil, but they have usages, the analogy of which is not found in civilized life, or at least do not seem so apparent there; and among them should be mentioned the strange ceremonies of initiations into manhood and womanhood.

These initiations take place at certain stated times and under certain conditions, and the persons on whom they are practiced must suffer untold agonies. The practice is not unlike that terrible dance, which is used among some of the American Indians, denoting the transition from the life of a youth to that of a buck. The back and chest of the young men and the back of the women are laid open by means of incisions in herring-bone design. The cut is performed with a sharp stone and the wound filled with some kind of soil or clay, and, when the skin has ultimately closed over the wound, the appearance on the body is very much the same as that of the lines carved on the smooth trunk of a tree, as they appear, when, after many years, they bulge from the same surface in which originally they made an indent.

For the purpose of performing these initiations tribes gather from afar, often traveling for many weeks to reach their destination, and the business of the ceremony having been brought to a close, a series of "*corrobborees*" follow during the succeeding nights, and these meetings always take place during moonlight period.

The *corrobboree* is undoubtedly the most interesting feature in aboriginal life. It represents at once the primitive drama, ballet and opera, and, in addition, always relates a story—maybe an old legend or perhaps some great event which has at one time taken place.

The campfire throws its lurid glare around, blending with the pale light of the moon as it falls upon the glade. The gins sit a little way apart, and chant to the beating of short sticks, or perhaps drum on opossum skins. Suddenly from the shadow the men appear, painted with red ochre, moving along with phantastic, irregular motions. They chant something in a low, monotonous tone, but, as their gesticulations increase in vivacity, the sound grows louder and more piercing. The spectator realizes that the *waddie* and spear are flying in deadly combat; that some well-aimed shaft strikes the hero's breast; that revenge follows; that the battle grows fierce and hot. The motions express the story well; the bodies bend; the arms double; the scene ever increases in intensity as it works up to some dreadful catastrophy. Quicker and



THE BLACK FELLOWS AT HOME.

quicker the motions follow upon each other, louder and louder grow the voices. One hears cries of victory and groans of despair. The action becomes furious; the sound swells to a mighty river of noise, which raises the echoes of the bush and drowns the nocturnal concert of the forest animals with its overpowering volume.

Many years ago a big ship went down off Cape Morton, with all but a few hands. I have seen the Morton Bay blacks depict this scene in a *corrobboree*, which at that time belonged to their *repertoire*, and from this I infer that in their *corrobborees* they have preserved many historical events, which would be of interest, if properly understood.

Among other customs should be mentioned their disposal of the dead. This varies to some extent. In some places the bodies are embalmed and put away in hollow trees, where they have been found tied up in a sitting posture. In other places, by an ingenious process, the skin is peeled off in one whole piece, dried and kept, as it is supposed that by placing it over a sick person, the disease can be made to leave the patient. These human hides, therefore, are considered sacred. The flesh is in many instances removed from the bones and eaten, but the bones themselves are treated with great reverence, and, placed in a *dille* bag, are hidden away often among the higher branches of lofty trees.

The only expression I have been able to extract from the black fellow, concerning his idea of death and what takes place after, is well known to all Australian travelers, and is to the effect that he "dies black fellow" and "jumpee up again white fellow." Whether this is a very ancient idea or not is difficult to decide, but my story of Mr. Davis in the following will prove that it most likely existed prior to the establishment of the penal settlements in Australia.

The languages of these people form a highly interesting study, but are only very little known. The great number and variety of them is perfectly amazing, and they present nearly as much difference as do the Roman and Teutonic languages, having, like these, respectively certain sounds, which pervade them, and among which a nasal *gn* sound is very remarkable.

The structure of most of these languages is very complete and presents many remarkable features, but they are very difficult for Europeans to learn, while it must be said that as linguists, the Australian black fellows stand very high, often speaking six or seven quite different languages.

A very curious fact about these languages is the manner in which they may be spoken and understood at very great distances. Thus, for instance, when a party is leaving camp, they will continue conversing with those remaining, raising their voices as the distance increases, but keeping up the conversation long after any European language would have been understood under the same conditions.

It is a fact that it is hard to teach the aborigines anything useful. They are naturally lazy and indolent, unsettled and of a roving disposition. They will not stay long at any place, and if raised from their degraded position into more comfortable conditions, necessitating the breaking with their natural mode of living, they will almost invariably return to this at their first opportunity, and the same may be said of the half casts, who otherwise are far superior to their sable parent and her relatives.

It is an oft-repeated occurrence in Australia that a half-cast child has been removed, when eight or ten years old, to the surroundings of civilization, has been given an education equal to any white child of the better classes of the community, and notwithstanding this, upon coming into contact with his own race has returned to the black fellows' camp, ignoring book-learning, fine linen, and the comforts of civilized life.

In two capacities the black fellows

have been found satisfactory — as trackers and in the native police. I can only find a correct expression for their power of tracking by calling it instinct. I have been with them searching for men whose every trace had been practically lost, but the black tracker has found them in spite of all. They are more sure than bloodhounds. When the track ceases, through some mysterious agency they seem to know where to go to find it again.

In the native police they are very useful as trackers. This police consists of small troops of mounted, uniformed black fellows under the command of European officers. They act as *gendarmes* in the outlying districts and are principally used for the purpose of bringing marauding blacks to account. It is not uncommon that the up-country blacks spear the cattle on the station, or murder travelers or settlers, and it is principally in such cases that the native police becomes useful.

The manner in which they surprise a camp of savage aborigines is characteristic. Having ascertained that they are near a camp some of them dismount and strip to the skin. Then they fasten their carbines to their ankle by means of a piece of rope or a chain, and, trailing it through the long grass, approach the camp.

The unsuspecting blacks come to meet their sable brothers, when, quick as lightning, the trooper stoops, brings his carbine to a level and sends death and destruction into the camp.

The aboriginal thinks a good deal more of his dogs than of his women. Dogs are always found about the camp in large numbers. They are of a mongrel breed and generally starved to ferocity. The black fellow in most places is a polygamist and his wives are used for carrying everything from their babies to their husband's weapons—including all their camp paraphernalia, rations or whatever else they may wish to transport, while the lordly master marches along with perhaps a *waddie* or a *boomerang* as the only burden to impede his progress.

But if, as in many instances, the blacks be savage, the white men, with whom they come into contact, are no less so.

The life of a black fellow is counted as nothing, and the depredations perpetrated upon them by settlers are numerous and often particularly cruel.

The spearing of a few head of cattle on a station, where thousands are grazing on the runs, has often cost the lives of many black fellows, and I know of several instances where the camp has been raided and the women carried away by white men, while it is a fact that there are settlers who have made it a point to shoot any black fellow found on their vast domains, to avenge some murder committed in the first place by the blacks.

But I have also found in Australia humane men, who, if they had been in the majority, might have bettered the race, and I may mention here the name of Mr. Archibald Archer and his brothers, who belong to the most typical set of Australian gentlemen.

Mr. Archer has held the highest Government offices in the colony of Queensland, and it was under his auspices that Dr. Lumholtz, who is now well known in America, proceeded to Australia and made his valuable researches in the flora and fauna of that country.

I have referred to a man named Davis. When I knew him, some twelve or fourteen years ago, he was a very old man and had an earthenware store on George street, Brisbane. He made his entrance into the colony many years ago as a "lag" or convict, and with a comrade made his escape from the penal establishment on Stradbrook Island. He landed on another island in Morton Bay and was received by the blacks, who were very savage. But one of the women thought she recognized in Davis a son, who had died some years before, and the convict was hailed as one returned from the grave. A few days after, his mate was killed by the tribe,

but Davis was not only kindly treated but was traveled from tribe to tribe and exhibited as a phenomenon, worthy almost of worship. In this wise he spent many long years among the blacks, before he ultimately found himself in a position to return to civilization, and his adventures were many and highly interesting, but this is by no means the only instance of a European meeting with a similar fate.

One of my personal, most curious adventures among the black fellows happened in this wise: I was traveling with a mate, looking for some cattle that had strayed from the main camp, when we struck a black fellows' camp, the holders of which did not appear friendly. Contrary to our usual custom we were unarmed, and the men crowded round our horses, chattering like so many monkeys in a lingo entirely strange to us, and using gesticulations by no means reassuring. My mate and I each had a defect, which art had partly remedied. He had a glass eye and I an upper jaw, full of false teeth.

"George," said I, "take out your eye, and hold it up before them!"

He did so, and at the same moment I removed my plate, and pointing to the sun, said in plain English: "If you fellows don't behave, I will take that out, too."

As a matter of course, they did not understand the words, but our action so impressed them, that probably to this day they are talking of their remarkable visitors, who could remove portions of their own anatomy. At all events they became greatly concerned and showed us where we might find water and let us depart unmolested.

Before drawing this to a close I cannot help remarking upon the gross misrepresentations to which Australian life, and the black fellow in particular, have been subjected by writers, whose imagination is greater than their knowledge. The daily press repeatedly presents Australian yarns, which are absolutely false and give an entirely wrong impression of what they purport to portray; but one of the greatest enormities perpetrated upon the Australian aboriginal that has come under my personal observation is so singular that I must relate it here.

In the city of Oakland, Cal., I came one day, about noon, past a vacant lot on which was erected a canvas tent, after the dime-show fashion, with the regulation pictures outside. A cluster of boys stood close by, evidently waiting for something to happen, and I heard one of them say: "He is coming out to feed now!"

"Who is coming out to feed?" I asked.

"The Australian nigger," said the boy. "He eats grass; he comes out here every day and feeds."

Imagine my surprise when, at the same moment, I saw a gaudily-dressed showman issuing from the tent, leading by a string a human being who walked on hands and feet like a beast. His skin was black, his hair wooly, like a negro's; he was clad in pants and coat, but had neither shoes nor stockings on. This was the alleged "Australian nigger," the black fellow, with whom I had had many a brush and at whose campfire I had spent many an evening hour, while the scent of the eucalyptus filled the air, and the mosquitoes drove away every chance of sleep. The wretched impostor sat down on his haunches, plucked a handful of grass and pretended to eat it, spoke some gibberish to his keeper, who feigned to understand it and drove him into the tent, while I felt myself blushing at the shameful hoax.

In conclusion, the Australian black fellow, with his languages, his customs, rites, ceremonies, unknown history and singular primitiveness, affords many features of interest, and a thorough study of his legends might be full of information and may furnish valuable links in the broken chain of the history of man.

I cannot lay down my pen without making an earnest appeal to those faculties, which look after such matters, to examine closely into all this before it is too late, as yet some light may be thrown upon the gathering darkness, but if this be not done in time, when civilization has won the same victory in Australia as it has in Tasmania, and the act of extermination has been completed, science may mourn, too late, the loss of valuable knowledge, which it might have otherwise possessed.

ON AN OLD MISSION CROSS AT SANTA CLARA.

BY C. HORATIO JESSEN.

Antique memorial of unlaureled worth!
Hallowed by valor—beautified by time!
Still sternly proud, complacently sublime,
Thine ancient form implants congenial earth
And serves at least a memory in the dearth
Of such high souls as glorified the prime
Of progress in the Argonautic clime.
Ungarnished sentinel of heaven-blest birth!
The unrecorded glories of a score
Of Faith's triumphant heroes are enshrined
Deep in thine oaken bosom, whence the mind
Of many a bard has drawn a golden lore
And in the well of inspiration found
A soul-enriching theme that pipe could never sound.

AMONG THE CALIFORNIA GLACIERS.

BY FOSTER M. CARLIN, PH. D.

TWO miles and a half above the level of the Pacific! Two miles and a half aloft with the world beneath our feet! For we are standing on one of old Earth's spires. It is past midsummer, and the far-off plains below us in the San Joaquin Valley are reeking, we know, with heat, while at every step we take, *we* leave our footprints on crisp snow. We know, too, that our less fortunate fellow beings in those dead level stretches are breathing hot, stifling air, which they can see quiver and vibrate above the surface of the ground, wriggling and twisting so much like fire that, as they watch the upward flickering tongues of atmosphere made visible, they can well imagine that they are begirt by a sea of colorless, smokeless flames. But *we* are breathing pure, cold, invigorating oxygen, which exhilarates almost to intoxication; and we are surrounded by an ocean of grandeur that carries our souls on the tide of its immensity to the borderland of the infinite. We are perched on the snow-wreathed summit of Mt. Dana, 13,227 feet above sea-level, and 6,500 feet above the waters of Lake Mono.

It was my good fortune to be one of a party of four who, during the summer of last year, visited the Yosemite; and I use the expression "good fortune" advisedly, inasmuch as it had been my intention to make the trip to that marvelous cliff-girt valley my final excursion before bidding adieu to California. Had that purpose been carried out, I should have missed sights and scenes which have left an indelible impress on the mind, and made me appreciate my good luck in having for companions men who were bent upon seeing more of the sublime beauties of the Sierra Nevada than falls to the lot of the ordinary hasty, globe-trotting tourist. Their enthusiasm affected me and they carried me along with them.

Mt. Dana, taken from the south, is not difficult of ascent, and due preparations for a trip of several days having been made, we found ourselves one morning on the top of that mighty landmark. We were high above the cloud-line of the day, and looked down upon a vast archipelago of white, surging mist, and granite isles—dark spots on a field of whit As the sun rose higher and scattered the vapors with his rays, the scene was reversed; white cloud banks floated over the black surface of the somber earth, and presently breaking up into numerous islets melted away, revealing the whole panorama of rugged magnificence and crumpled splendor.

We were near the center of the longitudinal sweep of the Sierra Nevada, where volcanic force had been most violent, and the upheaval greater than elsewhere in the range. This portion of the Sierra, geologists have distinguished by the name of High Sierra. Rugged and frowning is the aspect; inaccessible cliffs, bristling with peaks, stand over yawning abysses; countless chasms and precipices, cañons and steep, rocky slopes succeed each other, jumbled together in wild and frightful confusion; and high over all, tower snow-capped mountain masses, stern in their austere solemnity. Ages ago the primeval crust of the yeasty planet, as it hardened here, was rent and cracked and tossed about by fierce internal phlogistic action, and when the fire-

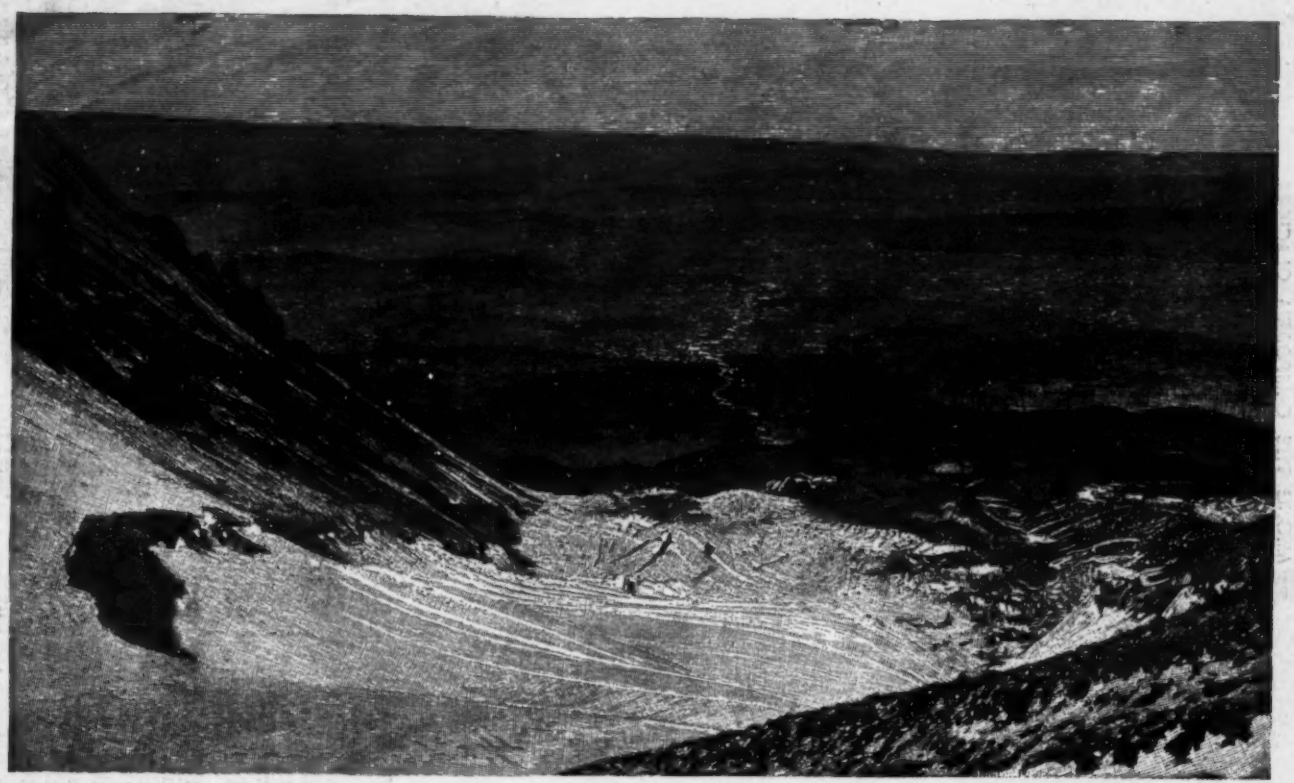
KONWAKITON GLACIER, MOUNT SHASTA.

fiend had worked his will, erosive ice, at a much later epoch, cut and slashed and plowed, and rasped and filed the already deeply wrinkled earth, as the glacier pressed onward with the resistless momentum of its ponderous weight.

But while the savage grandeur of this Alpine scenery is so impressive and sobers us with its silent assertion of our littleness and insignificance, the picturesqueness of the views delights us. As peaks and crests are successively touched by the sun rays, they glow with golden halos; and as the valleys and cañons become illumined, their dark and neutral tints give place to shades of bright green and brown and indigo, while the mountains are gorgeous with the splendor of deep, rich colors and innumerable hues and tints.

Rapt in contemplation of the landscape, carried back in thought to the time when the young planet, during the hot passionate struggles of its childhood, raised itself from the low condition of a sphere of reeking, slimy mud to the high grade of a globe of beauty, I was suddenly brought back to self and self's inability to endure what is beyond the narrow conditional limits of man's comfort and existence. The cold was asserting itself, for we were standing on the *névé* of a glacier.

Here had stood in October, 1871,



FOOT OF WHITNEY GLACIER, MOUNT SHASTA.

Mr. John Muir, the discoverer of the Sierra Nevada glaciers, who, a year later, in company with Professor Joseph Le Conte, visited the High Sierra, and examined very carefully these relics of the glacial epoch. Strange to say, Professor J. D. Whitney, ten years later, in his work on "Climatic Changes of Later Geological Time" states that "there are no glaciers at all in the Sierra Nevada proper." Mr. King in his report of the exploration of the fortieth parallel, also ignores Mr. Muir's observations, and it was not until Mr. Israel C. Russell, after his visit to this region, in the summer of 1883, accompanied by Mr. G. K. Gilbert, that justice was done to these pioneer investigators.

Mr. Russell followed the footsteps of Muir and Le Conte, and makes special mention of the work done by his "companion and assistant," Mr. Willard D. Johnson, who made topographical surveys of Mounts Conness, McClure and Ritter.

Few scenes are more impressive and conducive to thought of the past than looking upon these last remnants of a physical power that has been one of the great fabricators of food-supplying valleys and artistic adorners of Earth's surface. Carried back in imagination, I thought that I could see the ice-mass of the glacial period creep onward to its death in the warmer regions below; and seemed to watch its slow process of cañon-cutting and cliff-polishing, carrying with it, the while, fragmentary rocks and depositing its moraine.

Grouped about Lake Mono are many high mountain peaks, and Mt. Dana is but one of numerous prominent points in the High Sierra. Near him stand his companions, Mt. Conness, Mt. McClure, Mt. Lyell and Mt. Ritter, almost his equals in altitude. Nestling below them lies the lake, looking like a mirror in this little-frequented region. Beneath us, belts of silver-fir gird with bands of fringe the stony waists of the hoary-headed giants.

In the mountains of the Sierra Nevada you can look upon much that is rare and much that is very beautiful. Rare, because you are a spectator at a final scene in one of Nature's great dramas seldom exhibited elsewhere in the United States; and beautiful, because there are spread before us panoramas of scenery, that, with their multitudinous shades of coloring, their exceptional diversity of cañon tracery, cannot be surpassed. These scenes, so near to San Francisco, so well within the limit of a short trip, are visited by comparatively few persons. Those who wish to pass beyond the boundary-line of commonplace excursion and spend a week in the mountains of California will carry back with them reminiscences that will gladden their after life.

The glaciers in the High Sierra are not large—the Mt. Lyell glacier, when visited by Mr. Muir in 1872, not being more than a mile in length and about the same measurement in width—and they are wanting in medial moraines. Their terminal moraines, however, are noticeable for their comparatively large size, and in other respects they assert their title to rank with true glacial formations. Not the least interesting are the stone tables of Parker Creek Glacier, supported on their pedestals of ice. Mr. Russell, in 1883, saw one of these curiosities, thirty-four feet long by twenty-three feet wide and ten feet thick, this enormous slab being supported by a column of ice eight feet high and from six feet to eight feet thick. Another curious formation is seen on Mt. Lyell Glacier, on the lower portion of which occur numerous ice-pyramids, varying in height from a few inches to fully three feet. These pyramidal structures are caused by the presence of pebbles and small pieces of granite on the glacier, which, becoming heated by the sun, melt the ice beneath them, and the water thus formed, being frozen again, forms harder ice more capable of resisting the heat than the porous quality of

the glacier-ice, which, thawing more rapidly, is surmounted by these cunningly-wrought pyramids. The pebbles are invariably found lying on the north sides of the pyramids, and by referring to the illustration it will be observed that the structure is concave on the side on which the stone lies.

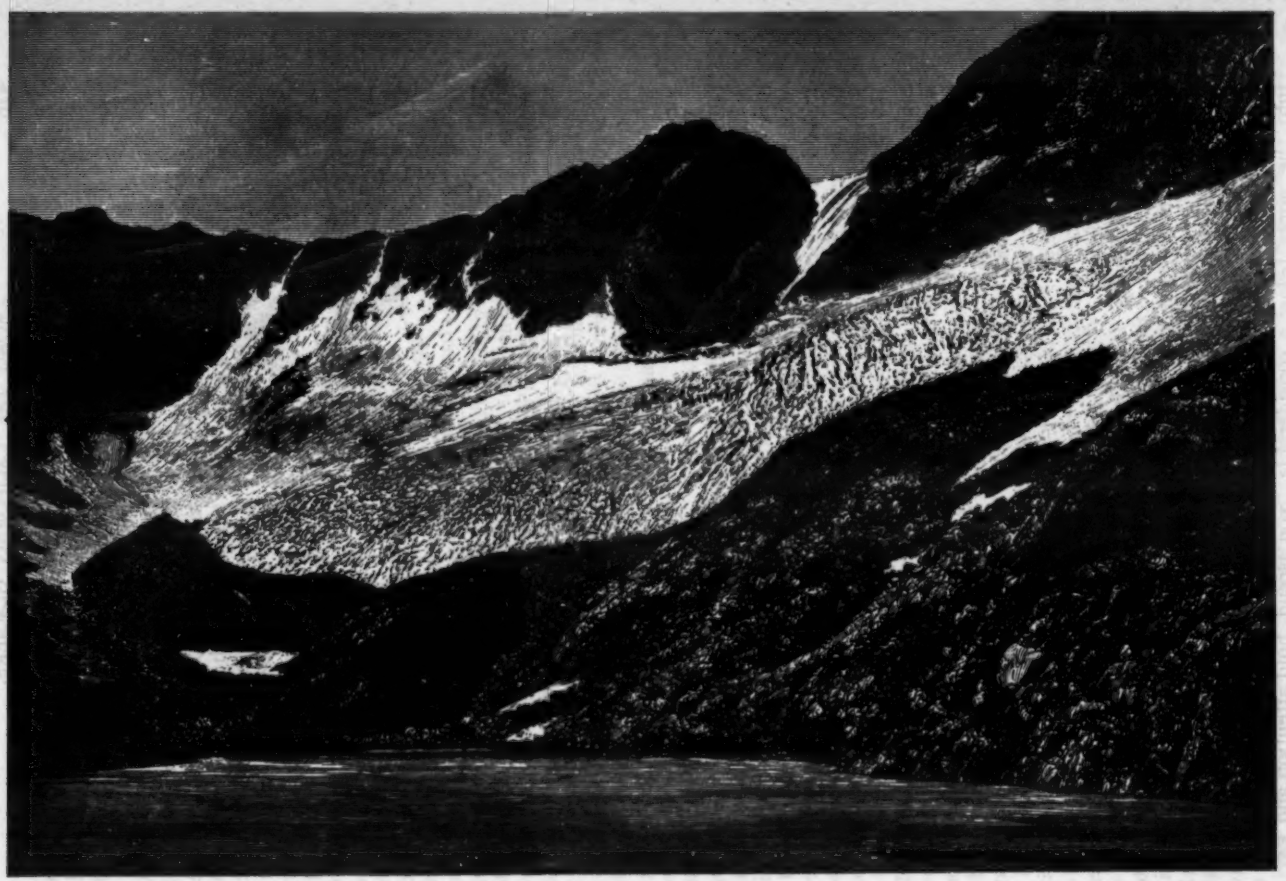
Passing down Dana Creek we arrived at the Tuolumne River; and up the valley of that stream is the best route to Mt. Lyell. As we stand at the head of the cañon and gaze upon the majestic mountain before us, we acknowledge that our toil and labor is well repaid. The gentle grade along which we have been pursuing our way terminates in a succession of steep obstacles. Terrace after terrace, each with its swampy meadow-ground above, has to be climbed, forming a great stairway to the mountain's summit.

Having threaded our way up the beautiful valley of the head-waters of the Tuolumne, and surmounted, cliff after cliff, the stepping-stones to the giant's throne, we reach the ice and can appreciate the happiness felt by the first discoverers, the pioneers of geological examination of the structure of the Pacific Coast. Cradled on his lofty brow the glacier lies, moving downward with imperceptible pace to the borderland of its metempsychosis. It is difficult to realize the tremendous force of glaciers when we can see no movement in them. It is only by practical contrivance long continued that their motion can be detected. Mr. Muir, in August, 1872, by adopting the method of planting stakes in the Mt. McClure Glacier, and by patient investigation, proved that its maximum pace near its center was not more than forty-seven inches in forty-six days. Standing on one of these ice-streams, and *knowing*, without being able to perceive, that you are moving, you are led to compare this infinitesimally slow motion with the speed of a comet. I left the ground trodden by Muir, Le Conte and Russell, better able to realize their satisfaction when they knew that they were opening another leaf of the book wherein Nature records her work.

Shortly afterward I took the train to Sisson, which lies at the foot of Mount Shasta. Three distinct belts begird this mountain, which is truly a spectacle of imposing grandeur and domination. For scores of miles stretch wild-flower gardens around his base, pansied with their many hues and dotted here and there with dark bunches of coniferous arborage.

Leaving this zone of chaparral, we enter the fir belt, almost exclusively made up of the silver-fir. Then comes the Alpine zone, marked by its fringe of storm-beaten pines, dwarfed and stunted. We have left below us square miles of wild-rose beds, big patches gorgeous with the rhododendron, larkspur and columbine, and have reached the limit of vegetable life.

Mount Shasta may truly be described as glacier-crowned, inasmuch as besides several smaller glaciers, there are five ice-streams which invite especial attention. With the exception of the Whitney Glacier, which was named in honor of the State Geologist of California, all have received Indian names, to wit: Bolan, meaning *great;* Hotlum, *steep rock;* Wintun, the Indian tribal name, and Konwakiton, *mud-glacier.* Clarence King furnishes the earliest account of the Mount Shasta ice-streams, having ascended the peak in 1870, and published his description of them in the *American Journal of Science* in the following year. Speaking of what is now known as the Whitney Glacier, he writes: "Its entire length in view was not less than three miles, its width opposite our station about four thousand feet, the surface here and there terribly broken in "cascades." Continuing their explorations, he and his party discovered a system of three considerable glaciers, the largest about four miles and a half in length and two or three miles wide. Mr. King remarks that "an east-and-west line divides the mountain into glacier-



MOUNT DANA GLACIER.

ICE PYRAMID ON MOUNT LYELL GLACIER.

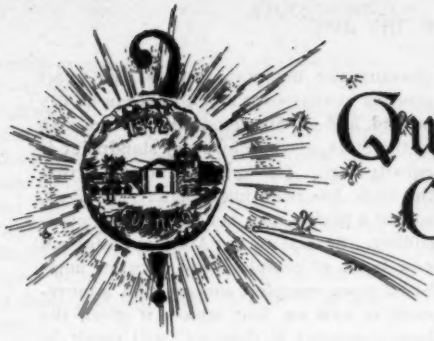
bearing and non-glacier-bearing halves," and accounts for able scientific observers, like Professor Whitney and his party, having failed to discover the existence of glaciers on account of their having scaled the mountain by the non-glacier-bearing side, the route always, formerly, pursued in making the ascent.

During the season of 1883, Mr. Gilbert Thompson, of the United States Geological Survey, was engaged in obtaining topographical details of Mount Shasta, and furnished Mr. Russell with further interesting particulars regarding the glaciers. The Konwakiton Glacier lies in the basin at the head of a deep and very rugged cañon, into which it discharges a strong stream of water, which falls in a cascade in the upper part of the gorge, forming lower down another waterfall 400 feet in height. Much larger is the Wintun Glacier, estimated to have an area of about two million square yards, and nearly two miles in length. This glacier is interesting as having a terminal ice-wall several hundred feet high; it is dangerous to approach, however, on account of the stones and morainal material that are constantly falling. The ice-foot is seamed with many water-cut channels, which discharge into the gorge below a considerable stream, yellow with mud and silt.

Northward of the Wintun Glacier is situated the Hotlum, which may be regarded as the largest of the Mount Shasta ice-streams, inasmuch as it occupies an area of three million two hundred thousand square yards. It terminates in an arc of moraines, through which hundreds of streams formed by the melting ice work their way, now under, now over, the surface of the *debris*, making it treacherous ground to tread. Perhaps the most beautiful feature of this glacier is the existence of pearl-blue pinnacles of ice in the *névé*, rising fifty and sixty feet in height. They are caused by the flow, through the *névé*, of an ice-stream, which, in passing two buttresses of rock, is crushed and broken up into fantastic forms. Below these rocks are deep crevasses and oval wells of water having a transparent blue color.

The Bolan Glacier is situated on the northern face of the mountain, and to judge by the size of its terminal moraine deposits, more *debris* than any other glacier of the Mount Shasta system. It is about 3,200 yards long, and covers an area of 1,800,000 square yards. Alongside of it lies the Whitney Glacier, which is regarded by Mr. Thompson as the most typical ice-stream on the mountain. It originates in the *névé* lying on the summit, and as it passes the Shasta crater, it is broken up into innumerable blocks and ice-masses, which become reunited as the glacier flows on. With a length of 3,800,000 yards, it covers an area of 1,900,000 square yards.

Mount Shasta is a noble pile, its summit—14,511 feet above the level of the sea—affording tourists a great variety of choice in the selection of pleasure-yielding pursuit. The hunter and the alpine climber, the naturalist and the botanist, can all find a field for diversion in its great range, while the glorious views and extensive landscapes at innumerable points, as you ascend, hold attention and excite enthusiasm.



Questions Of the Day

JAMES G. BLAINE.

WE published an article in the previous issue by Ex-Governor Lionel A. Sheldon, who served in the House of Representatives during the six years of Mr. Blaine's Speakership, and who was an intimate, personal and political friend. Blaine had a larger circle of such friends than almost any public man this country has produced.

Mr. Blaine was a native of Pennsylvania. It has nearly always been the case that young men of ambition have followed the advice of Mr. Greeley to go West, but Blaine went East. He married a young lady from Maine, and while on a visit to her friends, he purchased the Kennebec Journal, published at the Capital of that State, and embarked actively in political journalism. In that sphere he was a success, and was early sent to the lower branch of the Legislature of that State, over which he presided for several terms. In 1862 he was elected to Congress, and was continuously re-elected until he was transferred to the Senate in 1876. In 1869, 1871 and 1873 he was chosen Speaker. The Forty-fourth Congress being Democratic, he was retired from that position. He was appointed Secretary of State by President Garfield, but held that portfolio only until General Arthur acceded to the Presidency. He was defeated for President by Mr. Cleveland in 1884. On the accession of Mr. Harrison to the Presidency in 1889, he was restored to the Secretaryship of the State Department, from which he voluntarily retired in June last.

Mr. Blaine was in public life during the most eventful periods of our history. He took an active part in the contest against the slave power, and in behalf of the extraordinary measures which were required to suppress the gigantic rebellion, and also those which related to reconstruction. The changed social and political conditions, and the tremendous material development of the country required new and experimental revenue, economic and financial legislation. To solve successfully all these problems taxed the genius of the leaders of the party in power. During these periods there was greater consideration given to the constitutional powers of the Government than at any other time, except possibly during the first twelve years after the Government was established under the Constitution. They were periods which called into exercise the highest development of statesmanship. From his accession to the Speakership of the National House of Representatives to the time of his second retirement from the State Department, Mr. Blaine was a leading spirit in shaping the policy of the general Government. He comprehended as well as any other man the true commercial interests of this country as well as the financial. He early and clearly saw that commercial and industrial rivalries were not alone with Great Britain, but, to a degree, with all Europe; that we needed to purchase little of those countries, and that we could not sell largely to them except of cotton, unless conditions were exceptional. Also that trade was naturally with countries on or adjacent to this continent—an idea that is gaining strength daily even with leaders of the Democratic Party. In sentiment Blaine was essentially American, not in the sense that foreigners are obnoxious, but that policies should be adopted to the promotion

of our own interests rather than those of other nations. It was his belief that reciprocal trade would be mutually beneficial to the nations on this side of the Atlantic.

Blaine was not a founder of systems of finance and economics, because they were established before he came upon the stage of action. His efforts were in the field of improvement, were limited by circumstances to making changes adaptable to new conditions. No man ever more closely saw the tendency of events, or studied more profoundly the problem of international relations, political and commercial. He not only perceived closely, but quickly. He followed statistics with the utmost assiduity, and recognized the effect and bearing of facts in their influence upon the material interests of his country. When slavery was abolished and reconstruction had been accomplished, there remained no overshadowing institutional or social questions; ever since that time issues have mainly been upon material subjects. He was a practical man, and gave his thoughts and efforts to the settlement of practical questions. While he was a writer and Speaker of fascinating power, he will be best known in history as a cogent elucidator of the principles which he believed should control our industrial, financial and economic policies.

Blaine was a fascinating personality, and, unless it was Henry Clay, no man in our history has ever had a larger personal influence and following. His death has removed the most conspicuous of our public men; it has created a vacancy that will not be easily filled; seemingly, there is no one to take his place. The nation, however, has had such experiences before, and those have speedily appeared who were able to give such direction to public affairs that there has been no appreciable check to our progress and prosperity.

THE SURVEY OF CALIFORNIA.

Any one who has made a study of California must have been struck with the almost complete lack of available information that is met with at every turn. A perfect map of the southern part of the State, showing the mountain ranges, the exact position of river-beds and towns can hardly be had, and a really good and perfect map of the State, good from every standpoint is equally rare. The prime difficulty is that the State has been inadequately surveyed, so that a perfect map is naturally an impossibility. Several of the Atlantic States can now boast of complete and accurate maps based upon complete surveys, and a movement is now on foot which, if given the hearty support it deserves, will result in placing California upon the plane of the States mentioned. The matter is in the hands of a committee of the California Academy of Sciences. The University of California, Stanford University, the Technical Society and the Science Association of the University of California, and their representatives, Joseph Le Conte and Andrew C. Lawson, have issued an appeal to the people of the State which demands attention and undoubtedly will receive it. The following advantages would revert to the State in the estimation of the committee by the completion of a general atlas sheet—the result of a topographical survey of the State: "1.—It would afford a uniform base for the record and comparison of statistical facts, and for the illustration of the State's products. 2.—It would serve for the preliminary planning of public works, such as the selection of routes for roads, railways or canals, by exhibiting all the possibilities and the impossibilities for the special undertaking in hand—in a general way, thus obviating the necessity for many trial surveys, and suggesting possibilities that the trial survey might not discover. 3.—It would aid in the proper understanding and just solution of many perplexing controversies, such as that between hydraulic miners and agriculturists. 4.—It would prevent the development of radical mistakes in complex systems of irrigation, which might eventually necessitate expensive modeling. 5.—It would serve as a base for the rapid, easy and accurate production of agricultural product and soil maps, and for the study of the bearing of altitude (irrespective of soil quality) upon horticultural products. 6.—It would simplify the preparation of real estate maps. 7.—It would facilitate the solution of our forestry problems that are

rapidly growing in intricacy and importance. 8.—It would aid in the planning of better highways for the readier transportation of farm products. 9.—It would greatly stimulate scientific research. 10.—It would facilitate travel for pleasure. 11.—As our last war abundantly demonstrated, it would vastly simplify military operations; and finally (12) it would have a high educational value important, though as difficult to define, as the value of culture in general."

The societies mentioned have begun the work as follows:

(1) examination into the needs of California; (2) inquiry as to what work of similar character has been done in Eastern States; (3) correspondence with the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey and with the Superintendent of the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey; (4) personal conference with the Director of the U. S. Geological Survey in regard to the practicability and the terms of a possible co-operative undertaking between that bureau and this State; (5) examination in the field, by certain members of the committee, of similar work now in progress by the Geological Survey near San Francisco, and examination by the full committee, of recently finished sheets of that work; and (6) the careful preparation of specifications for the proposed work, and the securing of agreement to the same from the Geological Survey.

The specifications are as follows:

1. That the map be a complete contour topographical map, based upon triangulation and leveling, and constructed by plane table survey, showing, in addition to the natural features, (1) all existing monuments of township and land grant corners; (2) all railways, canals and public distributing ditches; (3) all public roads, and all other roads in unrestricted use and therefore, virtually public; (4) all country boundaries; (5) all cities, towns, villages, hamlets, prominent mines and other important places, with indication of their buildings, together with all isolated dwellings and public buildings outside of town limits.

2. That in each township at least one permanent bench mark be made, with record of the precise altitude above mean sea-level.

3. That all navigable streams and important water-courses be located by continuous survey of their banks.

4. That salt marsh land, and fresh-water swamp land, and overflow land be distinguished by distinct conventions, and that the boundaries to be indicated be those of the natural limits, not the legal segregation limits.

5. That there be at least three triangulation points to each plane-table sheet.

6. That the field scale be not less than one and one-third inches to a mile, or three-quarters of a mile to an inch.

7. That the publication scale be one inch to one mile.

8. That the size of the atlas sheet be that of a quarter-degree square, limited by the even fifteen-minute lines of latitude and longitude.

9. That the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey be requested to contribute as many triangulation points as possible.

10. That the headquarters for the survey be in California.

11. That the work be done by the U. S. Geological Survey, under supervision of a commission of five persons representing the State of California, of whom four shall be appointed by the Governor, one to be a representative of the agricultural interests of the State, one a representative of the mining interests, one on nomination of the State University, and one on nomination of the Leland Stanford Jr. University; and of whom the fifth commissioner shall be chosen by the others so appointed.

12. That the expense of the survey be divided equally between the State and Federal authorities.

13. That the U. S. Geological Survey engrave the copper-plates for all the map sheets, wholly at its own expense, and that it own the plates, and that the State of California has the right of taking electrotype transfers from each and all of such plates for its own use.

The value of this work cannot be overestimated, and it is hoped that the matter will be so presented to the State and Federal authorities that an early beginning may be made under the most favorable circumstances.

It occupies me to turn back regards
On what I've seen or pondered, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.
—*Byron.*

TO all of the fine arts, and in fact to all of the great questions of life, may be applied similar principles of philosophy.

One who is gifted with any great art, and the great soul which comprehends nature in her most elevated and complex moods, even while the expression may come through his executive ability in one certain direction, will usually be found to possess great aptitude for other arts that are on the same plane with the profession which has chosen him for one of its interpreters. In the painting of a true artist, we do not see simply color and tone, but the soul of the artist's thought, the poetry of nature—we almost feel and hear the music of his inspiration. In listening to some great oratory, or other grand conception of the musical genius, we do not hear simply sound, we feel the dreams and fancies of the composer. We see many wondrous shapes and pictures full of beauty and harmony, we are moved by thoughts which alone belong to the soul of the philosopher and poet. And the poet—his verse should be music, his conceptions those of an artist, his philosophy that of the sage. But a poet whose work comprises all these qualifications, and whose faculties are perfectly balanced is very rare, it might be said unknown. Perhaps Shakespeare came as near to this ideal as any one, for he touched every phase and condition of life and humanity with a master hand. Milton sits upon the Heights of Olympus with the gods, and quaffs their nectar, and only those venturesome souls who can scale these heights may sit in company with him. Tennyson represents the culture of poetry which, while often soaring to wondrous heights and touching sublime and mystic depths, impresses but as the tender vibration of gentle, beautiful music. Byron caught the great echoes of the roaring ocean, but despite its beauty and usefulness, he reminds us uncomfortably often that its waters are salt. Walt Whitman's work represents rugged greatness, and crashes like a mountain torrent, then at times is as a broad, deep stream that wanders between rough banks, and in rocky beds through the woodlands, where the sunlight plays upon it, the children of the forest sing about it, the whispering trees shade it, and the great blue sky bends above. To the Pre-Raphaelite school belongs that exquisite music and art in which all the greatness of the higher human emotions, feelings and passions are realized and idealized. Of this school, Dante Gabriel Rosetti is the greatest artist poet, for throughout all of his work his words are so chosen and so arranged that almost every line calls up some rare, wonderful picture. The poetry of Algernon Charles Swinburne is full of rhythmic music. A most wonderful creation of form, and force and depth of passion is his poem of "Faustine"—the wife of Marcus Aurelius, to whom he writes:

* * * * * *

Bright heavy brows well gathered up
White gloss and sheen:
Carved lips that make my lips a cup
To drink, Faustine,

Wine and rank poison, milk and blood
Being mixed therein,
Since first the devil threw dice with God
For you, Faustine.

* * * * * *

You have the face that suits a woman
For her soul's sheen—
The sort of beauty that's called human
In hell, Faustine.

* * * * * *

It is difficult to ascertain what will be the generally predominant characteristic of the poetry of the rising genius of to-day. There have been epochs marked by almost every style, from the grand and stately epic to the simple love ballad. At present there seems to be a strong tendency towards mysticism and allegorical usages, while the thoughts themselves are inclined to be, for the most part, philosophical and permeated

with those ethics that elevate one above the ignoble thoughts, passions and troubles of life.

A little volume, *At the Gate of Life and Other Poems*[1] has lately been issued by Annie S. Page. It is artistically bound in cream and gold, and is a fair example of what can be done by the Pacific Coast publishing companies. The poems themselves are of a sweet, gentle and emotional character, sometimes touching upon deep, philosophical thoughts. One poem entitled "Possession" is broad in its scope of thought and comprehension:

In the measureless realm of mind,
Who can fetter—what can bind?

All the wisdom of the spheres
Gravitates to him who hears.

Dreams are dreamed, and tales are told;
Naught is new, and naught is old.

Beauty, thought, power, will—are free;
As we garner, so are we.

All is ours from near or far;
All to win, upbuild, or mar;

And each gathers, as he goes,
Pearl or pebble, palm or rose.

From the seeker naught lies hid—
To true souls, truth comes unbid.

Life is rich—God's gifts are free,
As we garner, so are we.

The *Songs*[2] of Miss Neith Boyce are daintily printed and delicately and expressively illustrated by Miss Ethelyn Wells. They are full of depth of coloring, fearless expression and graceful rhythm. She has the faculty of appealing strongly to the feeling and emotional nature. One poem which carries you into the very spirit of it is the "Triolet":

Let no bell toll,
When the long day dieth—
Making dole,
Let no bell toll.
The gray night-soul
For its freedom sigheth—
Let no bell toll
When the long day dieth.

Expressive of richness and strength of feeling is "Unbidden."

Put by thy cup, O Love, I will not drink!
Thou can'st not tempt me with those deep sweet eyes
Even to desire—do I not know what lies
Within? Ah, once my lips have touched the brink
Unknowing—I am wise!

And the second stanza becomes almost a passionate appeal:

Put by the cup, O Love! Not yet, not yet!
Though it is sweet! I do not thirst—let be—
When I have made a truce with pale regret
Then will I drink with thee!

[1] Wm. Doxey, Publisher, San Francisco.

[2] Arena Publishing Co., Boston.

A volume especially interesting and attractive is *The Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song*[3] which has been compiled by Charlotte Fisk Bates. She has aimed therein to represent the genius of woman as fairly as that of man, to do justice to neglected poets, and to quote from authors who have been falsely represented by biased criticism. Not only the popular poets of our own country, but also those of Great Britain are given their full quota of attention. The project is ambitious and has been well handled. A criticism that can be offered is the omission of the work of two of America's greatest poets, Joaquin Miller and Walt Whitman, without which the volume cannot be considered complete. However, the fame of these two poets is too well established to be affected in any way, and the omission cannot be detrimental to any one nor anything but the volume itself. The volume is richly made and bound, and is in itself a piece of artistry.

Rev. Stopford A. Brooke has written a *History of Early English Literature*,[4] which is devoted to the development of English poetry, from its origin to the accession of King Alfred. The subject has been treated entirely in a literary way, though it is written with the aid of the philologists, among whom the Germans occupy the first place. It was Prof. Grein's translation of old English poetry that first induced the author to begin his special studies, of which this volume is the result. The history and literary features of the poem "Beowulf" are discussed at length, then the author sets forth the development of the influence of Christianity which resulted in the work of Caedmon, Cynewulf and others. An accurate idea of the power and picturesqueness of these old alliterative poems is given in his literal translations, which are metrical and singularly exact. Mr. Brooke intimates that he expects to follow this work by a complete history of English poetry, which he hopes to finish in future years. His reliability as a historian, and enthusiasm over the development of English life and thought, together with his literary skill, is sufficient assurance of the success of such an undertaking.

Studies in Modern Music[5] is a series of elaborate papers by W. H. Hadow on Berlioz, Robert Schumann and Wagner, each being a complete sketch giving biographical

[3] Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

[4] Macmillan & Co., New York.

[5] Macmillan & Co., New York.

details. He discusses the development of musical genius, and, in an introductory chapter, explains his idea of what should constistute national music. He believes that no great composer can be raised up in England by study of foreign models. In fact, a great composer will be raised up at home or abroad if he has within him the elements of genius. The book gives an excellent idea of the barriers with which custom and precedent surround a man of original ideas. Berlioz is said to be to music what Balzac is to literature, an identity of wonderful depths of impulse. Schumann and Wagner are discussed at greater length. Admirable reviews of their work are given, the author defining the vital essence of Schumann as exquisite melody, the translating of his own sorrow into "an elixir for the cure of others." Of Wagner he says that if music is to take its place with literature as an embodiment of national character, then "in the whole range of its record will be found no greater name than that of Wagner." Wagner is the universal poet of music. There is no range of thought, feeling and passion that he does not cover with his masterful conceptions. This volume is illustrated with several excellent portraits, and should be of particular interest to the musician and student of character.

It is interesting to know that the Russian-Jewish poet, Leon Joseph Gordon, who recently died, composed his poems in the Hebrew language. It is said of him in the Hebrew Journal: "He was by gift divine a poet of Israel, who in classic Hebrew sung the sorrows of Israel, as did the inspired poets of old and the middle age poets of the dispersion."

Admirers and lovers of Ruskin will be pleased to know that this original genius of art and poesy will shortly issue another book, *The Poetry of Architecture*, which will contain a collection of essays. The first part will be descriptive of cottages in England, France, Switzerland and Italy, giving suggestions for picturesque cottage building. The second part will treat of the villas of Italy and England, and conclude with a discussion of the laws of artistic composition, and practical suggestions of interest to the builders of country houses. The text of Ruskin's book will be accompanied by fourteen plates in photogravure from unpublished drawings by the author, besides nine full page and other new woodcuts. We greatly need a practical reformation in the architecture of modern buildings in our own as well as foreign countries. Buildings are usually erected with regard to commercial convenience alone, while the laws of beauty, correspondence and relation are too often entirely neglected. If Ruskin would do for architecture what William Morris did for house decorations, furniture and textures for draperies, practically manufacture the objects of which his brain conceives, we would owe him a debt of gratitude even greater than we do now, for were true artists, in all cases, to model our buildings, in time our cities would become monuments of beauty. We do not realize the importance of surrounding ourselves with objects that are pleasing and that bear some relation to each other and to ourselves, nor how demoralizing is the proximity of awkward, ugly or unrelated objects, for surroundings are but expressions of thought and can either deteriorate or elevate our own standard.

Most of the great poets from time immemorial have seemed to consider the most worthy object in life the ennobling of the human race, the devotion of one's life to the good of others. There has not always been sufficient importance attached to treating one's own identity with equal care and devotion. The "Psalm of Life" distinctly points out the necessity of so doing in its reference to the "Footprints in the sand of time." Walt Whitman's "Sailing the Mississippi at Midnight" is very much on the order of this poem, and is considered by some even greater—

Vast and starless the pall of heaven
Laps on the trailing pall below;
And forward, forward, in solemn darkness,
As if to the sea of the lost we go.

Now drawn nigh the edge of the river,
Weird-like creatures suddenly rise;
Shapes that fade, dissolving outlines
Baffle the gazer's straining eyes.

Towering upward and bending forward,
Wild and wide their arms are thrown,
Ready to pierce with forked fingers
Him who touches their realm upon.

Tide of youth, thus thickly planted,
While in the eddies onward you swim,
Thus on the shore stands a phantom army,
Lining forever the channel's rim.

Steady, helmsman, you guide the immortal!
Many a wreck is beneath you piled,
Many a brave yet unwary sailor
Over these waters has been beguiled.

Nor is it the storm or the scowling midnight,
Cold, or sickness, or fire's dismay—
Nor is it the reef, or treacherous quicksand,
Will peril you most on your twisted way.

But when there comes a voluptuous languor,
Soft the sunshine, silent the air,
Bewitching your craft with safety and sweetness,
Then, young pilot of life, beware.

G. L. B.

[SEE "THE GREYHOUND IN SPORT," PAGE 653.]

COURSING—THE TURN.